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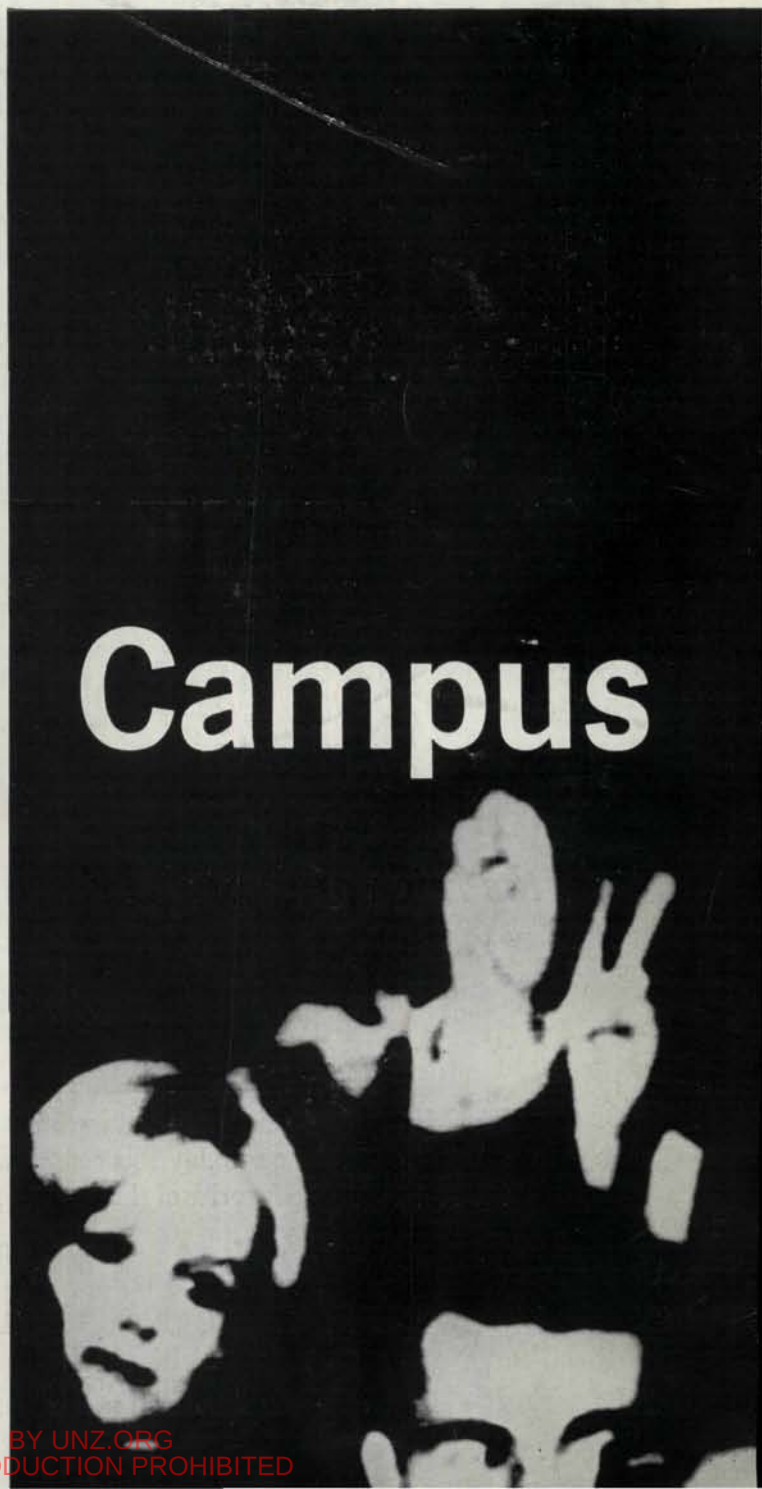
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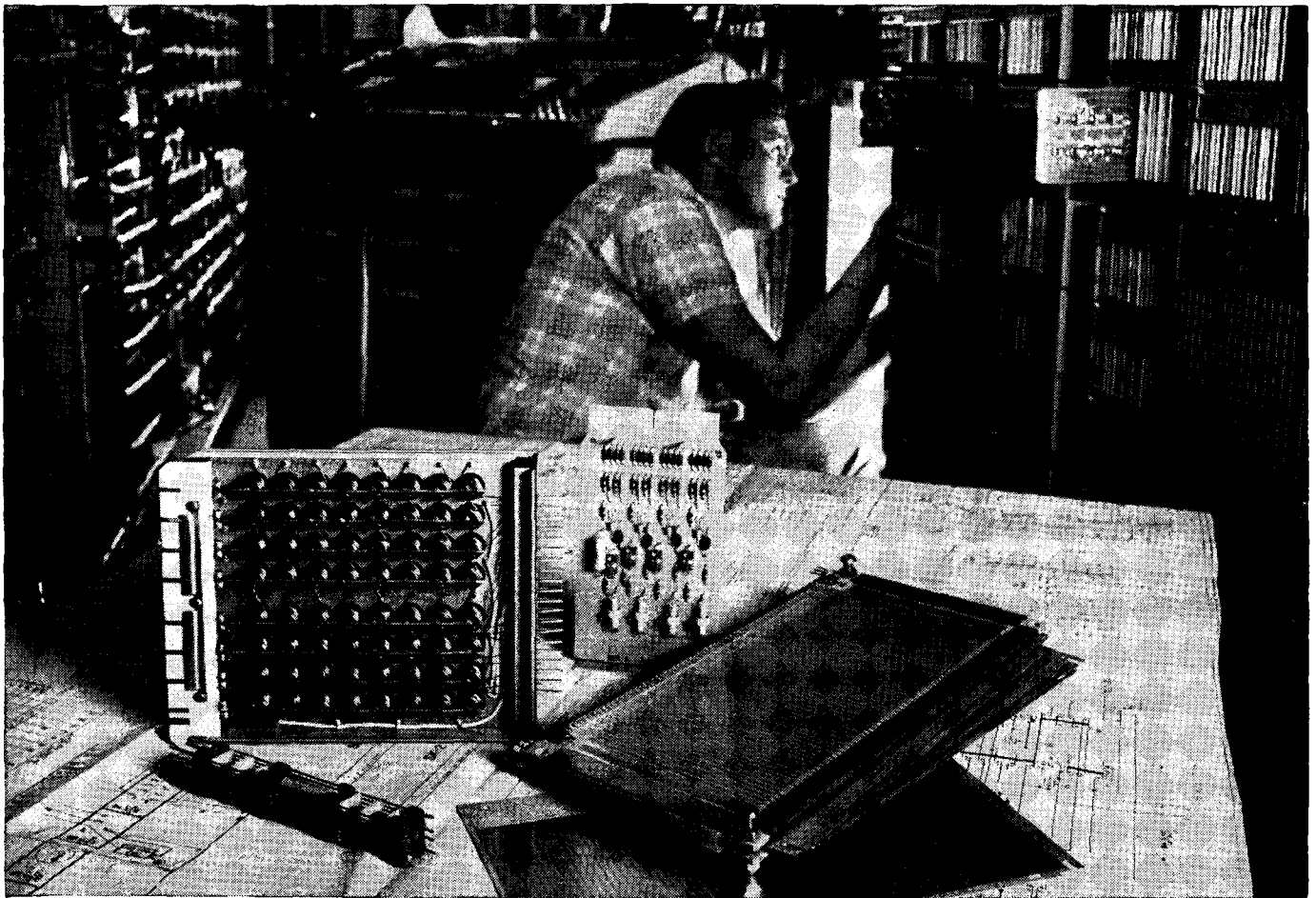
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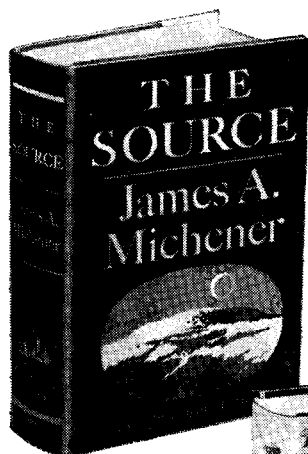
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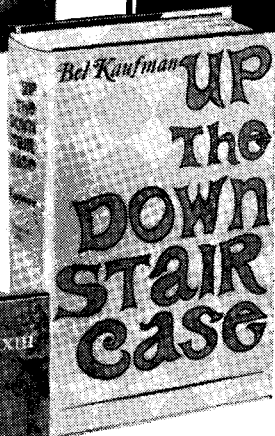
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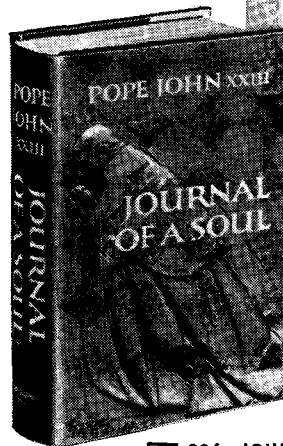
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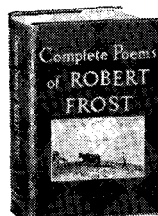
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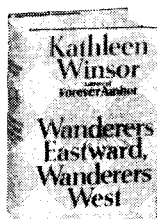
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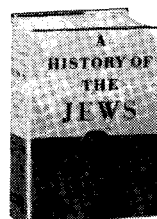
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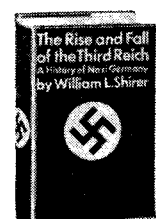
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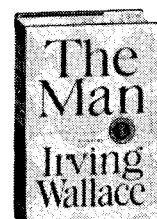
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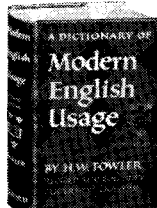
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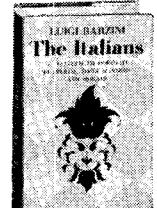
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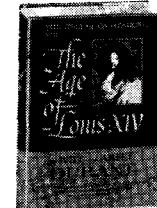
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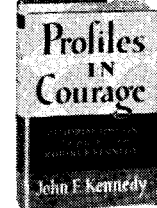
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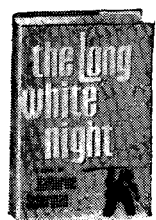
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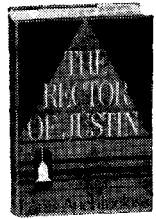
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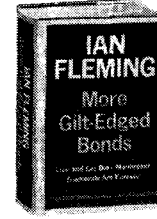
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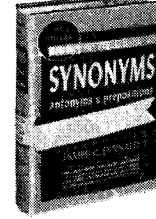
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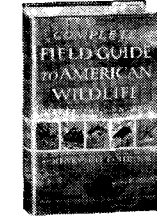
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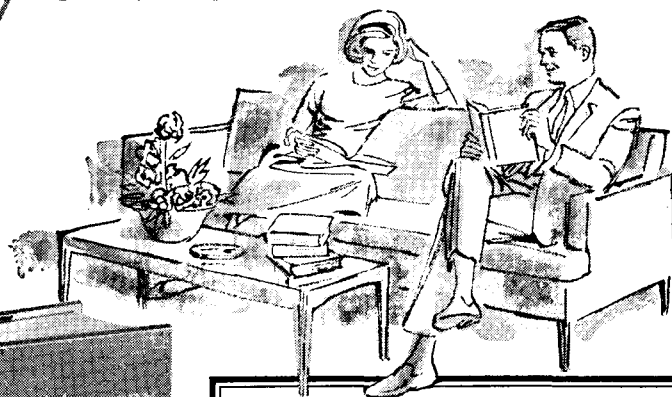
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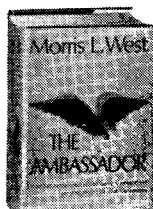
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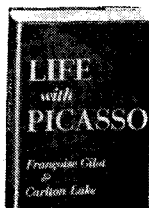
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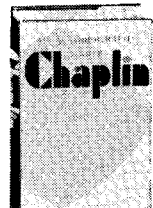
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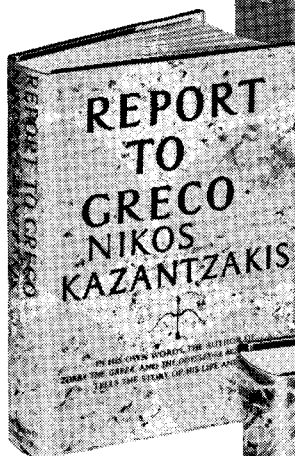
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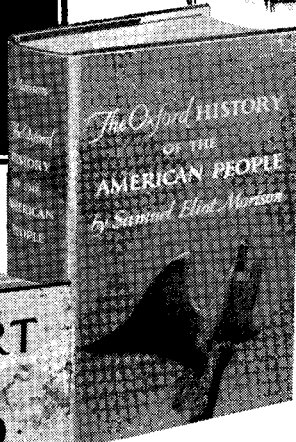
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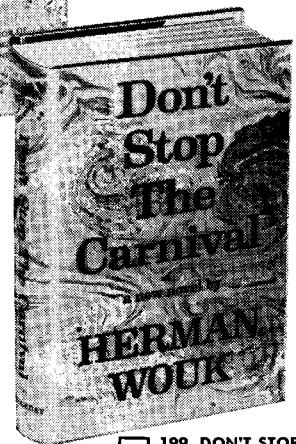
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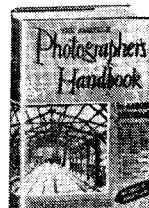
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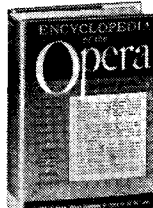
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The Atlantic Report *on the World Today*

WASHINGTON

ONE of the guiding principles of American foreign policy in the post-war years has been that Communist Russia would eventually reach a state of maturity where the desire to protect domestic achievements would outweigh the ambition to engage in risky foreign conquests. The corollary arguments were that in the meantime America and its allies must maintain a formidable defense system to deter the Kremlin and must assist in the development of effective economic and political systems in the underdeveloped countries subject to Communist penetration. It was the adherence of successive Administrations in Washington to these principles that subdued those who advocated a showdown or preventive war with the Soviets.

Now the same argument is under way in connection with American policy toward Communist China. Mao Tse-tung is more explicit in his support of wars of liberation than Stalin or Khrushchev. From his words, he would appear to be ready to run graver risks. His challenge comes at a time, moreover, when Washington's confidence in foreign aid as an effective instrument to bring underdeveloped countries into the twentieth century has been undermined, because it seems to be too slow to meet the current threats and because the population explosion has eroded many of the economic achievements.

Peking's challenge

The long war in Vietnam, the steady movement of Indonesia into the Communist orbit, the break-up of Malaysia, the Indo-Pakistan fighting, and China's undeclared war on India suggest unparalleled dangers to the peace and to America's Asian policies. On top of all these, Peking has produced a document directly challenging the United States and proclaiming undying hostility. Not for a long time has official Washington given so much attention to a single document. It

has been compared to Hitler's *Mein Kampf*, Nasser's *A Philosophy of Revolution*, and various pronouncements by Stalin and Khrushchev. But Khrushchev's famous 1961 declaration in support of wars of liberation did not go so far or challenge the United States so directly as this new document from Peking, entitled "Long Live the Victory of the People's War." It is signed by Marshal Lin Biao, Vice-Premier and Minister of Defense. Some experts think, however, that it was drafted by Mao Tse-tung.

"It has become an urgent necessity for the people in many countries to master and use people's war as a weapon against U.S. imperialism and its lackeys," Marshal Lin says. He attacks the "Khrushchev revisionists" for fearing war and for aiding the United States. He declares that time will never vitiate China's revolutionary spirit. Mao is given chief credit for defeating Japan in World War II because he "developed his thought on the establishment of rural base areas and the use of the countryside to encircle the cities and finally capture them."

"Taking the entire globe," the marshal says, "if North America and Western Europe can be called 'the cities of the world,' then Asia, Africa and Latin America constitute 'the rural areas of the world.'" He calls for the people "throughout the world to unite all forces that can be united and form the broadest possible united front for a converging attack on U.S. imperialism." The United States, he says, "is the most rabid aggressor in human history and the most ferocious common enemy of the people of the world. . . . It can be split up and defeated. The peoples of Asia, Africa, Latin America and other regions can destroy it piece by piece, some striking at its head and others at its feet." After calling the United States "a paper tiger," the marshal declares that war entails only

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Report on Washington



temporary suffering and “is repaid by lasting or even perpetual peace and happiness.” Indeed, “war can temper the people and push history forward. In this sense, war is a great school.”

The Washington Sinologists maintain that there is little original in the Lin document but that it does pull together in one piece the major principles Mao has espoused. Peking is clearly stating its aim of bringing within its orbit the entire underdeveloped world and removing both American and Soviet influence. The document explains China's opposition to peace negotiations in Vietnam and its determination to keep constant pressure on India as the major democratic force in Asia, and it makes clear why Chou En-lai and others have spent so much time in recent months in Africa. The paper also is viewed as a policy statement in advance of the Afro-Asian conference in Algeria scheduled for this month.

Paper tiger?

If Washington were to take at face value everything in the Lin article, there would be very little reason to argue against those who think war with China is inevitable and that the sooner the better. But the most respected Washington experts state that while China is a formidable force in Asia and that while the Communist Party hold on the Chinese people appears to be unbreakable, Peking itself may be a paper tiger.

China's aged leadership has acted with cageyness and great restraint. It backed away from a clash with the United States over Quemoy and Matsu; it has not risked war over Taiwan; it has not yet sent troops to Vietnam; although it has harassed India constantly, it has not run the risk of a prolonged and costly conflict involving the United States. Its successes in Africa have been small. Its influence is not total even in North Korea, North Vietnam, or Cuba. Soviet influence in all three countries appears to be increasing. China's economic strength, despite its development of the nuclear bomb, is small compared with the Soviet Union's. China's chances of winning important converts in the Arab world were blunted with the overthrow of Ben Bella in Algeria.

No one in official Washington expects peace while China follows the Mao-Lin doctrine. Yet

the American government at the present time is continuing to seek to avoid war with China if at all possible. It is not impressed by China's military might or by its ability to create a powerful military instrument in the next few decades. China's capacity for mischief, however, is not underrated. Nor is the weakness of the nations that are on China's list for subversion and infiltration.

The plight of the underfed

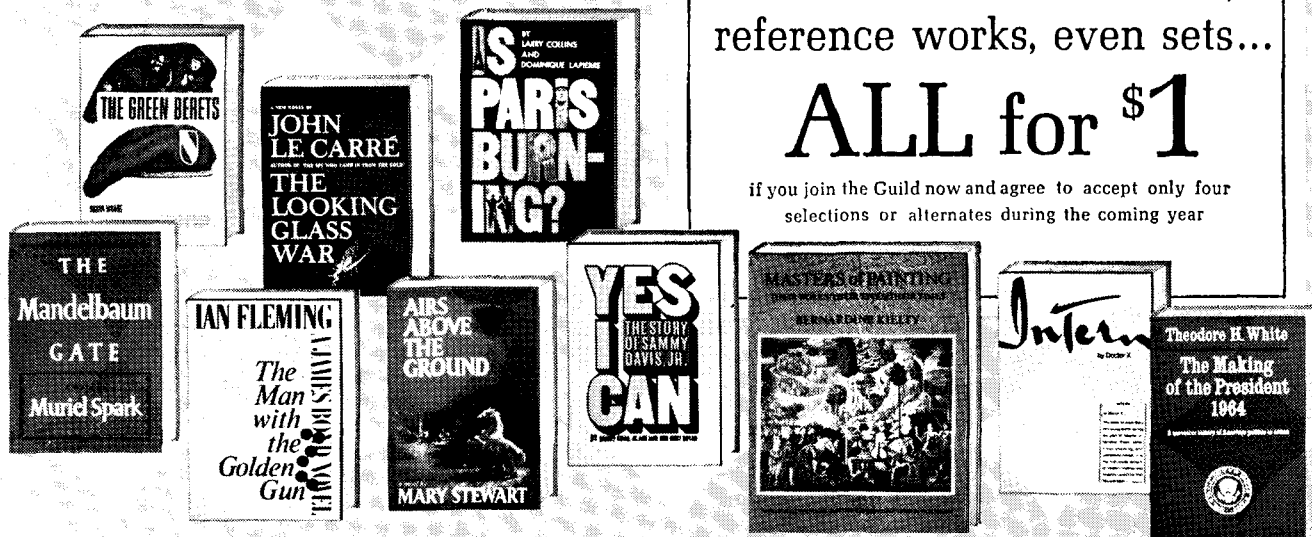
The plight of the underdeveloped world is, indeed, a constant source of concern in Washington. In many departments of the government men and women are trying to devise methods of attacking what appears to be the most troublesome threat to peace next to Communist China. The only encouraging aspect of the studies that have been made is that China's food shortages and population growth prevent it from becoming the major power it seeks to be.

One of these studies was written in 1964 by Lester R. Brown of the Department of Agriculture. His report, entitled *Man, Land and Food*, has now been followed by another, entitled *Increasing World Food Output*. Brown's major conclusion in his new study is simple and stark: “The less-developed world is losing the capacity to feed itself.” Not only is there no overall improvement; the problem is becoming worse because of the population increase. We are confronted with a classical Malthusian situation. It obviously makes more countries ripe for revolution. The crisis has been delayed in the last few years because the United States and Canada have assumed a steadily increasing share of the burden of feeding the underdeveloped countries.

Brown reports that food output per person in Asia, Africa, and Latin America “dropped sharply” during World War II, improved somewhat in the 1950s, declined again in the 1960s. Before the war, the less developed countries exported about eleven million tons of grain annually to the developed countries. During the first years after the war, the less developed countries were forced to import four million tons of grain a year. As their populations expanded, the demand for food expanded. By the late 1950s they were importing thirteen million tons of grain per year. Now they import twenty-five million tons a year.

In the past, man usually increased his food supply by expanding the area under cultivation. “But today many densely-populated, less-developed countries have nearly exhausted the supply of new land that can readily be brought under cultivation,” Brown says. He believes that if the population explosion continues as predicted, the underdeveloped countries in the next thirty-

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Report on Washington

five years "will need to develop an additional food production capacity equal to current world capacity."

Increasing the yield

The developed countries have met their food needs in recent years by increasing the yield per acre. In North America, for example, yield per acre has increased 109 percent in twenty-five years; in Asia the increase has been 7 percent. According to Brown, the central question is, "How quickly can the less-developed countries make the transition from the area-expanding method of increasing food output to the yield-raising method of increasing food output?" Put another way the question might be, How rapidly can the less developed countries check their population growth? To increase food production requires higher literacy levels, enormous investments in fertilizers and farm machinery, and new freedoms for the farmer.

Brown estimates that food output per person in Asia has dropped 4 percent since 1961; the decline has been sharper in China. It is a limiting factor in Peking's military and foreign policies. And it is a severely limiting factor, as Walt W. Rostow has argued for years, in China's industrial development. Despite improvements in total agricultural production since the disastrous crop failures of 1959-1961, per capita food consumption in mainland China still is less than it was in 1957.

Washington experts have no way of knowing what China's food stocks amount to, but they doubt that they are large or that they can be easily increased. Moreover, they say that China, once the third largest rice exporter after Burma and Thailand, is now well down the list, with the United States having replaced it in third spot.

Another reason for China's grain imports is logistical. It is difficult to persuade the peasant to part with his produce and difficult to transport it to the coastal cities. Yet the cost of the imports is exceedingly high. Nearly 40 percent of China's scarce foreign exchange has been used for

food and fertilizer imports, when the regime would unquestionably prefer to use the money for industrial products.

As the United States has stepped up its food exports under the Food for Peace program, American food stocks have declined. The wheat carry-over is down to about 900 million bushels compared with a 1957-1961 average carry-over of 1.2 billion bushels. The corn carry-over is about 1.1 billion bushels compared with a 1.6 billion average for 1957-1961. It is by no means impossible that in a relatively few years the American government, instead of imposing restrictions on farm production, will be forced to encourage production. With severe food shortages threatening half the world, it is as necessary to have food reserves as it is to have reserves of aluminum, copper, and guns. Canada for years has considered its excess farm production an asset rather than a liability, and it is now benefiting from the riches it has accumulated.

Mood of the Capital

President Johnson is a man of many moods and temperaments. During the Dominican Republic crisis last spring he appeared to be wildly charging off in all directions, holding press conferences and making speeches on the spur of the moment, seeking to justify his actions with public explanations.

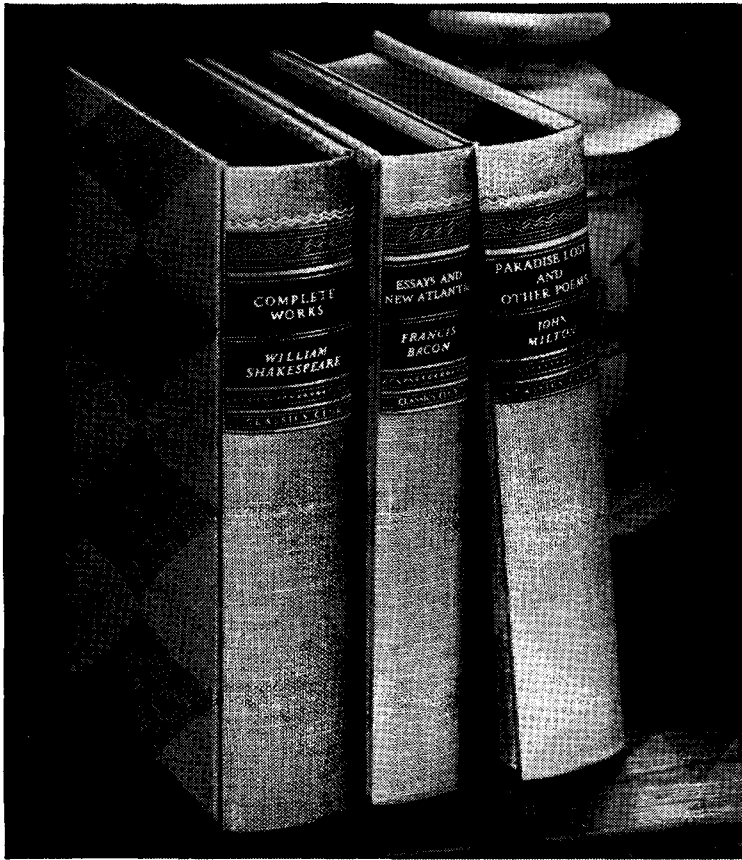
When later he considered the problem of building up American forces in Vietnam, those who spent long hours with him in the Cabinet room maintain that he was a leader who was at once restrained and bold in his consideration of the alternatives before him.

The same manner was apparent when the fighting developed between India and Pakistan and when China began making its demands on India. Instead of debating the issues in public, the President sought seclusion and spent much time with his diplomatic and military advisers.

As a result, Washington and the country read the frightening headlines with more calm than would otherwise have been the case. It was a time for secret diplomacy, and the President was right in seeking a solution without fanfare.

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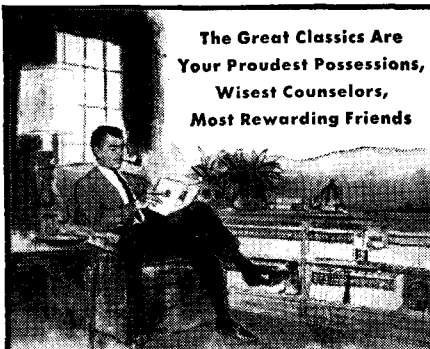
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The Atlantic Report



ECUADOR

UNLIKE other Latin-American countries where the armed forces rule from behind the facade of civilian government, Ecuador makes no attempt to conceal the nature of its present regime. To all telephone calls to the Palace of Government, a sweet feminine voice answers, "Military junta."

But after more than two years in power, the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," as the military leaders composing the junta are popularly termed, face obstacles far more formidable than those which confronted them when they overthrew Ecuador's most recent constitutional government on July 11, 1963. The disorders which broke out in mid-July of this year are symptomatic of widespread disaffection with the regime. Indeed, the fate of the junta will test the proposition that a reform-minded military government can be an effective instrument for progress in Latin America.

With its 112,000 square miles (approximately equivalent to the state of Colorado) divided among coastal lowlands, lofty valleys in the Andes Mountains, and trackless jungle, Ecuador is an unmistakable anachronism in South America today. Regional rivalry between the coast, with its bustling port, Guayaquil, affectionately known as the Pearl of the Pacific, and the sierra, where the center of government is located in Quito, continues to impede the development of a sense of national unity vital to a serious assault on the nation's problems.

The lack of any ideology or effective programs emanating from the political parties fosters a tradition of demagogic, *caudillo*-type leadership. Corruption is a way of life on every level of government. A powerful, conservative Catholic Church exerts a profound political influence on the country. A huge Indian population exists outside the national life, and in large part, outside the national economy. Finally, the gradual loss of territory, culminating in the seizure of 71,000 square miles by Peru in 1942, has produced a pathetic preoccupation with the recovery of these lost lands. Add to this catalogue of woes the usual problems facing underdeveloped countries — a feudal sys-

tem of land tenure, a military prone to interfere in politics, an expanding population, an increasing disparity between rich and poor, and an excessive dependence upon one crop (bananas) for foreign exchange earnings — and you get some idea of the difficulties facing any Ecuadorian government.

Three times out

The political unrest which has been threatening the junta during the past year stems from the presidential elections of 1960, won by Ecuador's most intriguing political figure, José Maria Velasco Ibarra. This was the fourth term in office for Velasco. His undiminished popularity with the masses derived from peerless oratorical prowess and complete honesty, a quality notably absent in his political rivals and enemies.

A year later, the military removed him from office for the third time in his career, as once again the old *caudillo* could not fulfill extravagant campaign promises, lost political support, and was unable to check the ensuing chaos. This marked the end of thirteen consecutive years of constitutional civilian rule, a remarkable feat in view of the fact that between 1925 and 1948, Ecuador had seen twenty-two presidents, dictators, or juntas.

After a bit of a scuffle between the army and air force, Vice President Carlos Julio Arosemena was installed as president. Arosemena, a clever but unstable politician with a serious drinking problem, undertook to bring about reforms but was thwarted by the conservatives. He flirted with the left, could accomplish nothing, and was finally ousted by the military on July 11, 1963.

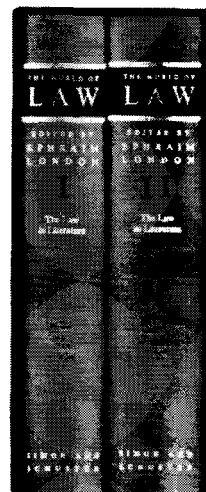
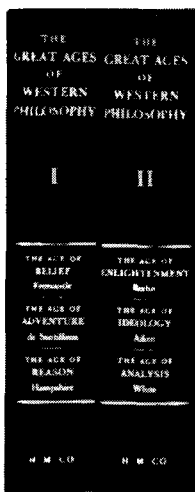
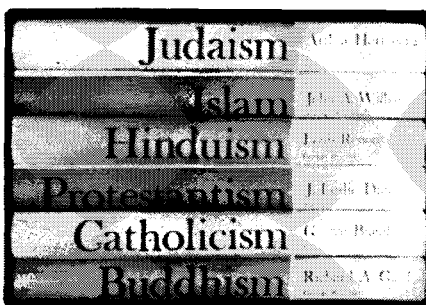
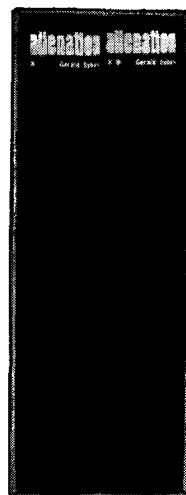
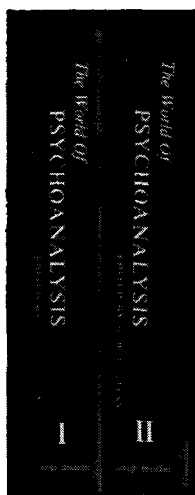
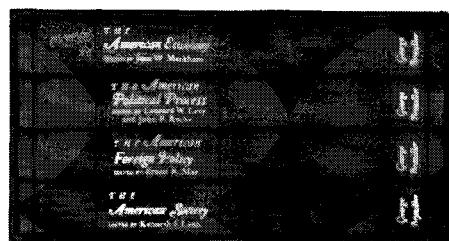
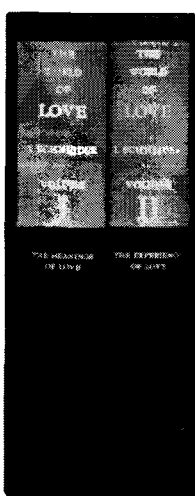
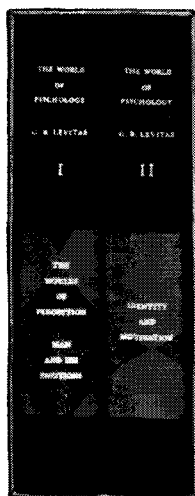
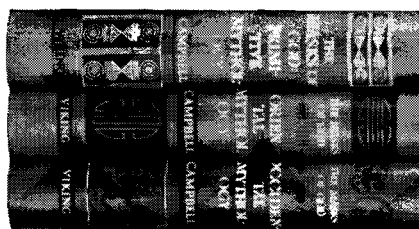
Since Velasco had been a heavy favorite to win the 1964 elections ("Give me a balcony," he once declared, "and I will become president"), the armed forces dissolved the legislature, suspended the constitutional process, and decided to make a fresh attempt to reform and modernize the country. The Communist Party was outlawed and the political situation stabilized. After rewarding themselves with promotions in rank, the members of the junta decreed a series of moderate reforms

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Report on Ecuador

affecting such vital areas as land ownership and tax collection. The junta's rule lacked the oppressive character of most Latin-American dictatorships. But opposition eventually developed as the mild reforms began to step on toes.

In 1963, over nine hundred autonomous national, regional, and municipal agencies had tax-collecting powers enabling them to acquire revenues which never passed into the Ecuadorian treasury. In fact, the treasury received only about 40 percent of all taxes collected. When the junta moved to change this curious state of affairs and bring about a greater degree of centralization, there was opposition from Guayaquil, Ecuador's largest city, where many of these agencies were located.

Then, when the junta issued decrees changing the customs-collecting laws, resistance from the powerful commercial interests in Guayaquil reached crisis proportions. Attempts to raise duties on imports of goods manufactured in Ecuador and to force importers to make actual, rather than deflated, declarations of value resulted in rioting on the streets of Guayaquil in mid-July, 1965. The students, unhappy because junta reforms deprived them of much of their extraordinary control over the university, added their usual zest to the demonstrations, and martial law was declared. The city soon calmed down as the junta abandoned its reforms. Autonomy was restored to many of Guayaquil's agencies, and the sting was removed from the new customs laws.

None the worse for wear

The opposition in Guayaquil can be traced in large part to the hostility felt there toward the *serranos*, the inhabitants of the Andean sierra. The people of Guayaquil proudly display a sense of civic and regional pride in the fact that the coast contributes some three fourths of Ecuador's national income. They look with scorn on the bureaucrats and civil servants of Quito, whom they consider to be living off the fruits of Guayaquil's toil. Further, they point to the lack of Guayaquil residents



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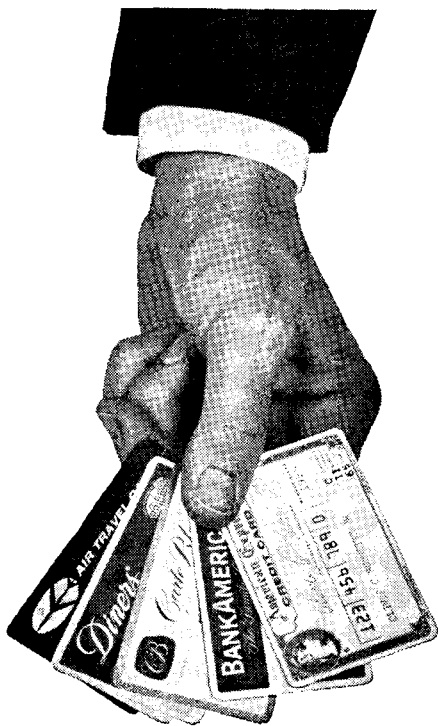
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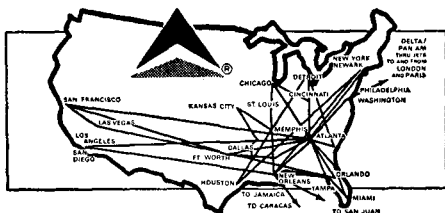


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Report on Ecuador

within the officer corps of the armed forces and the upper echelons of government, and accuse Quito of neglecting the problems of the coast.

The July riots also provided Ecuador's political parties with an occasion to press for a return to civilian government. When a member of the junta disdainfully remarked that the politicians were so weak they could not organize even the members of their own families, a political "Patriotic Junta" was formed, and demonstrations were scheduled. Though public support failed to materialize, the military junta deported a number of politicians. The exiles were soon allowed to come back, none the worse for wear after trips to Paraguay at government expense.

The political parties, supported by the Guayaquil merchants, want an interim civilian president to supervise elections as soon as possible. But a political settlement is impeded by the fact that the politicians amount merely to a group of "outs" wanting "in." The three major parties, Conservative, Liberal, and Socialist, are so divided that even the splinter groups have splintered. They lack a constructive program and look more to the persuasiveness of personality for their success. In addition, the proclerical Conservatives and the anticlerical Liberals are still warring over the role of the Catholic Church.

Among the smaller parties are ARNE (Ecuadorian National Revolutionary Action), a group of extreme rightists advocating a sort of neofascism; the Velasquistas, faithful to the old *caudillo*; and several insignificant brands of Christian Democracy.

A factor adding to the political unrest is the gradual deterioration of the economic situation. An agricultural nation, Ecuador depends upon the export of bananas, coffee, and cacao to furnish 90 percent of its foreign exchange earnings. Bananas predominate, and in the past several years, have been the mainstay of the economy. Recently, banana exports from Formosa have taken the Japanese market away from Ecuador. The recovery of Central America's

plantations from the ravages of plant disease has greatly reduced the shipment of Ecuadorian bananas to the United States. As a result, it is estimated that Ecuador will lose some \$25 million in earnings during 1965. This in turn will increase unemployment, restrict credit, and perhaps even deflate the value of the sucre, a monetary unit which has been remarkably stable in recent years.

The military junta issues constant reminders of its accomplishments. A close examination of these claims reveals that it has scored some genuine successes, many of which are comparative rather than absolute. They are decided improvements over the meager accomplishments of past civilian governments, but they are pale before the magnitude of the problems to be resolved. For example, a sorely needed tax reform has eliminated much of the red tape which used to make it extremely difficult for an honest person to fill out a tax return. Simplified procedures now encourage the payment of taxes, and revenues have increased considerably, although nothing so drastic as a criminal prosecution for tax evasion has been attempted.

The centralization of tax collection has been impeded by resistance from Guayaquil. The junta might have been in a better position to enforce its reform had it first eliminated the autonomous revenue-raising powers of the Board of National Defense, an agency of the armed forces which receives directly not only such funds as a tax on theater tickets but also the proceeds from the estates of persons who die without heirs and without a will.

Another loss of tax revenue is caused by the smuggling of large quantities of goods back and forth across the borders of Colombia and Peru. The government receives no customs duties on this merchandise, and in some instances, local industries are hurt by competition from lower-priced contraband. The government's ineffectiveness in this area is not surprising, since the brother of one of the members of the junta is a notorious smuggler.

To starve at home

A widely heralded agrarian reform is one of the junta's major accom-



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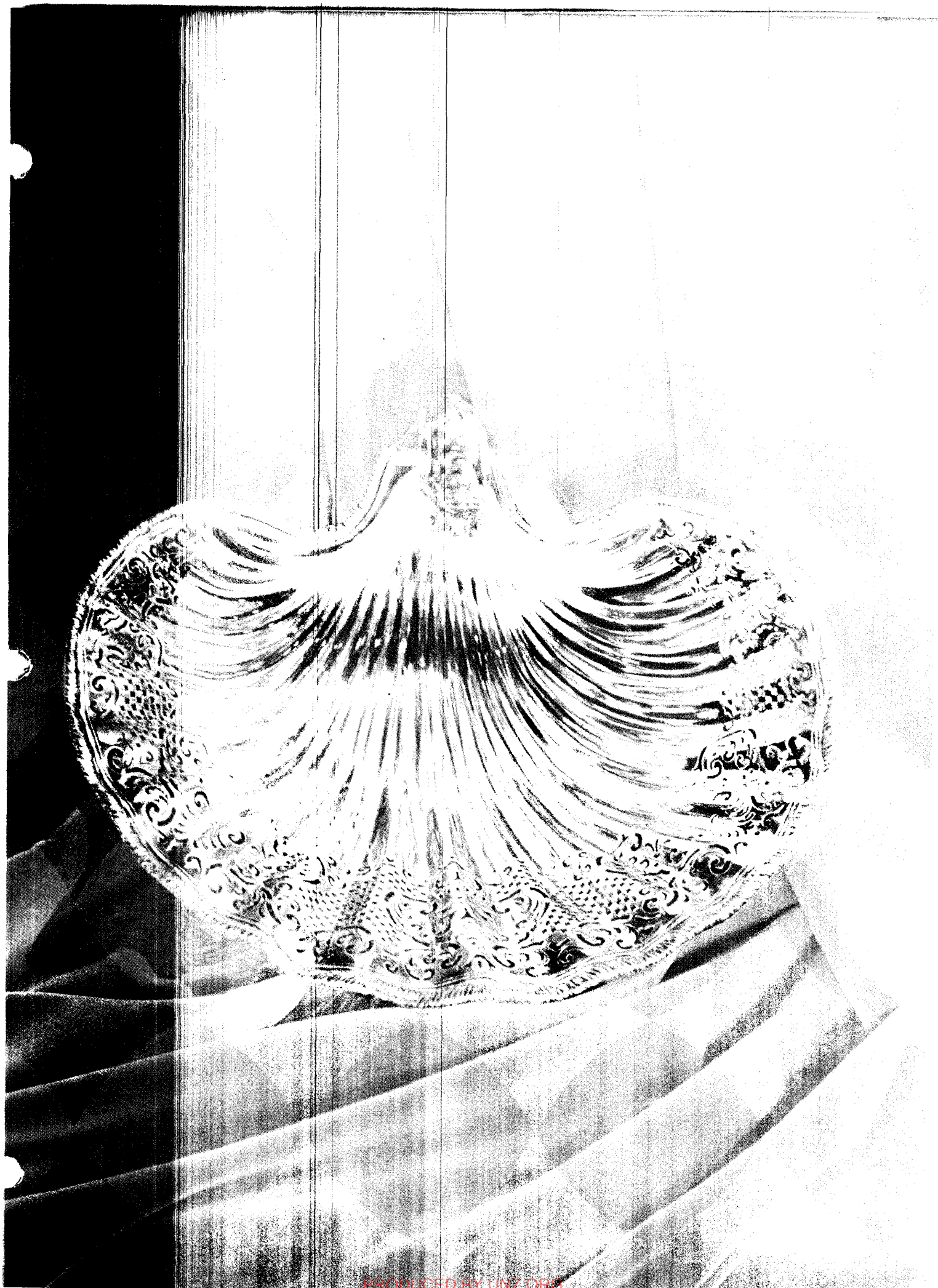
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Shown, the Abbotville home entertainment center, against a background of the music room in the Brookline, Mass., home of Erich Leinsdorf, Music Director of the Boston Symphony.

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Report on Ecuador

plishments. The thrust of the law is to destroy a feudal system of land tenure which for centuries held the Indians of the sierra in virtual serfdom. The landowner would furnish the Indian a piece of land, called a *huasipongo*, in return for four or five days of labor per week at a wage of a few pennies. The Indian, or *huasiponguero*, was generally paid but once a year, and thus was forced to borrow, usually from the landowner. The existence of their debts, which passed from generation to generation, tied the Indians to the land.

The new law abolishes the system of *huasipongo* and gives the Indian title to his piece of land. As a measure of social justice, it is a milestone. As an effective land reform, it is a beginning. Unless agricultural credit and technical assistance are also provided, the law will mean, one American observer wryly noted, merely that "the Indian will be able to starve in the privacy of his own home."

In addition, a virtual social revolution will be required to bring the more than two million Indians of the sierra into the twentieth century. Many still address the white man as "Your Grace," and kiss his fingers, first slipping a shawl or poncho between their lips and his hand. Attitudes such as this can hardly be expected to facilitate enforcement of the minimum rural wage which the new law provides. Nor will they produce resistance to such practices as the theft of clothing from trespassing Indians, who must then render free labor for the landowner in order to redeem their property.

The junta has initiated a vigorous attack upon the housing problem through the Housing Bank of Ecuador and a series of loans from the United States under the Alliance for Progress. In the beginning, construction was slow. Only eight units were completed in 1963. By 1964, 167 additional units were ready for occupancy. The program was impeded by bureaucratic entanglements and rising costs due to land speculation. A dramatic failure was the construction of an 1800-unit project near the Guayaquil airport. Because no provision was made for water, electricity, or sewerage, the

completed homes form a ghost town in an area notable for its housing shortage. In October, 1964, an army colonel took over the Housing Bank and streamlined its operation. The program is now operating at full speed, and it is expected that 6000 new units will be completed by the end of 1965.

Yet according to the most recent report of the Inter-American Development Bank's Social Progress Trust Fund, in 1964 Ecuador's housing deficit amounted to 500,000 units. In order to meet annual requirements caused by population growth and replacement needs, some 28,700 units would have to be constructed each year. A visual grasp of the problem may be obtained through a visit to the seemingly endless slums of Guayaquil, where 300,000 people, or half the population of the city, live under conditions as wretched as any in Latin America.

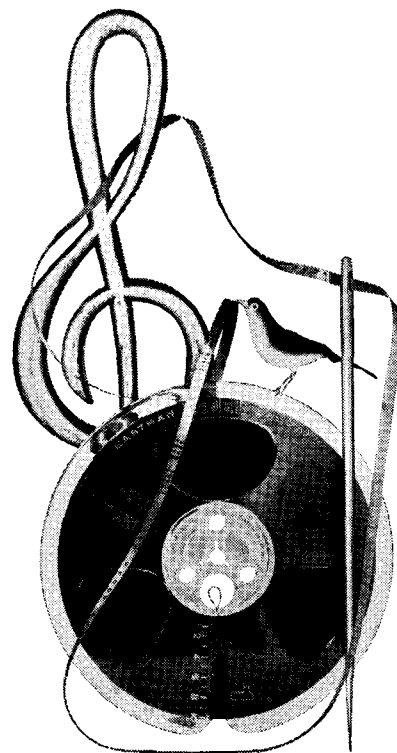
Furthermore, the whole construction program currently being operated by the Housing Bank provides loans merely to those who can afford them. For the most part, the prospective homeowner must be earning \$70 to \$80 per month in order to qualify for a loan. This eliminates laborers, who earn an average wage of \$40 per month, the 50 percent of the work force which is unemployed or underemployed, and practically the entire rural population.

The American presence

The United States is firmly committed to the course of moderate reform undertaken by the military junta. Through the Alliance for Progress Washington has made available to Ecuador a modest number of grants and about \$126.7 million in loans from October, 1961, to March, 1965, slightly less than \$8 per capita per annum.

The positive effects of American aid to Ecuador derive from local appreciation of tangible accomplishments, such as schools, houses, and roads, and from the excellent work being done by the Peace Corps.

On the minus side of the ledger is the close identification between the United States and the Ecuadorian military. In a country whose government could not survive without

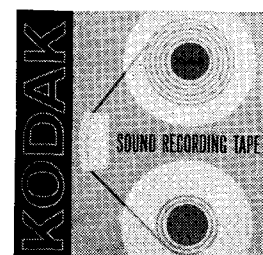


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American political, economic, and military support, it is not surprising that many Ecuadorians are firmly convinced that the United States played some role in the events of July, 1963, especially since the immediate provocation of the coup was the insulting behavior of President Arosemena toward the American ambassador at a banquet in Quito.

The American presence in Ecuador is concentrated in Quito. The belief that the central government neglects and discriminates against Guayaquil has already led to the charge that the Alliance for Progress pays insufficient heed to the coast. This dissatisfaction was not lessened by the use of "made in U.S.A." tear gas by the police during the July riots in Guayaquil.

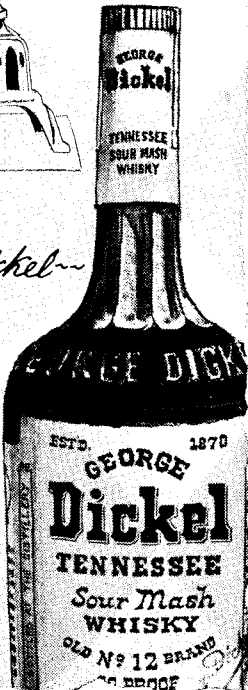
Up to now, the extreme left has enjoyed little success in mounting an offensive against the status quo. When President Arosemena followed a "neutralist" foreign policy and leaned toward the left in an attempt to bring about reform, Ecuador's conservatives raised the specter of a Communist threat and urged the military to move. Terrorist activities were attributed to the Communists, but it is now admitted that these were mostly the handiwork of ARNE, the extreme rightists. The Communist Party, not immune to the virus of fragmentation affecting the rest of Ecuador's political institutions, was easily crushed and dispersed by the military after Arosemena was overthrown. Yet it would be folly to dismiss the possibility of a resurgence by the extreme left. Ecuador, in its relative backwardness, has still not reached the stage where its masses have begun to indulge in "rising expectations."

The terrain of Ecuador is perfect for guerrilla warfare. The counter-insurgency capabilities of the armed forces are not highly regarded. Several sorties into the mountains and jungles by young would-be terrorists lacked any semblance of serious organization and were thwarted without difficulty. But the emergence of a charismatic leader espousing violent change could alter the situation drastically.

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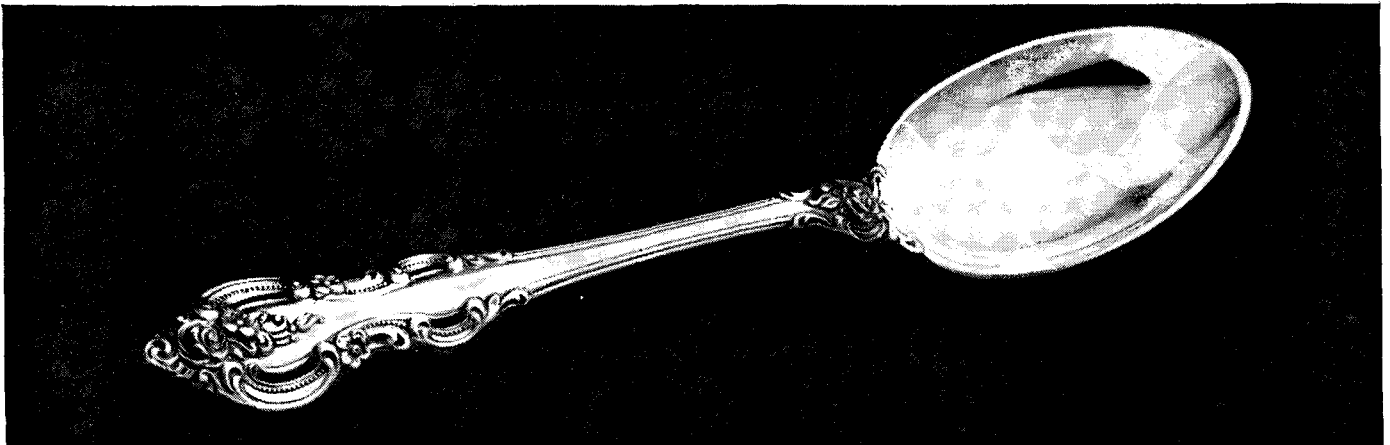
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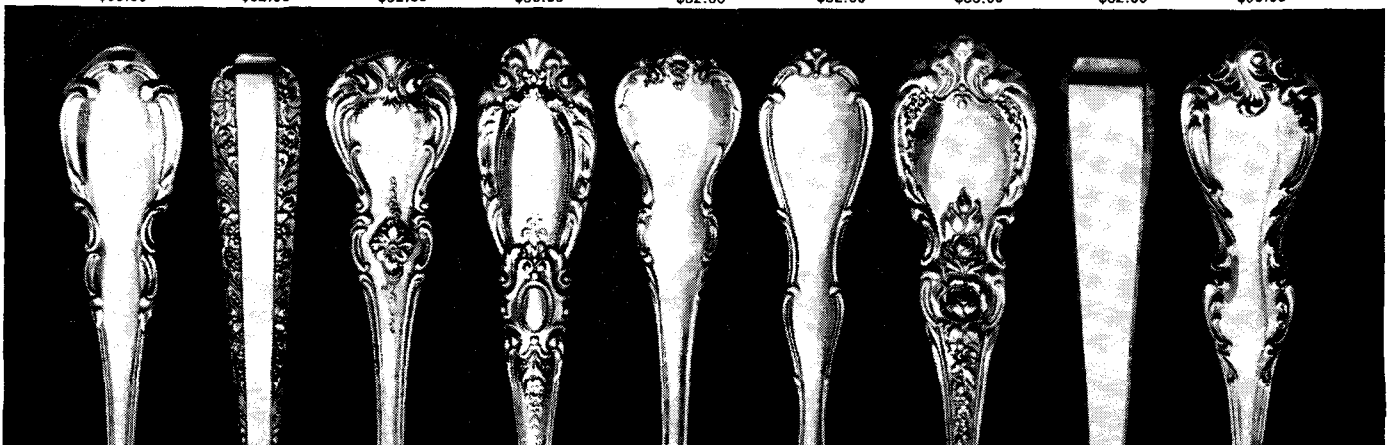
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AT HOME, Tunisian president Habib Bourguiba is immensely popular, while in the rest of the Arab world, he is all too frequently berated as a colonialist jackal or a tool of Zionism. The ostensible reason for the name-calling is that last March, Bourguiba suggested negotiations with Israel based on the 1947 and 1948 United Nations resolutions on Palestine. However, Nasser has on several occasions made similar suggestions without being called any nasty names by his Arab brethren. Therefore, something else about Bourguiba rankles. It is probably that at heart he considers Tunisia a Western nation, part of the Arab world by geographical accident rather than vocation. He said in a speech last June: "Tunisia freed herself centuries ago from the ties that bound her to Baghdad, Damascus, and Istanbul."

Tunisia has also been freed from the Islamic mystique which other Arab leaders use to stay in power, Nasser most of all. Its basic elements are demagoguery, religious fanaticism, and prestige politics. The great demagogic hoax is that the Arab world is going to rise as one to reconquer Palestine. As Bourguiba points out, the anti-Israel crusade has been imminent for seventeen years.

In reality, the Arab leaders are bent on preserving the status quo which keeps them in power. The liberation of Palestine, far from being a program of action, becomes nothing more than a propaganda device to maintain the illusion of Arab unity. If it went beyond that, the illusion would crumble under the weight of Arab differences and lack of preparedness.

What most annoys Bourguiba about his fellow leaders is their hypocrisy. Publicly they attack his Palestine position, but privately they admit he is right. King Hussein of Jordan told Bourguiba last April: "Our great mistake was to ask for Britain's departure from Palestine. At least then Jewish immigration was limited and the Palestinians remained on their land." Bourguiba replied, "So now we have come to the point of regretting British colonialism in Palestine."

Religious fanaticism is another Arab instrument of political control which Bourguiba has scorned. In most Arab countries, the Muslim festival of Ramadan (which celebrates the revelation of the Koran in the ninth month of the lunar year) is strictly observed. Anyone who breaks the daylight fast, even by smoking a cigarette, can be fined or arrested. The result is serious absenteeism in factories and offices. Last year, on the third day of Ramadan, Bourguiba drank a glass of orange juice in the middle of a speech to a group of workers. "Eat or fast," he said, "take your choice, as long as production does not suffer." He has also advised his people against making the annual pilgrimage to Mecca because it affects the country's balance of payments.

Family planning

And while other overpopulated Arab countries prohibit birth control (in Morocco and Algeria the French colonial anticontraceptive laws are still enforced), Bourguiba began a highly successful family-planning experiment a year ago. The strong opposition in Muslim families to contraception had to be overcome. The man considers a large number of children the tangible expression of his masculinity as well as an eventual source of wealth. For the woman, the birth of a child is a festive event which all her female relatives attend.

The Tunisian experiment began with the administration of contraceptives to women volunteers. It was found that abortion caused guilt feelings, that mechanical contraceptives and vaginal jellies were psychologically unpleasant, and that the pill required too much remembering and was too costly. The method finally adopted was the Lippes loop, a four-inch-long plastic wire named for its inventor, Buffalo doctor Jack Lippes. The loop fits in the woman's uterus and acts in a way not entirely understood by doctors. It is, however, 98 percent effective, simple to insert, inexpensive, safe, and it lasts for years.

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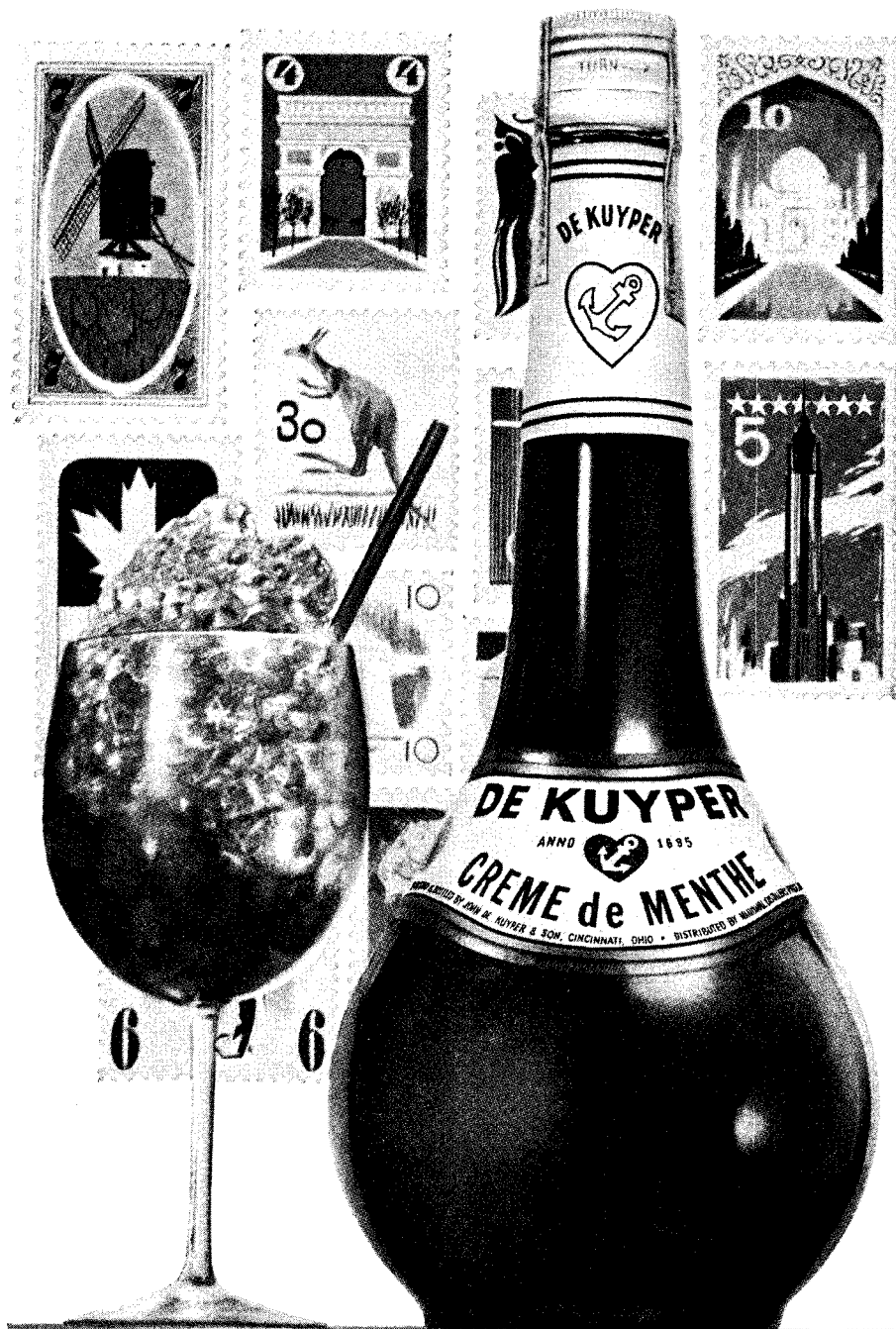
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Report on Tunisia

the Koran against birth control, family resistance is weakening. Health officials plan to administer the loop to 50,000 women a year for the next four years. They hope to treat most Tunisian women who have had more than three children and keep the population under five million.

Under nobody's thumb

Unlike his Arab neighbors, Bourguiba is not interested in military might. Tunisia's 1965 budget spends 6 percent on defense and 25 percent on education, while it costs Nasser half a million dollars a day to finance his military expedition in the Yemen, and Algeria earmarks one fifth of its budget for its army. "If Tunisia were attacked," says a Western ambassador, "its 18,000-man army would be able to resist just long enough for Bourguiba to lodge a complaint with the Security Council."

Nor does Bourguiba see much point in prestige industries. Nasser has poured millions of dollars into the production of an Egyptian automobile, the Ramses, and has to import steel to manufacture it. Tunisia imports cars, but has just opened a steel mill to process its small quantity of high-grade iron ore. Habib Bourguiba, Jr., Tunisian Foreign Minister, says, "We would be happy to sell Nasser our steel for the production of his car."

Despite all this unorthodox behavior, Bourguiba has shown that he is the only Arab leader with a strong enough political base to challenge Nasser's oracular commands. When Nasser broke diplomatic relations with West Germany, he naturally expected the rest of the Arab world to emulate him. Only Bourguiba did not comply, because preserving the trade agreements Tunisia has with West Germany was more important to him than placating Nasser.

Indeed, it can be said that aside from Egypt, Tunisia is the only viable Arab state. The regimes of Syria, Iraq, and Yemen exist only with the support of Nasser; Kings Hassan of Morocco, Hussein of Jordan, and Mohamed Idris of Libya are forced to align themselves

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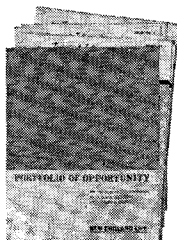


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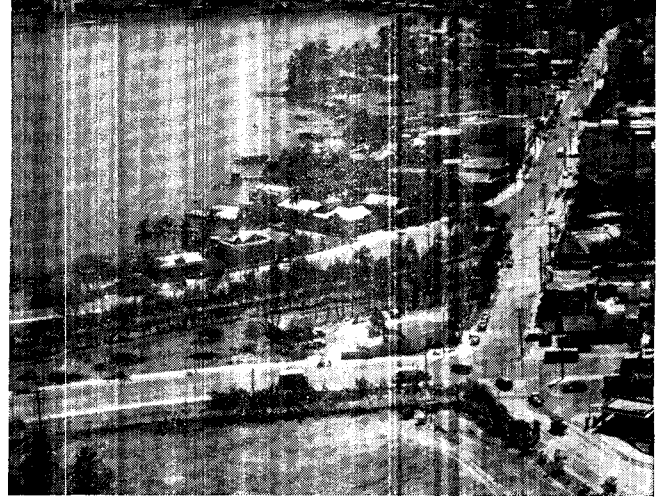
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Progress report to U.S. industry:

Look what's happened to San Juan since Puerto Rico became a U.S. Commonwealth

IF YOU haven't been to Puerto Rico in the past few years, you're in for a pleasant surprise the next time you go there.

San Juan is being reborn.

Under the island's Commonwealth status, tourism and industry are growing at a phenomenal rate. And so is Puerto Rico's capital city. Whole sections of San Juan are being leveled, remodeled and rebuilt according to a grand design.

Hato Rey, once a congested suburb of aging homes and narrow streets, is turning into the "Wall Street" of the Caribbean. During the next twenty years, over a billion dollars are expected to be invested in construction in this area alone.

Santurce, the section at the right in our photographs, will be remodeled with malls, plazas, sidewalk cafés, apartments soaring along canals, and superblocks — self-sustained communities with homes, shops and schools.

Old San Juan is not losing its romantic soul in the midst of this progress. On the contrary, the centuries-old town houses of the Conquistadores are carefully being *restored*. Soon the streets of Old San Juan will be a reflection of 18th-century Spain.

Suburban San Juan is growing almost as fast as the city itself. Projects such as Levittown de Puerto Rico are providing planned middle-income homes. There are modern shopping centers where you'll find Spanish names

alongside of familiar names like Sears, Grand Union and Woolworth's.

Now take another look at the photographs above.

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Sahara Holiday *by Agnes Newton Keith*

Report on Tunisia

with Nasser because they cannot count on the complete allegiance of their own people. In Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, political stability is bound to oil interests. Algeria has yet to show that it can escape what its own leaders disparagingly call "Congolization." And Lebanon's pluralist society is under constant pressure from a pro-Nasser minority.

And yet, what is Tunisia? A country which seems to have been created to prove Arnold Toynbee's theory that civilizations are founded in defiance of nature — small, underdeveloped, half Saharan waste and half coastal farmland. "Tunisia," a foreign ministry official explained, "has no oil, no minerals, no coal, no gas, twenty-two kinds of poisonous snakes, and four kinds of scorpions." Its annual budget, \$160,000,000, is less than what General Motors spends on advertising.

It is not powerful enough to play Eastern and Western blocs against each other for aid, as Egypt has done. Its weight is scarcely felt in the international scale. Its importance lies perhaps in the fact that a country which has been independent for ten years can point to political stability and economic improvement instead of chaos, coups, corruption, and economic bewilderment, the lot of too many other emerging nations.

A family business

Tunisia's progress is related to its manageable size, which has made it possible for Bourguiba to operate the country like a family business. No aspect of national life is unworthy of his paternal attention. On a recent Sunday afternoon he scolded Tunisia's two best soccer teams after a championship match. "The game was faulty because of lack of coordination," he said. "The play was disjointed and choppy. I hope the quality of the playing will improve and that in the future you will play with your heads as well as your legs."

Bourguiba spends three months of each year inspecting his domain. In each town and village, he knows the principal families by name. He listens to grievances and suggests improvements. Bourguiba's visits

IDEA MAN

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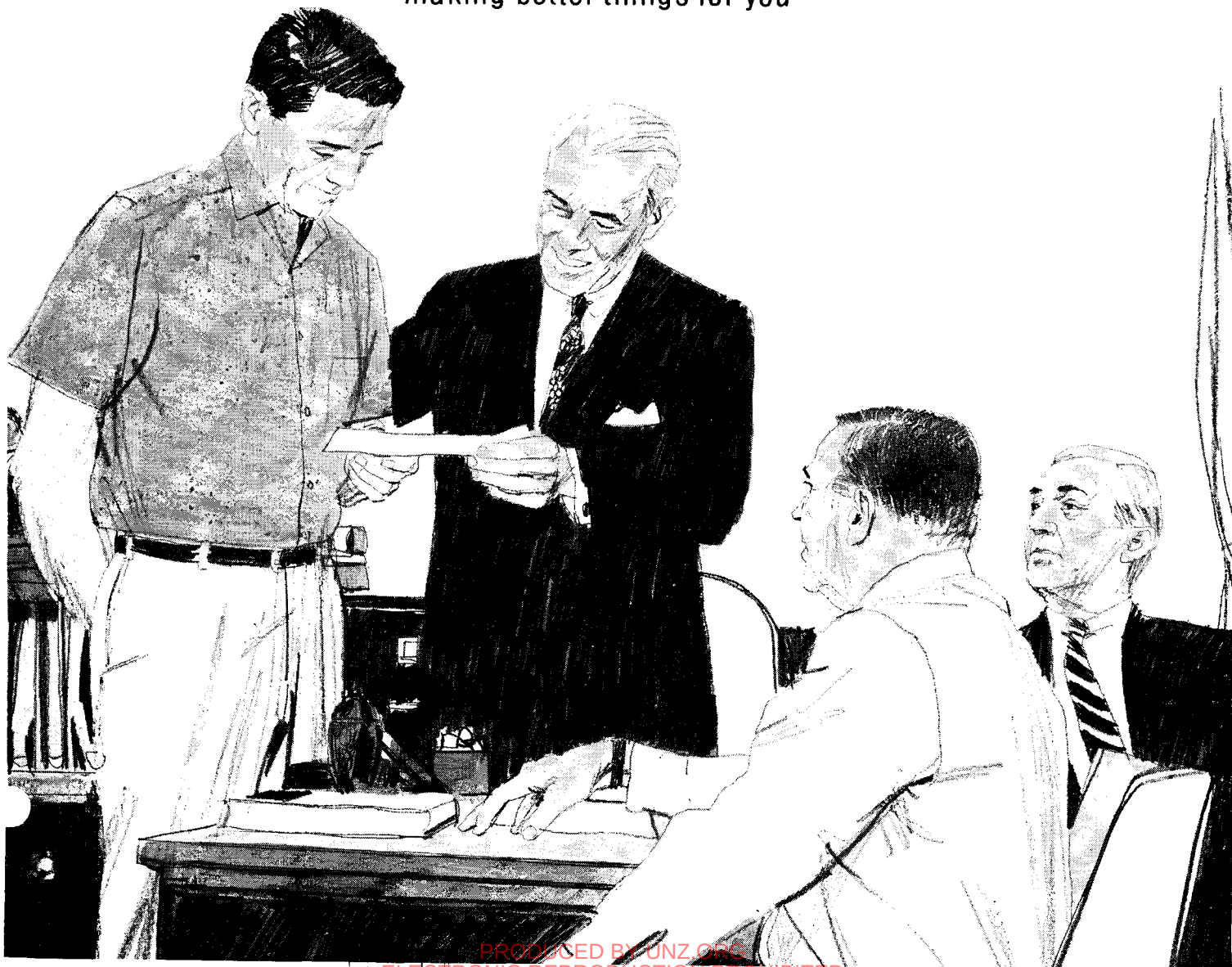
No, he didn't dream up a better mousetrap. But he's the kind of person who probably could if he put his mind to it. As the old maxim implies, though, if you figure out a way to do *anything* worthwhile more efficiently, chances are you'll be rewarded. It was certainly true of this ingenious General Motors employee, who recently collected \$6,000 for a valuable suggestion that took just thirty-six words to describe—more than \$166.00 per word!

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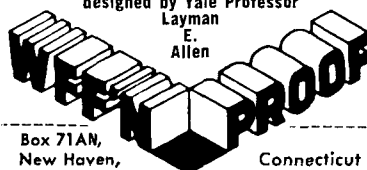


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Report on Tunisia

have been as responsible for slum clearance and school construction as have his economic programs. The other side of the "Supreme Combatant's" personality is that he cannot tolerate resistance to the team spirit.

Controlled socialism

Bourguiba also keeps tight control over the Socialist Destourian Party, the country's only legal political party. Its 300,000 members spread his gospel, give the good example, and denounce heretics. The gospel is socialism, but it is less a doctrine than the answer of a pragmatist to the aspirations of the masses. Bourguiba's socialism is simply the belief that the state must step in where the individual falters. Thus, he does not recognize the absolute right to private property. "It's a way of saying that society respects your right as long as you don't abuse it," he says. "No one will take your property as long as you are working."

State departments control mining, industry, agriculture, fishing, and tourism, and in the last few months there has been a tendency to increase state control in other areas. Bourguiba does not want a strong labor union questioning his decisions and disrupting his four-year economic plans with demands for higher wages. He is encouraging the development of party cells in factories and offices to sap the authority of the union.

At the same time, Bourguiba's state-controlled economy is trying hard to attract private capital, with some success. Krupp is interested in building a shipyard, and in the last year, a Danish factory for diesel engines and a Swedish factory for superphosphates have opened. In underdeveloped countries, the borders of capitalism and socialism are often blurred. When Tunisia sought a long-term loan from the International Monetary Fund in 1964, the loan was granted on the condition that the dinar be devaluated and that wages be kept at the same level; this was not socialist but banker's *dirigisme*.

Tunisia's main economic problem is that it has little to export besides

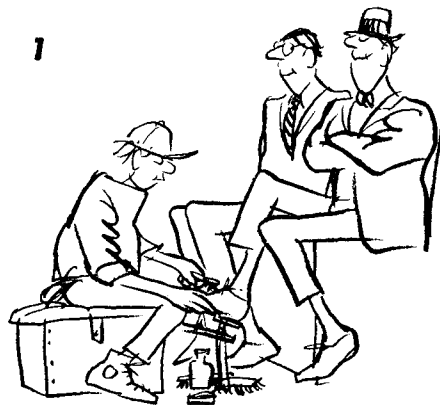
wine, olives, wheat, vegetables, and flowers; it finds it difficult to sell its products to European countries, which already have Common Market agricultural agreements. Until last year, Tunisia could sell its wine and its wheat to France at the interior French market price. But in May, 1964, Bourguiba abruptly nationalized 850,000 acres of foreign-owned land, 90 percent of which belonged to the French. France suspended its twenty-million-dollar-a-year aid and its preferential trade agreements. It was a serious blow to the economy, for wine makes up one fifth of Tunisia's exports. In 1964 it brought in more than \$20 million, but by the first quarter of 1965, only 10 percent of the 1964 vintage had been sold, and there is no market for wine in a Muslim country.

American aid

Because it has to import such staples as dairy products, meat, and most manufactured goods, Tunisia has an unfavorable trade balance. In 1964, for example, it imported \$220 million worth of goods and exported about half that much. It will be years before Tunisia can successfully diversify the colonial, one-market economy inherited from the French, and in the meantime, the economy is relying heavily upon American aid. As President Johnson has noted, two thirds of U.S. aid goes to seven countries, and Tunisia is one of them. Since the beginning of the aid program in 1957, Tunisia has received a total of \$413,800,000. The gross aid in 1964 was about \$100 per capita, the highest in Africa, although lower than Jordan (\$192) and Israel (\$450).

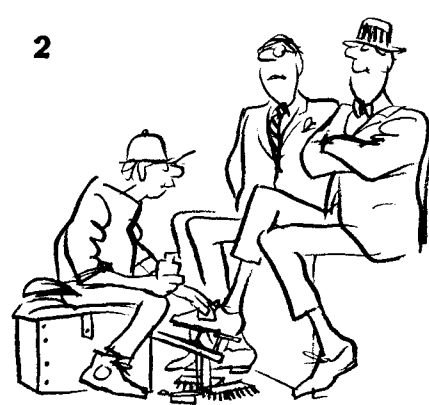
Bourguiba's Secretary of State for Planning and the Economy, Ahmed Ben Salah, left for Washington last May 9 and returned to Tunis eleven days later with assurances that the level of U.S. aid would be maintained. Tunisia then embarked on an 800-million-dollar four-year plan, about 40 percent of which will be financed by foreign (mainly U.S.) aid. Tunisia hopes to maintain a rate of growth of 6.5 percent a year and raise the per capita income from \$77 to \$100 a year by 1970.

U.S. aid pays for such varied projects as the construction of a law school and a long-range reforestation program; forty-five million trees



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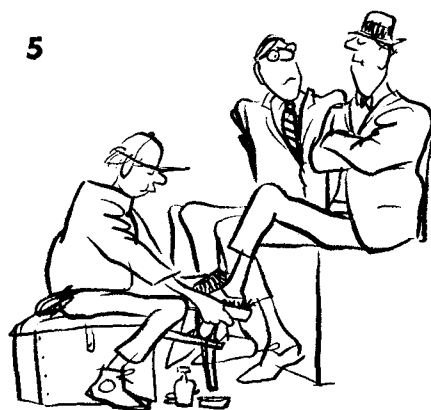
Promotion? Raise?

Nothing like that. The fact is, I just made the first monthly payment on my mortgage.



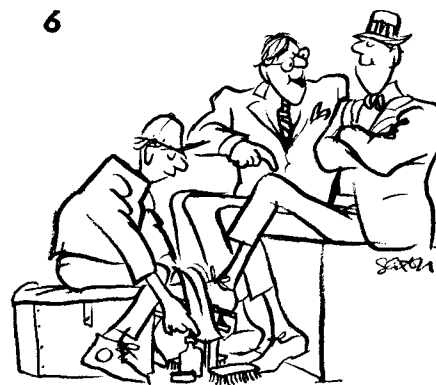
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Report on Tunisia

have already been planted, mainly Aleppo pines and eucalyptus, in the hope of restoring Tunisia to the fertile times when North Africa could be crossed in the shade.

Tunisia also has the largest Peace Corps contingent of any African country. Its director is Richard Graham, a Wisconsin businessman who was the butt of some ridicule when he arrived two years ago because he insisted on riding a bicycle everywhere, which the Tunisians interpreted as a concession to their underdevelopment. “What we need is assistance, not acrobatics,” as one Tunisian put it. After showing what it can do, however, the Peace Corps has been given high marks, and its tractor-repair teams have been particularly successful.

Away from Marx

Skeptics attribute Bourguiba's solid pro-Western stance to the amount of aid he receives from Washington. But beyond the helping hand it offers, Bourguiba has been drawn to the West out of disappointment with its alternatives. He turned away from Communism when he was a young revolutionary struggling against French colonialism.

“What Marx wrote was true of the nineteenth-century industrial revolution in England and France,” he says. “It was true in that conjuncture. But afterward, things were not that way. His previsions for the proletarian revolution were not realized. There was no class struggle. I saw man as a moral being who escapes the laws of rank. I wanted to lift him in a climate where there would be no oppression and no chaos, where the balance between liberty and anarchy would be kept.”

Bourguiba has also found pan-Arabism and pan-Africanism a burden. Those of his policies which have been prompted by the fear that he was not keeping up with the revolutionary pace of his neighbors, such as nationalization of foreign-owned lands, have proved economically disastrous. In many instances, Tunisia's efforts to maintain Arab or African solidarity have backfired. “Since we are no longer able to use ships on the Arab League blacklist,”



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Report on Tunisia

an official explained, "we have to pay more for freight, which often has to change ships at Genoa."

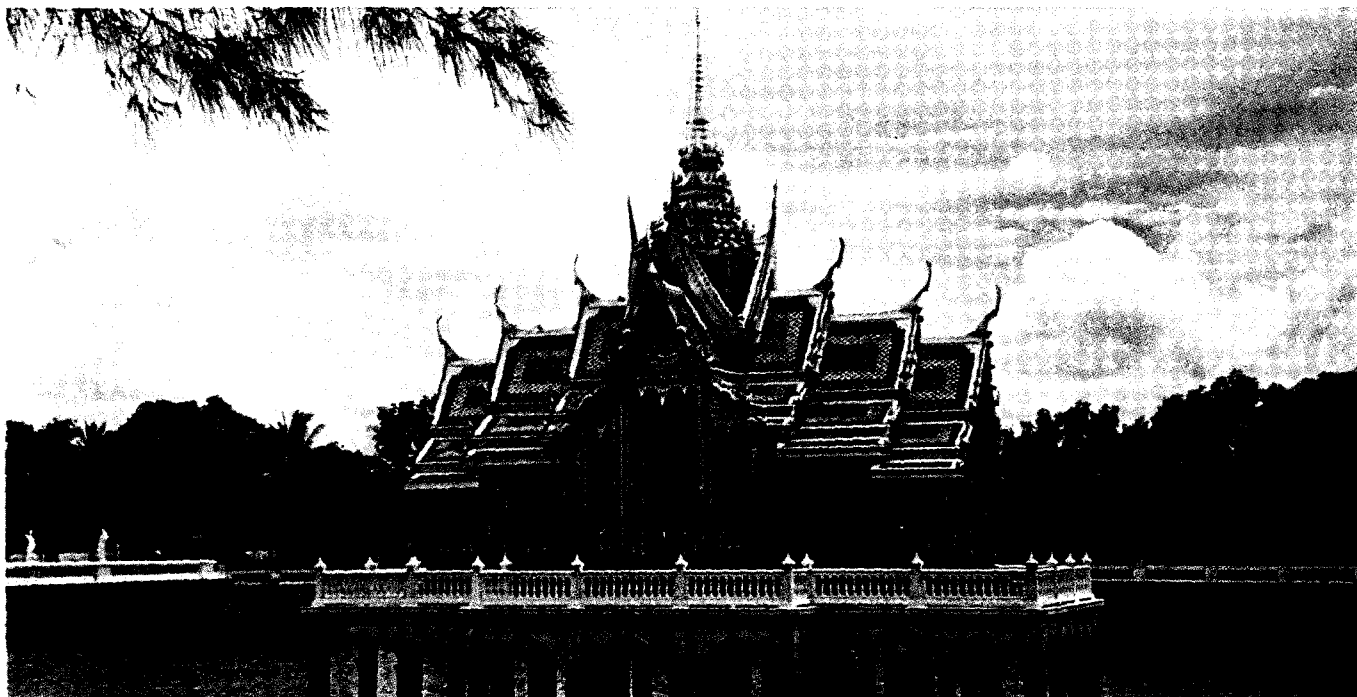
When Nasser calls him an American stooge, Bourguiba replies: "Don't tell me that to be a good Arab I have to fight America." While other Arab leaders visit Moscow for guidance, Bourguiba visits Scandinavia. He finds that the Scandinavian countries have problems similar to his own and practice the kind of socialism he would like to adopt.

Our best friend in Africa

Bourguiba is fond of saying that Tunisia is at the same time non-aligned and "the best friend the United States has in Africa." An interesting example of this pro-Western nonalignment is Tunisia's position toward Red China. When Premier Chou En-lai came unexpectedly to Tunis in the middle of his 1964 African trip, Bourguiba recognized Red China. But at the banquet of recognition, he denounced Chinese foreign policy. Last March Tunisia rejected a Red Chinese note on Vietnam as "discourteous and unacceptable." "China," Bourguiba said, "is trying to extend its influence in Asia — some countries forget that the United States intervened after a request from an independent state which did not want to be under Communist rule."

Bourguiba's son, familiarly known as "Bibi," is a resolutely pro-Western foreign minister. He was ambassador to Washington during the New Frontier and was admitted into the privileged circle of President Kennedy's personal friends. He was impressed on a visit to Washington last spring that President Johnson took the trouble to receive him at the height of the Dominican crisis.

American diplomats in Tunis work in a climate of warm friendliness. Ambassador Francis Henry Russell is a career diplomat whose last post was Accra. In comparing Bourguiba's Tunisia with Nkrumah's Ghana, he has drawn some interesting conclusions about one-party, one-man systems in emerging countries, and why they sometimes succeed and sometimes fail.



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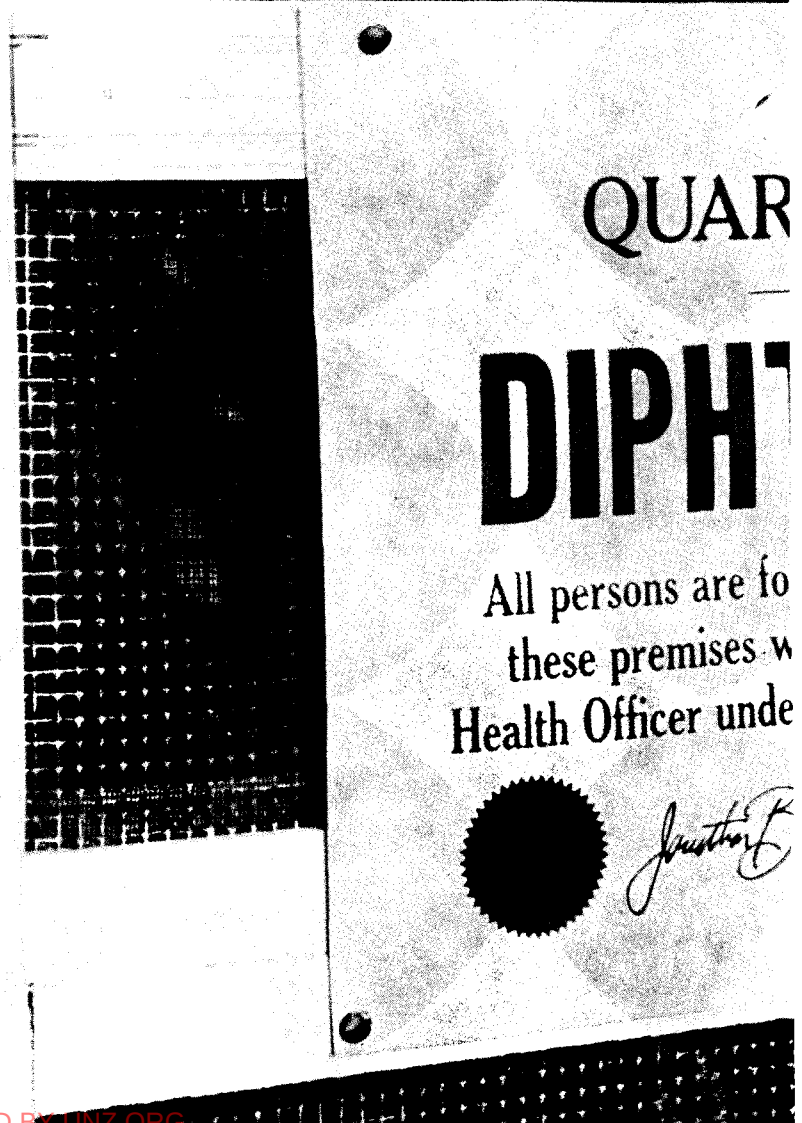
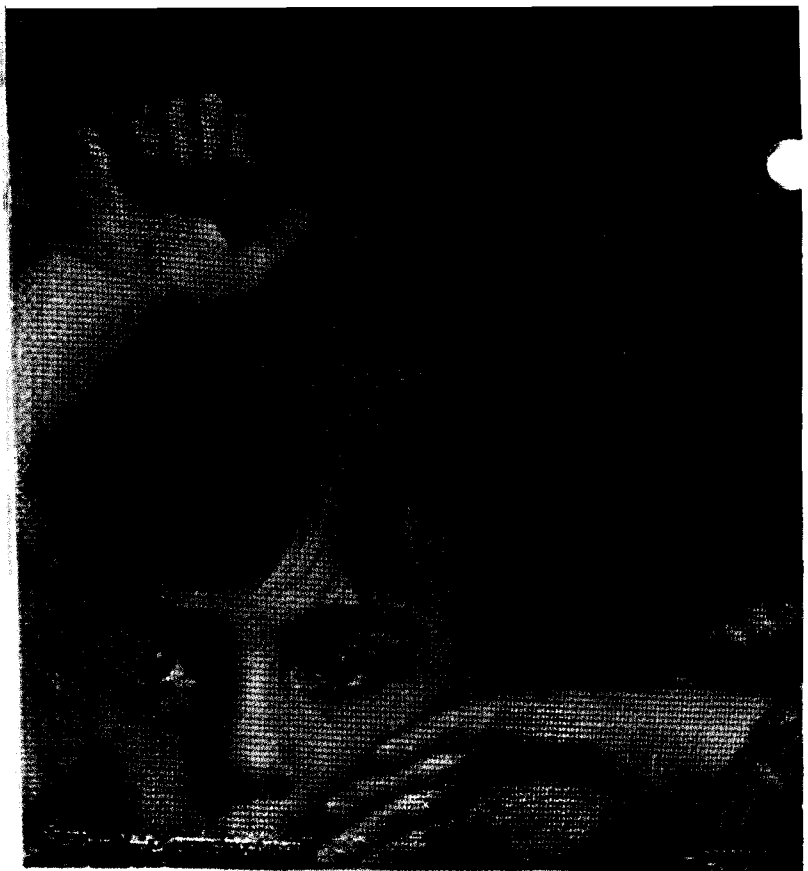
Perhaps you think of them as "yesterday's diseases," but epidemics of diphtheria, whooping cough, polio, and smallpox can occur again—if immunizations are neglected.

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The Atlantic Report MEXICO



WHILE the world at large has suddenly become enthusiastic about the social and economic progress of Mexico, Mexicans themselves, like adolescents still doubtful of their powers, are sometimes subject to attacks of the jitters. During the first few months of the administration of Gustavo Díaz Ordaz, who took over last December, the economy slowed down, the stock market slumped, and there was a vague atmosphere of foreboding.

There are various reasons for this, but the one that immediately leaps to mind — that a change of helmsman produced doubts among the passengers — is less pertinent in Mexico than elsewhere. The whole government apparatus has been for decades in the hands of the Party of Revolutionary Institutions (PRI). While the President of Mexico appears as untouchable as the British monarch and as powerful as a czar, he must nevertheless work within the framework of his abiding party. Politics as a career is not an electoral obstacle race as in the United States, but an appointive zigzagging up through the ranks of government. Díaz Ordaz, formerly Minister of the Interior, came to the presidency with the high regard of all Mexicans; since assuming office he has shown himself both firm and deft.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the chief reason for the slowdown is last year's prosperity. Outgoing presidents in Mexico like to write large their names across the land, and President López Mateos outdid them all. Roads, dams, museums, schools, hospitals were inaugurated in 1964 in a breathtaking marathon. Officials, vying for the public eye in hopes of being tapped for the top job, threw fiscal caution to the winds. In the department of social security alone, the incoming administration found debts of \$220 million, or nearly 75 percent of its annual income.

The new government has had, therefore, to pay for the old one's prodigality before undertaking projects of its own. Because of a basically sound economy and a tax reform last year which raised revenues 10 percent above the budget estimate, it has evidently been able to do this in relatively

short order. Díaz Ordaz, in his annual message to Congress on September 1, announced that the government had already resumed its investment in public works.

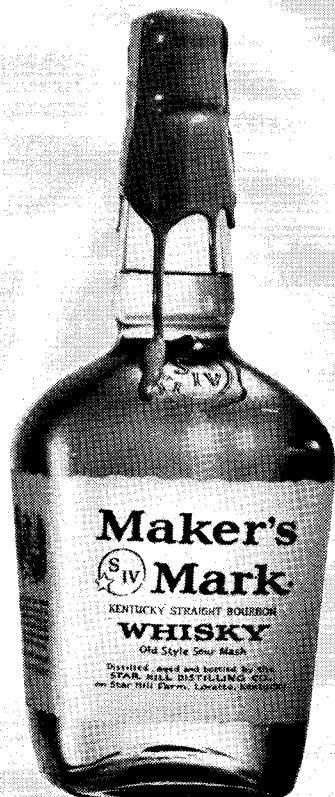
A major reform in the technique of government investment has also had a braking effect on the economy. Previously the "decentralized agencies" — the national oil company, the railroads, the electric power company, and so forth — borrowed and spent money as they saw fit. Now all their financial activities are channeled through the Treasury. This procedure guarantees future fiscal responsibility, but it has involved re-examination of old commitments before authorization of new ones. It may even clear up persistent accusations of corruption.

Furthermore, the slowdown has been, to some extent, induced. The influx of new money in 1964 generated inflationary pressures. The Díaz Ordaz administration, jealous, above all, of Mexico's reputation for monetary stability, took definite measures to cool off the economy, restricting credit and fixing maximum prices for basic commodities, both unpopular measures in business circles. Inflation has indeed been curbed: while prices rose 3.8 percent during the first six months of 1964, the increase this year is only one percent.

Finally, it should be emphasized that although Mexicans talk about a slowdown, this is by no means a recession. The growth rate during the first six months of 1965 was a healthy 6 percent. Only by comparison with last year's 10 percent is this growth rate disappointing.

The braceros stay home

Internally this is a period of wholesome readjustment, but externally the picture is not quite so bright. The major adversity is the closing of the frontier to Mexican migrant laborers, the braceros, who harvested the fruit and vegetable crops in the border states of the United States for wages which, while low by American standards, seemed a bonanza to them. The sober Mexicans brought most of these dollars home, some \$200 million



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Report on Mexico

annually in recent years. Mexicans have never been proud of the situation — the “export of poverty” they called it. Nevertheless, the decision not to renew the contracts leaves a gap in Mexico’s foreign income, and a certain despair in the countryside, where a chance to earn American wages was almost as good as a winning lottery ticket.

World prices for many of Mexico’s commodity exports are lower than last year. Also, the campaign to reduce the deficit in the American balance of payments is having an effect on Mexico’s trade balance, although Mexico, as an underdeveloped country, should not be subject to investment restriction. American companies are, nevertheless, seeking to finance their activities in Mexico with local funds. Mexico’s success in increasing agricultural production enough to permit the export of wheat and corn has led the U.S. government to cancel Food for Peace shipments, worth some \$20 million annually. Mexico plans to continue many of the food distribution programs itself, but will therefore have less grain to export.

Dollars from tourists

There are, however, favorable factors. Mexico’s chief source of foreign exchange has always been its “industry without chimneys” — tourism. And tourists are pouring in in ever increasing hordes. With new facilities planned to take care of the crowds expected for the 1968 Olympic Games, and a new air treaty to augment the present overcrowded flights, the tourist dollar should continue to underwrite the economy. An increase in Mexico’s sugar quota in the high-priced American market will help counteract the lower price for coffee. Furthermore, the growing success in the drive to export manufactured and semi-manufactured goods will make the country less dependent on world commodity prices.

Mexico is one of the most fervent supporters of the Latin-American common market. Its businessmen roam the continent looking for markets; the government has set up a credit agency to finance exports. The southern republics are now com-

“Somebody forgot . . . every litter bit hurts”



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Report on Mexico

plaining that Mexico is reaping the lion's share of the benefits: its trade balance in the area is overwhelmingly favorable, and has been for the last three years.

Mexico's reserves have never been higher, nor its credit better. It was one of the sixteen countries that increased its contribution to the International Monetary Fund beyond the obligatory 25 percent. The peso is officially ranked among the hard currencies of the world. The foreign debt, mostly in long-term loans, is of manageable size and has increased less than the national wealth.

The war against poverty

Even if 1965 proves to be less brilliant than preceding years, there is nothing seriously wrong with the economy except that so many Mexicans live outside it. Fifty-five percent of the population makes its living — if in many cases it can be so called — from the land. While the factory workman and the office employee live in the modern world, people in the backlands have only a faint glimmer that it exists. Millions of them still speak an Indian tongue; many others who speak Spanish cannot read it. There are, indeed, "many Mexicos," and the essential problem is undoubtedly integration.

The previous philosophy has been, in some degree at least, to start at the top, building a modern industrial complex, with its attendant social and government services, in the hope that the benefits would filter down. They have to some extent, but the process is painfully slow. Only 15 percent of the people receive social security benefits; less than half have electric light. With Mexico's appalling birthrate (3.1 percent, higher than China's or India's), it sometimes seems that for every newly "integrated" Mexican, half a dozen more have sprung up in the mud huts back home.

Yet Mexico is making a gigantic effort to educate the people. In the last six years the sums spent on schooling have tripled — they represent more than a quarter of the budget — and a special one percent tax on salaries is devoted

entirely to technical education. But education without opportunity is no solution either. Industrial jobs require immense investment, some \$4000 a job; Mexico needs to create 400,000 jobs a year.

The key to the problem of poverty thus remains the land. The government's five-year development plan will not be ready until the end of this year, but certain new trends can be discerned.

Distribution of land is no longer considered a panacea in itself. After four decades of "agrarian reform" there remains very little to distribute to the millions still clamoring for land. More attention is therefore being paid to increasing production. Mexico's agricultural institute at Chapingo is one of the best in Latin America and has recently received various grants and loans to expand both its experimental work and its training of agronomists.

One of the most successful Alliance for Progress programs anywhere is a scheme to make credit for improvements available to small farmers through local banks, hitherto uninterested in the small change and big risks involved in such loans. The original \$20 million invested in this project has recently been doubled. However, this program only reaches those who have something to mortgage. The communal *ejidatario*, forbidden by law to rent or sell his plot, is thus excluded. Furthermore, titles and boundaries, after years of revolution and sometimes haphazard distribution, are often muddled.

Basic, therefore, to rural development is the cadastration of all holdings which the Díaz Ordaz government has already undertaken, a gigantic and politically delicate task which will prudently proceed a region at a time. Even so, the holdings of individuals within the *ejido* will still be subject to local political influences, unless the much debated question of granting them title to their plots rather than simple membership in the *ejido* is resolved in favor of private property.

Free food for work

Community self-help programs have been strikingly successful. These give a modern twist to the ancestral tradition that members of a

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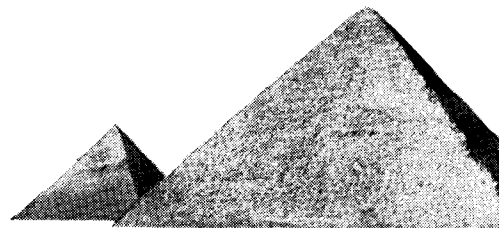
Yet, there is still the Orient of "A Thousand and One Nights."

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In the pyramids along the Nile an eloquent silence stirs the dry dust of antiquity, recalling glories of a golden Egyptian yester-age.



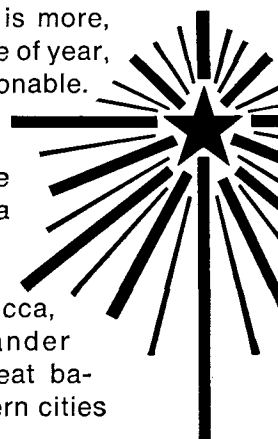
And where a stable once stood in Bethlehem, where a cross once stood on a hill called Calvary, you stand in trembling wonder. Somehow your world will never be the same again.



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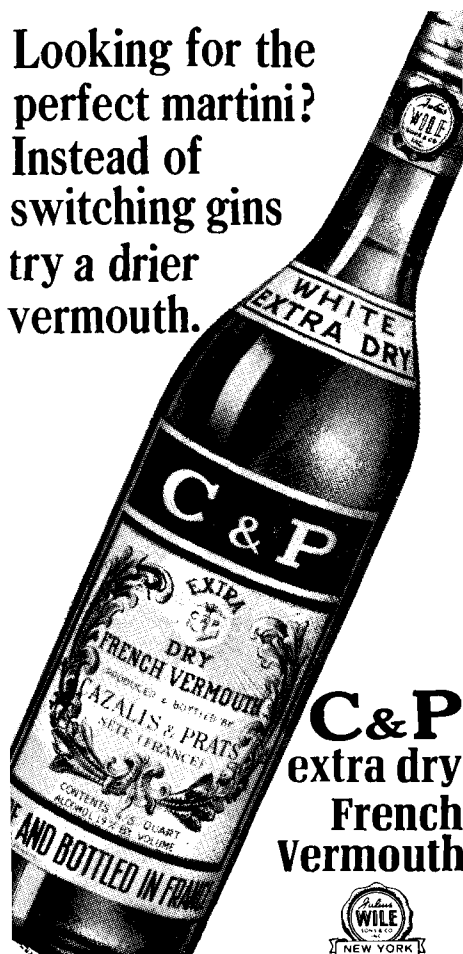
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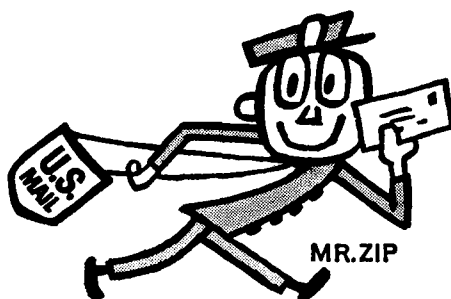


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Report on Mexico

community should chip in with their labor to forward local projects — a road, a school, a water system. Since in many parts of Mexico men have work for only a hundred days a year, they have plenty of time to donate. The government provides technical guidance, such building materials as are not available locally, and most important, food for a family for each day's labor. Last year, 8.5 million days of work were thus contributed.

Another development, which may prove as important as economic measures in furthering the participation of rural Mexico in national life, is the timid but evidently sincere effort of the ruling PRI to make local politics more "democratic." One of the banes of the countryside has been the local political boss, or *cacique*, drawing his power from higher-ups in the party and wielding it quite untrammelled for his personal profit and that of his friends. Since the party candidate always wins, nominations are now supposed to be held by secret ballot instead of, as previously, by acclamation of a designated favorite. This reform is not likely to take place immediately, but the declaration of intent is an important straw in the wind.

Mexico's success in the first stages of building a modern nation has been spectacular. The next, imperative stage, that of enlarging it to include all the people, may be more difficult. But at least the foundations have been well laid, and there are not now any serious social or political tremors to hamper further construction.

The American presence

In the pretentious new embassy Ambassador Fulton Freeman, a career diplomat with wide Latin-American experience, has been successfully pursuing the soft sell. Mexico disagrees entirely with our policies in Cuba and Santo Domingo. Yet, thanks to commendable restraint on both sides, the disagreement has never gone beyond an honest difference of opinion between friends. Our intervention in Santo Domingo aroused inflammatory denunciation elsewhere. In Mexico, except for one well-policed student march, it was merely deplored.

Two grave issues, festering for years, have been settled amicably: the border dispute about a plot of land in El Paso which the United States lost in arbitration fifty years ago and has hung on to until now; and the increased salinity of the Colorado River as it reaches Mexico's irrigation system, due to leaching desert land upstream in the United States.

Mexico has sometimes seemed to consider the Alliance for Progress a mere supererogation of its own blueprint for development. The phrase has been conspicuously absent from official pronouncements, to the annoyance of Washington. Díaz Ordaz broke precedent this year in his message to Congress by saying a kind word not only for the Alliance but also for the Community Development Foundation and for the now defunct Food for Peace program. Indeed, in spite of major policy differences, Mexican-American relations have never been better.

The American business community is perhaps not quite so happy. The automobile companies are displeased at what they feel to be an excess of government controls, particularly in regard to production quotas and prices. And the sulfur mining companies were appalled to have a ceiling placed on their exports, a conservation measure to protect Mexican reserves and to encourage the manufacture in Mexico of sulfur compounds particularly for fertilizer.

Owing to tax and other incentives, American companies are increasingly working in association with Mexicans. All public utilities have long since been Mexicanized, and the recent acquisition of a majority interest in the Mexican operations of American Smelting and Mining removes from American control another of the big companies exploiting what Mexicans call "non-renewable resources." Such companies — "they leave us nothing but a hole in the ground" — are always a sore point in Latin America.

Mexicans, for their part, with only 5 percent of the huge capital investment last year coming from foreign sources, can afford to be relaxed, neither courting the almighty dollar nor snarling at its mightiness.



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The Atlantic Report SINGAPORE



LEE KUAN YEW is very clever but not very wise," said James Wong, deputy chief minister of Sarawak in a thoughtful analysis of the causes that led to Singapore's expulsion from Malaysia on August 7. "If he had been more patient, he could have persuaded the Tenku to make him his foreign minister. Later, he might have become deputy prime minister of Malaysia and perhaps one day prime minister."

There was more to Singapore's secession, of course, than the impatience of the brilliant, incorruptible, industrious, but demonstrably unwise Lee, a young man always in a hurry who has suddenly found himself with no place else to go. His drive, his energy, and his wholly unexpected political success in turning Singapore from a hotbed of revolutionary Communism into the best-governed state in Southeast Asia won his island city its place in Malaysia: but the characteristics that made him acceptable to Kuala Lumpur in 1963 made him repugnant in 1965. Lee is a tiger, and no group or association can make him change his stripes. It is not in his makeup to compromise, to go slow.

He returned to Singapore from Cambridge a decade and a half ago with more academic honors than anyone in Southeast Asia had ever won before. A fruitful career awaited him as a barrister. But while he practiced law, Lee also prepared himself for the day when he would by his own strength and capacity establish himself as a major Asian political leader. He turned his back on his European-acquired interests and friends and plunged into the study of Chinese, teaching himself the characters and trying out his Cantonese and Hokkien on his newfound friends of the far left. He studied Malay and is now a more proficient public speaker in this tongue than Tenku Abdul Rahman himself.

In an orderly, evolutionary way the British colonial authorities looked toward young, promising, conservative English-educated Chinese to whom one day they could turn over political power. Lee spurned them all. Instead, he formed

the People's Action Party, relying for support not on the English-educated but on the heavily Peking-infiltrated Chinese-speaking masses. In its earliest days, the People's Action Party was a Communist front. Lee's closest political associate was an even younger man, a brilliant trade-union organizer named Lim Chin Siong, who marshaled all his inadequate English resources to make his maiden speech in the legislative assembly: most of it was not even paraphrased Mao Tse-tung.

A duck is a duck

Lim and 117 other political detainees, many of them Lee's close supporters less than a decade ago, are now held in detention, and there they are going to stay. "Do you think I am mad?" Lee answered when he was asked if he intended to release Lim and others. "Do you think I want to die? I haven't used just points in nailing these people as traitors. I've used half points and quarter points. Let them out and they'd kill me."

Lee's quarrel with the United States dates from his early years in politics. In common with many other observers, officials at the U.S. consulate general in Singapore viewed Lee and his activities with suspicion and concern. "He looks like a duck, he quacks like a duck, and he keeps company with ducks," said an American official at the time. "What reason is there to think that he isn't a duck?"

Intent on using the Communists for his own ends, Lee did nothing to change the impression. In the course of the 1959 election, in which he swept into office at the head of the People's Action Party, winning forty-three out of the fifty-one seats, he charged the Central Intelligence Agency with having sent funds from Taiwan to Singapore to support the right-wing opposition to him. It was a small factor in the election, but it has loomed significantly in Lee's mind ever since.

The following year a CIA agent was caught attempting to bribe a Singapore intelligence agency officer. Lee's version, made public only after the split with Malaysia this summer, was that he

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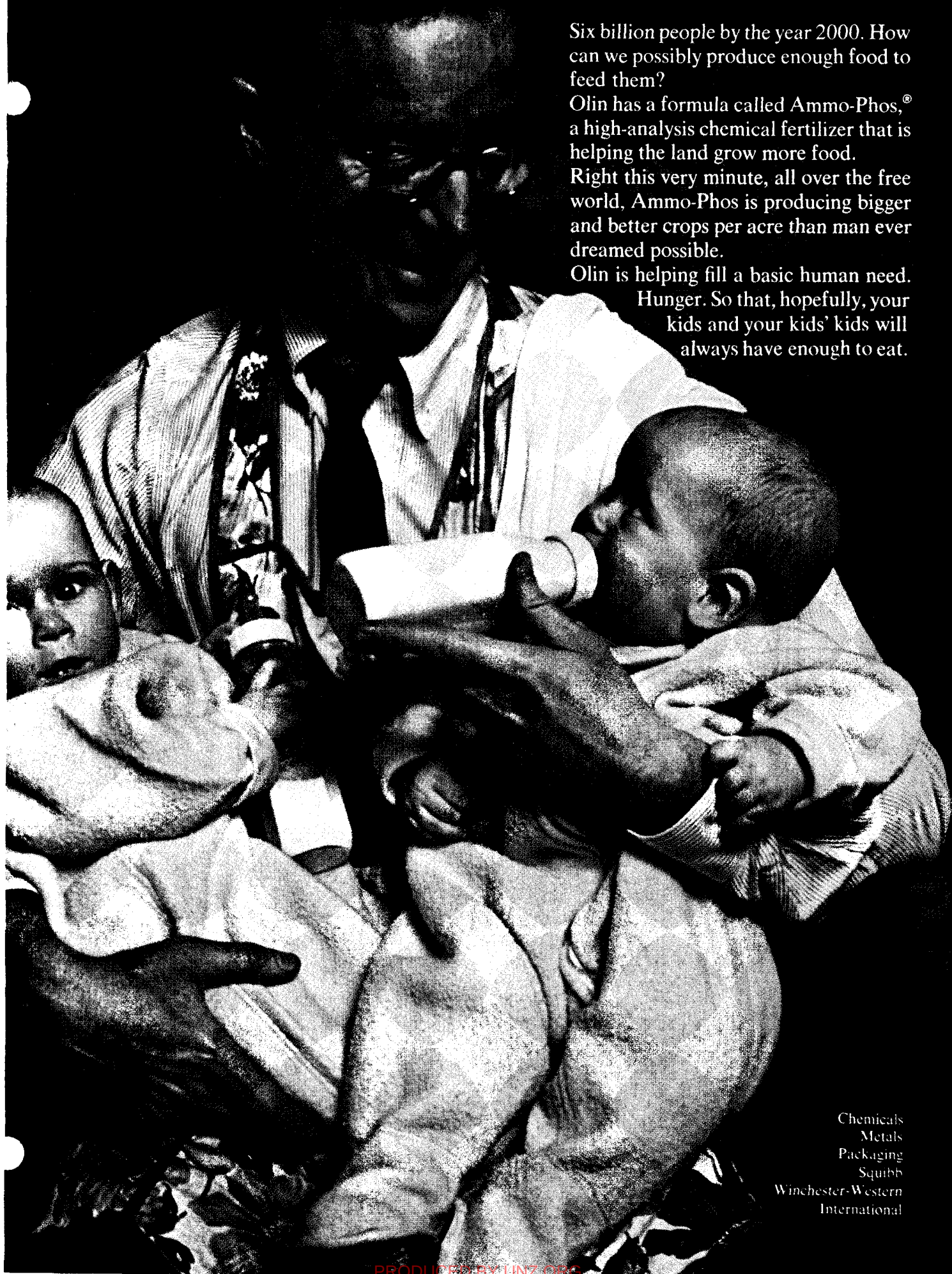
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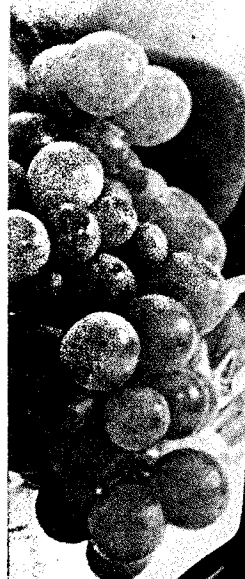
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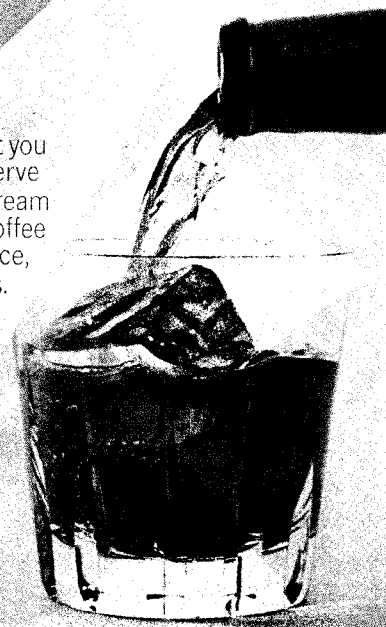
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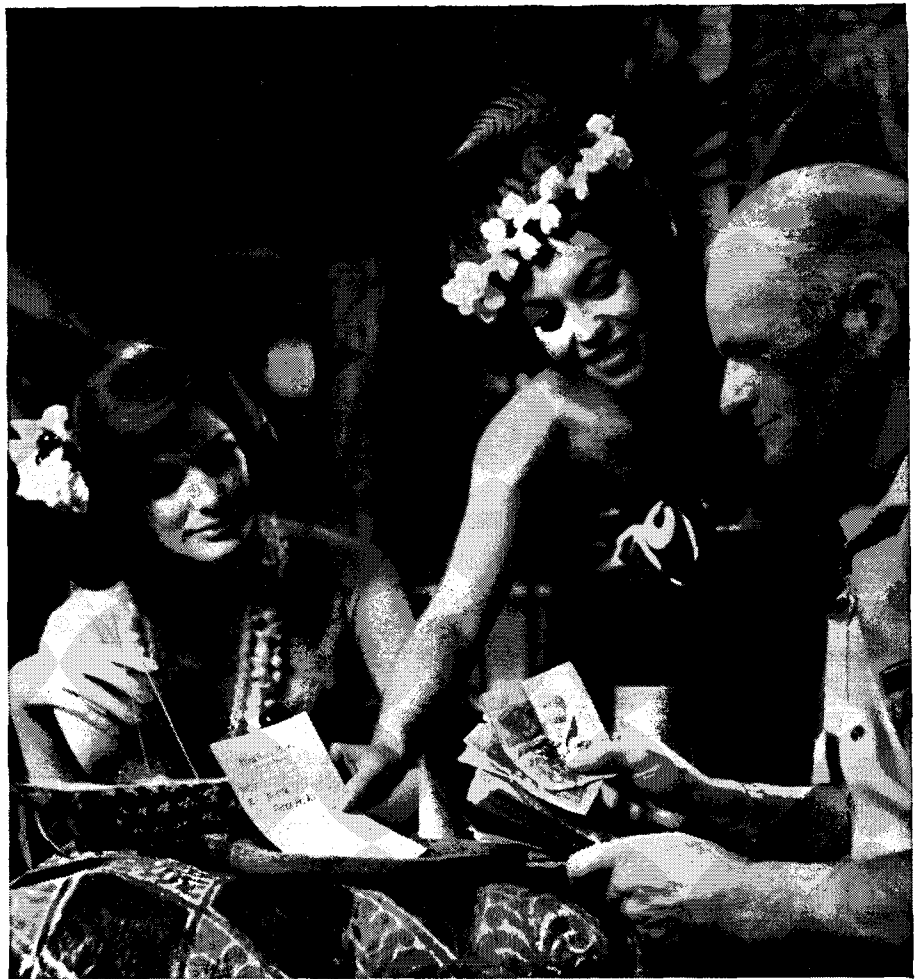
Report on Singapore

had offered to keep quiet about the affair if the United States would contribute a hundred million Malaysian dollars (33.3 million American dollars) to Singapore's economic development. The United States, he said, made a counteroffer of ten million Malaysian dollars, which Lee refused.

This long-delayed bomb might have detonated quietly if State Department and CIA wires had not been crossed. In such public instances, it is standard CIA practice not to tell State the whole truth. When the State Department spokesman categorically denied Lee's charges, however, Lee produced a letter from Dean Rusk apologizing for what he called "this unfortunate incident." Subsequent retractions by the State Department, new threats by Lee to spill all the beans, and then the suggestion that Lee had been personally offended by dilatory official American reaction to requests for medical help for his wife — these all helped anew to scar relations. Lee has not improved matters by promising to give Russia a base in Singapore if the United States assumes Britain's commitments in Malaya.

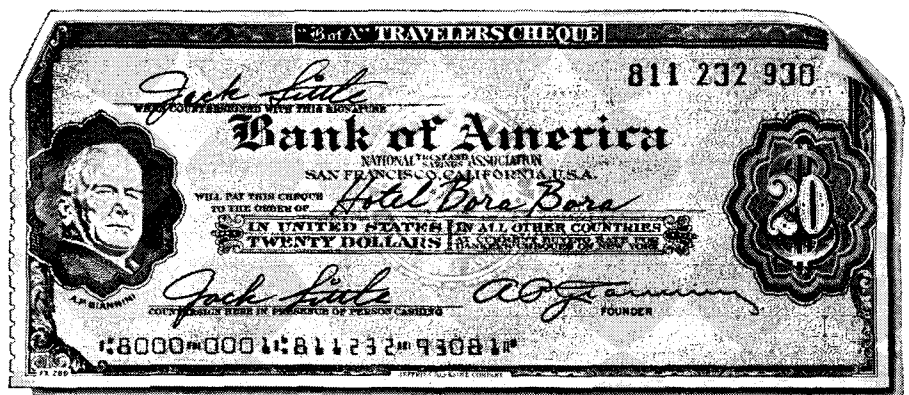
That Lee should have chosen to reveal details of the sordid incident is a reflection more of the agonizing dilemma that now confronts him than of basic anti-Americanism. He staked his political future on merger with Malaya. All his hopes and promises were committed to this venture. Having backed a loser, he is torn now by the contradictions in what he needs and what he wants, by his anxiety to move into the company of Afro-Asian nonaligned and non-Communist (but not anti-Communist) nations untainted by any charge of neocolonialism, and by his fear of the consequences if Britain should decide to remove its military base.

In a speech delivered last February he set out why Singapore had wanted Malaysia. "We wanted Malaysia because the alternative was a state of constant instability in Southeast Asia, in which the end result could have been something not very different from what has happened in



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Report on Singapore

Cuba, but with very different results," he said. "For if Singapore were left isolated in Malaysia, economically confined and conscribed, then there was only one way out for it to reach for freedom, and fulfillment, and that was to play a Cuban role."

Rough times ahead

Singapore is now isolated in Malaysia, and economically confined and conscribed. Whether that isolation can be effectively broken down, or broken down sufficiently to invalidate the reasons that lay behind Lee's argument, is doubtful. The political trend in Kuala Lumpur, the continuing hostility between principal figures in the federal government and Lee himself, the inhibition of foreign capital to invest in Singapore, which lacks the much broader base that Malaysia afforded, the Indonesian confrontation, the reorientation of regional trade, the nature and size of Singapore's population, the total lack of indigenous resources other than labor, Lee's own uncertainties coupled with the long-range British uncertainty over the military base all suggest that difficult and dangerous times are ahead.

The independent, sovereign state of Singapore is twenty-six miles long and fourteen miles wide. Its population is 1,800,000, of whom three quarters are Chinese. The natural rate of increase, despite the officially promoted distribution of advice on birth control, is roughly 3.5 percent. This means that the potential labor force is increasing by some 65,000 a year — 65,000 new mouths to feed, bodies to house, minds to educate, and skills to employ. How?

As Western experts in Singapore evaluate the situation, there are four possibilities: a return to pre-Malaysian free trade with its Malaysian neighbors; a serious effort to make Singapore industrially attractive to international investors; the setting up of some sort of marketing relationship, or a customs union, which could take the place of the Malaysian common market; the reopening of trade with Indonesia.

The first proposition is totally unacceptable to Kuala Lumpur. The

second proposition, in a Western context, seems utopian, since Singapore has a built-in market of its own of only 1,800,000 people, its labor force is relatively highly paid, and it lacks the know-how of Japan, Taiwan, and Hong Kong and the indigenous raw materials of its other competitors.

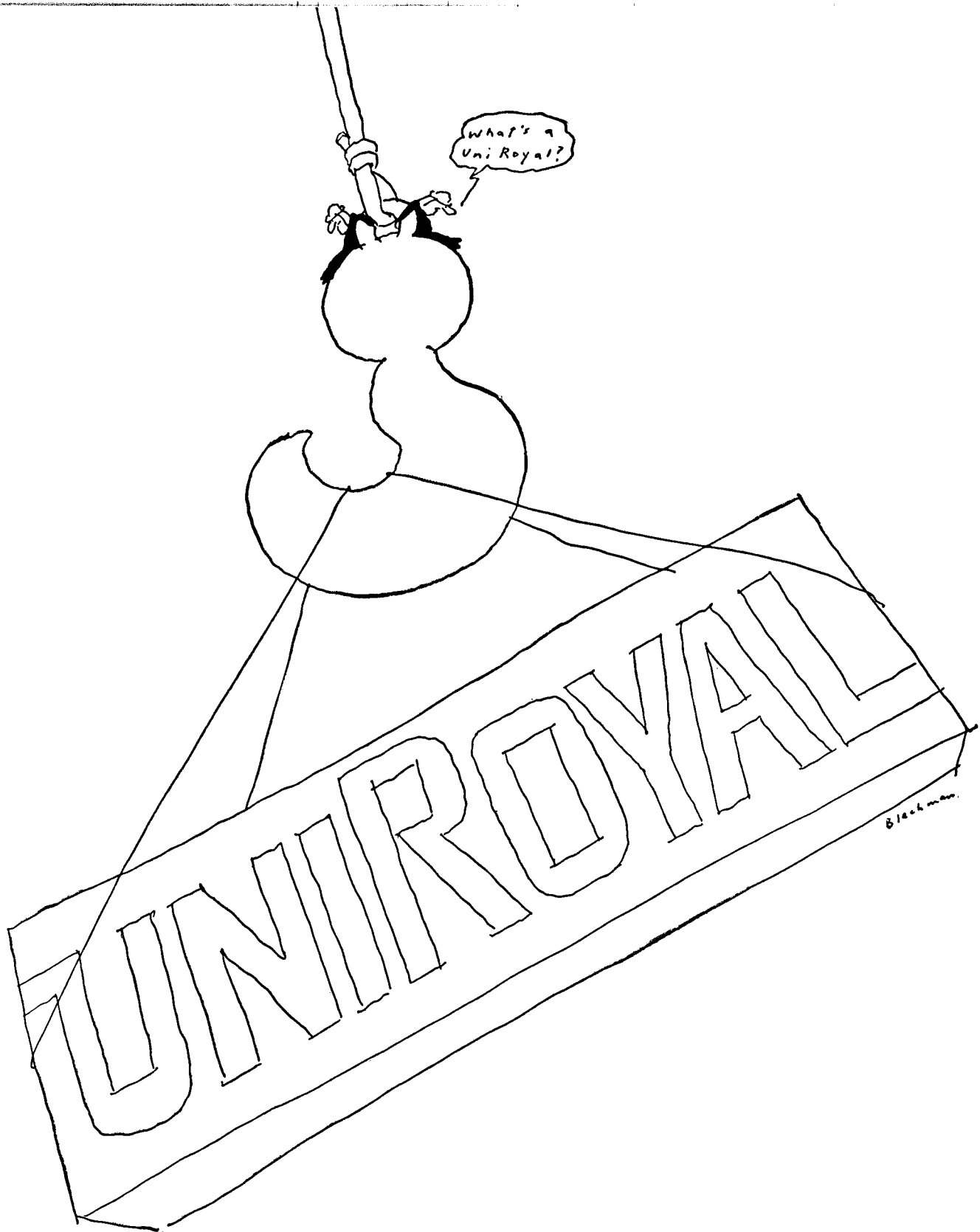
The third proposition runs into the problems that bedeviled the Singapore-Kuala Lumpur relationship and were never resolved during the Malaysian honeymoon. Even the most sanguine and hopeful of observers do not believe that Kuala Lumpur will now extend to Singapore, which has ceased its contributions to the federal exchequer, the common market facilities it was singularly reluctant to concede when Singapore was a member of the federation.

Singapore hopefully explored the fourth possibility, the resumption of trade with Indonesia, at least as a lever to force common market concessions out of Kuala Lumpur. Unfortunately for Singapore, Indonesia's trade is either reduced or satisfactorily diverted elsewhere. Even if Indonesia were willing to resume trade relations, Kuala Lumpur possesses an even greater bargaining instrument. In 1961, the port of Singapore handled 27.6 percent of Malaya's gross exports and 39.8 percent of its gross imports. For Malaya to divert this trade through its own ports and to cut itself off from Singapore's banking, insurance, and port facilities would be slow and costly, but it would kill Singapore.

Benefits from the British base

Unemployment is not yet a major problem in Singapore. The government's development of the Jurong industrial site under a four-year plan gained impetus with the creation of Malaysia. This helped, in turn, to provide extra and alternative jobs and to compensate for the losses incurred in the collapse of the entrepôt trade with Indonesia. The official unemployment figure just before secession was 55,000. This certainly includes a substantial number of destitute persons and unemployables, but it takes no note of the even larger number of underemployed.

By far the biggest single employer of labor in Singapore is the British



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Report on Singapore

government. To service and maintain its naval base and dockyard, two airfields, and other military installations, including a substantial supply depot, Britain directly employs 35,000 local workers. The cost to the British taxpayer is \$280 million a year. Not all of this is net profit to Singapore, but in addition to obvious direct gains from the base, on which an estimated 200,000 people are dependent for their livelihood, there are clear fringe benefits associated with the maintenance of Britain's 53,000 soldiers, sailors, and airmen, who are there in the defense of Malaysia, plus their 50,000 dependents.

The base is very big business for Singapore. Economically and militarily, Lee cannot do without it. Yet politically, it inhibits his trading relationships with Indonesia and with Communist China, and may yet brand him as a neocolonialist.

For the present, Lee is striving to pursue some sort of middle course, to eat his cake, as it were, without seeming to have had it. While assuring Whitehall privately that he wants the base retained and is willing to renegotiate the relevant agreements originally entered into by Malaysia, he has warned publicly that the base may be used only for the defense of Singapore and Malaysia, that he must retain the right of veto over its use, and that it cannot be used for SEATO operations or for initiating attacks against China or Indonesia. To re-ensure against its removal he also warns that if Britain abandons the installations, there are three or four unstated potential clients bidding to take over. This is pure blackmail. But an elementary rule of business is that the amount of a take-over bid is directly related to the size and success of the company involved.

Whatever government is in power in Singapore in the future, the West will do well to remember the composition of Singapore's population, and, by relevant standards, how little it would cost by way of investment for Peking to capitalize on the Chinese population and make the island its own industrial center in the South Seas.

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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



"I, personally . . ."

SIR:

After reading "The Quiet Victory of the Cigarette Lobby," by Elizabeth Brenner Drew, in the September *Atlantic*, I recalled a quotation from Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson's New Calendar" that would neatly serve as a postscript: "It could probably be shown by facts and figures that there is no distinctly native American criminal class except Congress."

HOWARD F. GARNISS
Hingham, Mass.

SIR:

It should shock readers of Solon Barraclough's article "No Plumbing for Negroes" in the September *Atlantic* that there is, in 1965, still no plumbing for Negroes in the west Tennessee area he left in 1958. And the White Citizens Council, which in the fifties raised such havoc with the land-reform project in which Mr. Barraclough participated, is now even more active.

During the past two summers I have been active with other Cornell students of the West Tennessee Voters Project in the area of west Tennessee where Mr. Barraclough worked.

In Fayette County, Tennessee, which borders on northern Mississippi, average yearly income per capita is \$480. This country is two-thirds Negro, and most Negroes work for white landowners. These Negro farm laborers usually earn \$2 per day. (The Mississippi Negroes now striking on many white-owned plantations were earning no less than \$3 a day, according to strike leaders.) In neighboring Haywood

County last August, Negroes in a demonstration of seven or eight hundred gained entrance, for the first time in history, to the county courthouse. Following the demonstration, a public KKK rally was held on the courthouse lawn, and the county sheriff participated — in costume. Another Cornell student and I were the first "civil rights workers" to work with Negro communities of Tipton County, which extends at no point more than forty-five miles from Memphis. Three weeks after we entered the county, one thousand Negroes marched down a Tipton County highway demanding a plan of school integration.

Throughout this area over the past two or three years, Negroes who have joined in any sort of civil rights activities have been punished physically and economically by whites. Civil rights workers have been beaten, shot at, and jailed. The *Atlantic* has done a special service in publishing Solon Barraclough's article, which reveals some of the disease dangerously infecting rural Tennessee.

JUDITH A. MILLER
Northampton, Mass.

SIR:

Donald Fleming's article, "The Big Money and High Politics of Science" (August *Atlantic*), at least in its concern with Midwestern Universities Research Association (MURA), is not only inaccurate, it is insulting to a dedicated group of scientists and others who have devoted ten or more years of their lives to a cause.

MURA is not and never has been a group of lobbyists; it was not formed for such purpose. The fact

is that the MURA group was formed in 1952 to design and, it was hoped, to build a particle accelerator which would be of value to the Midwest and the nation.

One of the reasons for the establishment of the laboratory was the support given by the National Science Foundation, the Office of Naval Research, and the Atomic Energy Commission. The chairman of the AEC called a meeting of university officials and scientists from the MURA group and announced that the commission was going to build a "quick and dirty" accelerator at the Argonne, and that MURA was to design and build the "Dream Accelerator." Subsequent to this announcement, the chairman of the AEC backed down insofar as MURA was concerned, but support of the laboratory was continued to the present time. In 1956, 1962, and 1963 proposals for FFAG accelerators were submitted to the AEC for consideration. The first three proposals were never officially acted on by the AEC. The fourth was approved by the AEC. In general, Dr. Fleming's article is accurate as far as this proposal's ultimate fate was concerned.

But as for the charge of lobbying, the Midwest is no more open to this than any other section of the country. Vice President Humphrey, a senator at the time the MURA proposal was under consideration, had a real and sincere interest in the organization and was deeply concerned about the loss of talented scientists to the two coasts because of lack of adequate research facilities in the Midwest.

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Prize recipients received the awards for work done at Midwestern universities and were lured to the coasts before the awards were made, thus giving coastal institutions credit for the honors.

MARSHALL W. KEITH
Associate Director
Midwestern Universities Research Association
Stoughton, Wis.

SIR:

I thought the O'Casey essay the event of the year — it's really beautiful ("The Bald Primaqueera," September *Atlantic*).

PAULINE KAEI
New York City

SIR:

Richard Boeth's article, "Behind the Magnolia Curtain" (August *Atlantic*), is flippant beyond good taste, and his thinking shallow and emotional.

Once upon a time, I too was a Yankee in Mississippi. I was shocked at some of the things I saw and heard. The Negroes were living in the same dilapidated cabins they had occupied since the war. But it didn't take me long to notice that the white people were sharing the same poverty.

In Mississippi I saw discourtesy and selfishness and cruelty, sometimes in surprising places. But I saw more mutual courtesy between races, and even nobility, than I have ever seen in the North.

One time in a small town my husband happened upon a Negro family in distress. My husband offered the man a job and then set out to find a place for the family to live. He was told, "We'll run you out of town if you give that nigger a job." I well remember my husband's red-faced anger as he said, "The hell you will." He gave the man a job, and he wasn't run out of town; but soon after, the family disappeared. Probably what William Alexander Percy calls "the pecker woods" carted them off one dark night as they said they would.

Was that Mississippi? No! That was a nice Midwestern town. My Southern-gentleman husband was the *only one* who had the heart to care about a poor defenseless family whose fault was that they were ignorant, black, and "here."

I do not believe that the people of Mississippi are monsters. I believe that if permitted to, they could

have worked out their problems. Of one thing I am sure: pure "justice" without "love" is cold comfort to any of us, least of all the Negroes.

NAME WITHHELD

How not to write, what not to say
SIR:

It is a welcome thing for a book like Theodore Bernstein's *The Careful Writer: A Modern Guide to English Usage* to be reviewed by a critic as intelligent and as soundly opinionated as Louis Kronenberger ("How Not to Write, What Not to Say," September *Atlantic*). Of all the reviews I have read of this book, Kronenberger's is among the best written and the closest to Bernstein in point of view and in scholarly concern for the language. So it is a pity that the general effect of the review and of its title is to make the reader think that the book *The Careful Writer* is written in a meretriciously "popular" style by a man who is half-learned, opportunistic, and rather insensitive to the configurations of the English language.

But what is the writer on style and usage to do? If he is like Strunk (revered by E. B. White), he is "dictatorial and dogmatic." If he is like Bernstein, he is "journalistic and gimmicky." I find that in almost all cases of writing about writing — usage, syntax, word choice, and all that — from whatever point of view it is done, the chief aim of the writer (in contrast to the easy sensibleness of Bernstein) seems to be to emerge on top. The writer tends to pass off his preferences as fact. Bernstein tells you his preferences, in addition to trying to ascertain the facts.

Mr. Kronenberger condemns alike the authoritarian and the journalistic; he mentions both Canute (we cannot impede or alter the course of language) and, to the contrary, his disapproval of the excess of new words. What he seems to want is a sort of Fowler rewritten by Kronenberger. He finds *The Careful Writer* unfunny. I cannot argue about that, because it is easy to call any humor unfunny. Why, in any event, a book cannot be both sound and funny, both scholarly and light-handed, I do not know. But I would like to point out that some of Kronenberger's complaints about Bernstein's accuracy are ill founded. What makes a word or phrase "correct" is exactly the thing that is at issue here. Kronenberger rejects as au-

thorities on usage both dictionaries and style manuals. What is left? Alas, only that anagogic resource "the usage of good writers." Bernstein's "unnamed authorities" are all named at the beginning of the book as well as throughout it in the various entries. In addition his authorities include Shakespeare, *The Federalist*, analogy, good sense, and his own taste, his ear, and his long practical experience.

Bernstein and Kronenberger are on the same side. They both want clean, thoughtful, responsible prose, careful writing. It's a pity Kronenberger should have given your readers an opposite impression.

BERTRAM LIPPMAN
Jamaica, N. Y.

SIR:

The trouble with authors of usage handbooks and their critics is that they write from subjective impressions rather than from examining the evidence, which is the language in use. An example is Louis Kronenberger's statement that "*automobile* is dying out with us and *car* is almost universal."

The fact seems to be that the words continue to exist side by side, with differentiation in usage. A true usage expert or lexicographer would find out just what that differentiation is by compiling examples of both words used in context — for the benefit of foreigners or of writers suddenly struck by the realization that they have a choice.

My point can be illustrated in the front of that same issue of the *Atlantic*. On page 16 we find "Heavy industry, such as automobile and truck assembling." On page 36, "police at roadblocks search cars for hidden weapons." One letter refers to "our vast automobile industry"; the next to an "important component of the American car." Another reader speaks in the same sentence of the "car wash" and the "automobile junkyard." Still another mentions in adjacent paragraphs "the design of automobiles" and "criticisms of the modern car." Each word sounds right in its place, and in some of the places the other would sound wrong.

All this is only to show that it's not safe to make *any* flat statements about usage without looking at the evidence.

ETHEL STRAINCHAMPS
Springfield, Mo.



Birds of the year – photo by Mark Shaw

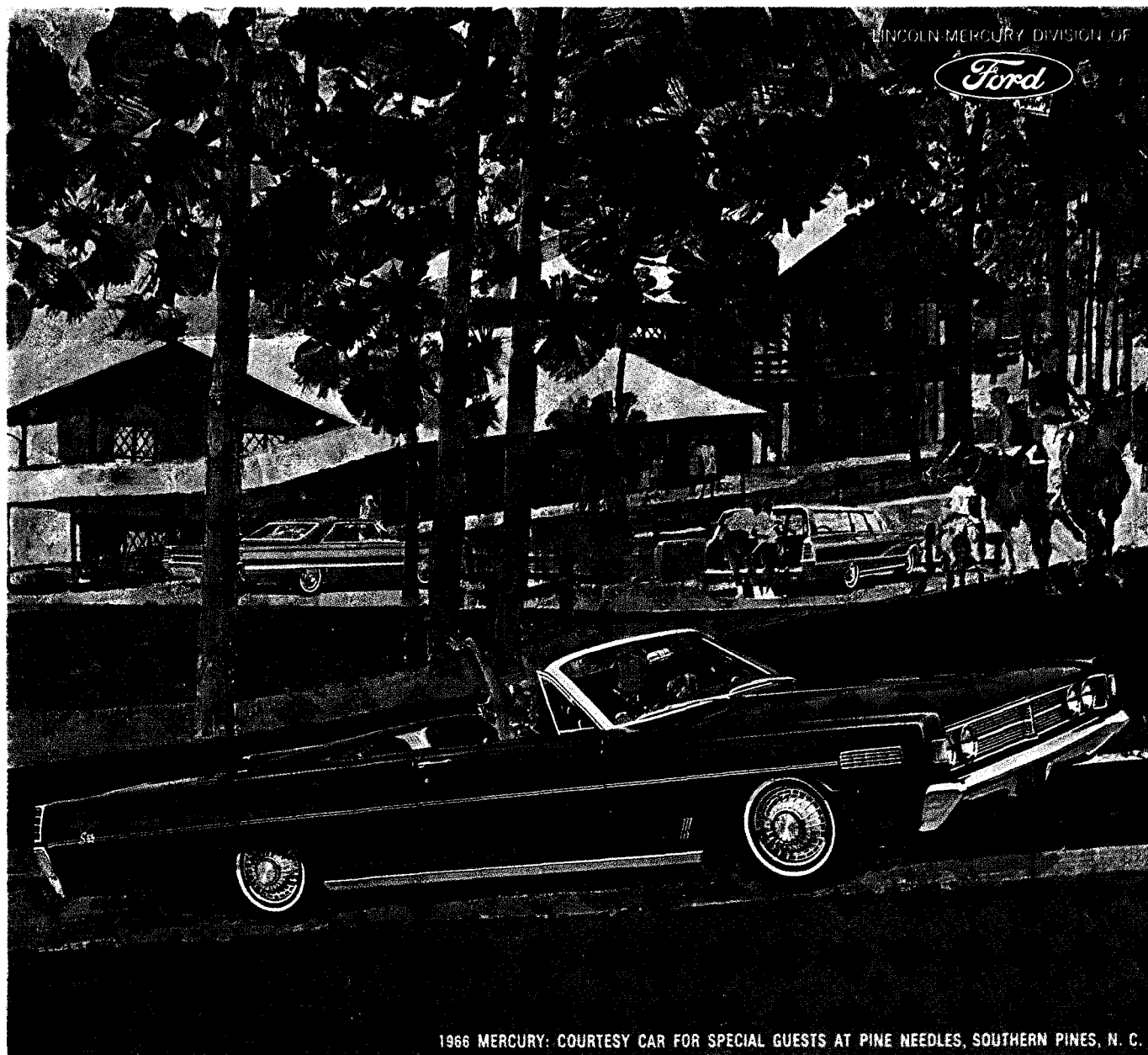
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THE PURSUIT OF PEACE

BY ERIC LARRABEE

The American public has no common language for coping with military affairs, says the author of this provocative essay, and the lack increases the danger that we shall fail in our search for the "moral equivalent" to major war. Mr. Larrabee is an editor and writer, has published on military affairs in HARPER'S, AMERICAN HERITAGE, and BULLETIN OF THE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS. He was a combat intelligence officer in World War II.

PEACE should doubtless be a positive idea, but commonly we construe it in the negative — as the absence or cessation of armed hostilities. In practice the pursuit of peace is a matter of preventing international conflict, and while individual wars vary, the phenomenon remains the same. Wars follow one another with a regularity disconnected from the proximate causes of any one of them. "We are the kind of people," as Dr. Brock Chisholm said twenty years ago, "who fight wars every fifteen or twenty years."

Dr. Chisholm, who was at that time Deputy Minister of Health in Canada, disregarded both ideology and economics. He looked for the causes not of any particular war but of wars in general, calling primarily on psychiatrists to engage in mass preventive medicine to help eradicate those neurotic symptoms — prejudice, emotionalism, excessive desire, and excessive fear — which create a martial climate. "With luck we have perhaps fifteen or even twenty years," he said, ". . . twenty years in which to change the dearest certainties of enough of the human race . . . twenty years in which to remove the necessity for the perverse satisfactions to be found in warfare."

For our future, when new aggressors appeared, Dr. Chisholm imagined only three possibilities: acquiescence and slavery, conversion to a garrison

state, or a thorough remaking of the hearts and minds of men. Until the third could be brought about, he preferred the second. He did not foresee the cold war, but he foresaw something very similar to the balance of terror. "The people who definitely do not want to fight any more wars," he said, "must promise annihilation to any nation which starts to fight and must be prepared immediately and ruthlessly to carry out that promise without parley or negotiation. This involves the continual upkeep of widely dispersed atomic rocket stations covering the whole world and a continual high pressure research program to discover ever more efficient methods of killing to keep ahead of any possible competition."

Today these words have a curious ring, both for the boldness with which they accept the necessity to exercise power where power exists, and for their inapplicability to a world in which the power to annihilate is possessed by more than one of nations inimical to one another. Twenty years have passed, and there is no major war, yet there is no peace either; and it would be interesting to know whether Dr. Chisholm would have predicted that large populations — on the scale of the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. — could have learned to restrain their natural aggressiveness while living in a state of indefinite tension. The hearts and minds of men

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have not been perceptibly remade, yet there has been some kind of change, rendering the hopes and fears of twenty years ago invalid and raising again the perennial question of what we mean by "war" and "peace." The wars that continue to happen are comprehensible only in terms of some general notion of what war is.

War is many things, but one thing it most certainly is not: it is not "the continuation of politics by other means." Far from continuing politics, war negates it. The political process for reconciling differences is one of war's worst and earliest casualties, and one of the most difficult to restore in the aftermath. The Clausewitzian formula is not even meaningful as the employment of force to achieve pre-war purposes, for those purposes quickly become obscure — why die for Danzig, indeed? — as war imposes its own clarities and distortions. The recourse to war is an act which reverses the quality of experience, just as a picture is reversed by its photographic negative. Conventional virtues and vices exchange themselves; behavior forbidden in peacetime is now licensed and encouraged.

How and why this reversal takes place is, if anything, less evident than it used to be. One by one the traditional explanations of why wars start have lost their persuasiveness, or, rather, their capability to convince us that in the future they will still obtain. Where Dr. Chisholm grandly eliminated doctrine and material covetousness, we would today be tempted to brush aside his "neurotic symptoms." It was a fancy of that far-off time in which he spoke to hope that nations which "understood" each other would therefore live in harmony, and that if all conducted themselves rationally, they would encounter no irreparable conflicts of self-interest. Now the nightmare is of a war which happens though no one wills it, the nightmare of which *Fail-Safe* and *Dr. Strangelove* are the dramatically exaggerated symbols. It is the nightmare of a war which comes simply because it has been built into the situation, on what may once have appeared to be rational and necessary grounds. The very enormity of atomic warfare has operated to fine down the process which leads to it, pruning away all purposes insufficient to a holocaust, eliminating all causes but one, the one which set the logic of reciprocal deterrence in motion in the first place. This, ironically, is that very belief in the effectiveness of total violence which Dr. Chisholm himself expressed, the belief that a threat of "annihilation to any nation which starts to fight" is an effective organizing principle in international affairs.

WHAT makes men willing to deal out annihilation to others we scarcely know, except enough to know

that all men share this willingness to some degree and that no nation is wholly free of it. One might argue that certain types of nation have been more prone to start a war than others — those, for example, that seek to compensate for slender resources by a highly developed code of pseudo-masculinity and honor. Yet nations like our own, which pride themselves on fighting only when attacked, are no more hesitant in the use of violence once their bloodlust has been aroused. Men of high purpose make the most resolute killers; in World War II, in retrospect, nothing was more implacable than the fury with which the peace-loving democracies immolated the wives and children of their enemies. It is almost as though some switch can be turned inside the psyche, converting a person to whom war is repugnant into one prepared, if led on by imperceptibly gradual stages, to commit personally its worst excesses. We ourselves achieved perfect horror — Hamburg, Dresden, the fire raids on Japan — quite without any help from the Bomb.

No means exist for measuring a society's readiness for war. No existing technique of social science could have shown, on December 6, 1941, that the United States was anything but deeply divided by its strong strains of isolationist and pacifistic sentiment; nor could any have shown, on December 8, that the same country was anything but uncannily united in its determination to see a quixotic military venture through to the most bitter end. Until that moment the leaders were properly inhibited by the thought that in the event, they might not be followed. And while to be attacked no doubt releases the primitive in man, to say as much does not explain which of primitive man's responses — combat, immobile panic, or headlong flight — the modern man in question will adopt. The circumstances which surround the essential moment, the moment at which the switch turns and a readiness for war is created, are almost wholly mysterious.

One reason for the mystery may be that too much is involved, too much of life and death, to bear thinking about. Another reason is that war mobilizes the best, as well as the worst, in the human personality. The civilian virtues of courage, trustworthiness, endurance — what are they, viewed in the appropriate light, but pale reflections of their military equivalents? "Militarism," wrote William James, "is the great preserver of our ideals of hardihood, and human life with no use for hardihood would be contemptible." The most dangerous appeal of war comes, not from what Dr. Chisholm called the "perverse satisfactions," but from the healthy ones. Few other experiences in modern life so effectively take people outside themselves, providing an entire society with a purpose larger and more commanding than its dreary daily routines. Extravagant effort can apparently be called

forth only in pursuit of the rare, the arduous, or the irrational: fur for beaver hats, or climbing Everest, or military victory. Once expended, the effort exposes potentialities in both nations and individuals which they never knew they had; and not infrequently war leaves them, for all its gutting waste, stronger than they began.

For war is, in functional terms, a sacrament — that is, a ritual with acknowledged binding power. To enter on war is to invite the verdict of destiny, putting the event in the hand of God. “One wages war,” writes Johan Huizinga in *Homo Ludens*, “to obtain a decision of holy validity.” War is best understood as what Huizinga called a noble game, a stylized contest in which the players are committed to accept the as yet unknown outcome. The object is not to destroy one’s opponent but to convince him that he is beaten; the target is not his material being but his will. The use of total force in war is therefore irrelevant. It would have no meaning, like tipping over the chessboard in a fit of temper; the outcome would have no binding power. This, rather than moral scruple, is surely why the truly total weapons of nerve gas or bacteriological warfare — though available, as at least the nerve gases were to the Nazis in their death agony — have never been employed.

IN THIS sense the war of nuclear exchange, of preemptive strikes and counterforce strategies and the like, is not really war at all. It is neither noble nor a game. It has little room in it for the hardy virtues James admired, for fortitude or élan, and it cannot be said to have an ending if one or more of the players are no longer there. In recent years we have managed to maintain the game quality only by shadowboxing: by deploying force without using it (as in the Cuban missile crisis), or by using less than total force (as in Vietnam) against a lesser enemy. There seems likely to be an indefinite number of such exercises, since they offer the only vital means for strength to parley with strength, but it hardly needs to be emphasized how risky and problematical they are.

What does need to be emphasized is that they should be; being risky and problematical is their purpose. By being risky they invite attention and commitment; by being problematical they compel thought. They have a gritty texture of reality which serves to purify them of the inconsequential, somewhat the way poker is purified by being played for real money. At all events, these periodic confrontations are preferable to the alternative, which is the effort to conduct a game between nations based on a threat of total annihilation.

Certainly it is true that our precarious accom-

modation with the Russians does depend on the thermonuclear standoff, and that in some quasi-irreversible way both parties to it have tacitly consented not to commit double suicide. Major war is indeed obsolete in principle, and each year that passes free of major war makes the practice of eschewing it that much more secure. But how can destiny disclose itself in events which never occur? Nothing could be more real than major war, since it is the most awful thing that could happen, yet there is nothing you can do about it: you can only think about it. The conduct of hypothetical conflicts presents the baffling spectacle of intelligence at work in an arena from which some essential element of sanity has been removed; it is, quite literally, thinking about the unthinkable. The fate of nations is enshrouded in classified documents and in books which no one reads, and if all the classified documents were released tomorrow, it would probably turn out that they were unreadable too. Where fate is at issue, the public rightly prefers something it can get its teeth into.

The difficulty is that the public has no common language for coping with military affairs. In the absence of anything better, the political dialogue over strategy is still conducted in the Clausewitzian rhetoric, as though any aim which might be implemented by force can be doubly implemented by twice as much force. This is the logic of escalation; if I hit at you twice as hard, you are supposed to be twice as impressed, even if the blow fails to connect. It is the logic that leads the mightiest navy in the world into combat with obsolescent PT boats, and the mightiest air force in the world into bombing empty patches of rain forest. The theory seems to be that we show our judiciousness in the use of force by publicizing and rationalizing every tiny increment we apply; not only is each tactical shift or innovation announced but its motivation and anticipated results are announced along with it. The action itself may be restrained, but the logic is that of unrestrained force; the restraint for which we ask so much credit consists in not doing things which it would be ridiculous for us to do — and we wonder why we are ridiculed.

Mr. Justice Holmes once enunciated what he called the Hydrostatic Principle of Controversy: by engaging your opponent, you bring yourself to his level. In the simplest terms, the President of the United States does not name his critics; for Mr. Roosevelt they were always “some Republicans.” The equivalent of this in modern warfare is the Principle of Challenger’s Choice, by which the weaker antagonist can get to choose the weapons. He gets to choose the avenue by which his will-power can be reached. In the abstract it must seem absurd for guerrillas to take on the Strategic Air Command, but it does not seem so to them.

Similarly, it seems absurd to some Republicans, like former Senator Goldwater, for us to fight "their" way instead of "our" way, which is presumably to bomb them out of existence; yet in this case the real absurdity is Air Force doctrine, or any doctrine based on the idea of absolute violence. Violence varies with its use. Every Viet Cong terrorist may well believe that a grenade thrown into a fashionable Saigon restaurant full of American officers is just as effective militarily as a multi-million-dollar B-52 raid all the way from Guam, and he may well be right: the blood is all the same color. Just so long as he thinks his weapon can wound us and that we are afraid to meet it, so long will he feel himself to be unbeatable.

The one thing the far-right conservatives and the left-liberal "peaceniks" agree on is that we shouldn't have done the one thing, from both a military and a pacifist point of view, that we clearly should have done — that is, commit American ground troops on the Asiatic mainland. Of the far-right position I prefer not to speak, but for the peaceniks it should be said that their very enthusiasm and decency are what have cost them the power to discriminate. One might wish that there had been fewer teach-ins on American "policy" in Asia — which is to say, arguing over public relations — and a few more on American tactics, which can be discussed concretely and which often determine "policy." The proper study of pacifists is the etiology of war. It is not necessarily true that all "warlike" measures are equally likely to detonate an all-out conflict, and the pacifist position is neutralized unless it can identify one course of action as peace-enhancing where another is not.

Whether we "ought" to be in Asia or anywhere else is beside the point as long as we behave responsibly — if possible, by refusing to be pushed around any more than absolutely necessary without losing our temper. Perhaps in some earlier episode of the unhappy narrative of Vietnam it would have been possible to repeat the counter guerrilla success stories of Greece and Malaysia and the Philippines, but (even assuming the effort was ever really made) that moment has long since passed. What should have exploded in the press after the Viet Cong raid on Pleiku was a debate not over our presence there but over the appropriateness of our response. To retaliate by bombing the north was more than likely morally and politically dubious, but it was certainly wrong militarily. It was sulky and impulsive, indicating that we were hurt and had panicked. It confirmed the Asian Communists in everything they believe and must have given them ten years' lease on life. The strong do not behave this way, and the weak know it.

There is an old and wise army adage that you do not point a weapon at a man unless you are

willing to kill him, and by the same token you do not threaten either men or nations with a blow you know, and they know you know, will not be delivered. We cannot "promise annihilation" to North Vietnam, any more than we could to North Korea. In the first place, in strategic bombing terms, there is nothing there to annihilate. In the second, we would lose (as we have already lost) incalculable advantages of initiative and maneuver in return for scarcely perceptible gains in the ground guerrilla battle. The only thing we can do, now we are stuck with it, is what we did in Korea: stand our ground and fight on the ground, until our opponent knows he is beaten (as the Chinese knew they were beaten in Korea) at his own game. The redundancy of that phrase is intentional: how could anyone really know he was beaten except at his own game?

In guerrilla warfare the superior opponent will be tempted to make hollow demonstrations of his superiority, marching and countermarching, or dropping bombs, merely to show that he can do it. The greater the disproportion between antagonists, the greater the danger for the stronger of the two, especially if he concludes that his parading of unopposed force seems as formidable to his enemy as it does to him. Such an impression may be ludicrously wide of the mark. In the American Revolution, Cornwallis and his professional soldiers possessed the technical preponderance to move through the Carolinas virtually as they pleased, but control of the countryside eluded them. One of his officers wrote afterward: "Our march through this country may be compared to the passage of a ship through the waves which give way on the least impulse, but immediately close when the body has passed."

It is incredible that we have to learn this lesson so many times over; or, rather, it would seem incredible if public debate on these matters were not so meaninglessly muscular and so interspersed with eloquent silences. A language of controversy which can only define people as "hawks" or "doves" is not going to make much sense of what Mr. Khrushchev called "wars of national liberation," for the divorce between belligerency and political skill is precisely what these wars are calculated to exploit. They seem likely, as long as major war remains suspended and William James's "moral equivalent of war" has not been found, to be a permanent condition of American reality, and they cannot be wished away by changing the name of our incompetence to "counterinsurgency" and pretending that this constitutes recognition of our role in guerrilla wars. We still do not recognize that role as valid. No one defends it, least of all on the grounds that it offers the only military means for forcing a political settlement — in Southeast Asia

or anywhere else we encounter the same phenomenon.

The breakdown of communication is so complete that Secretary McNamara has no terms of discourse at his disposal to explain why the presence of American infantry in a guerrilla-ravaged country is profoundly peace-enhancing in a way that the presence of air bases and naval task forces was not. I say this in the hope, rather than the certainty, that Mr. McNamara himself understands the distinction; he is a rational man of uncommon abilities, but war is less susceptible to rationality than are the problems of inner organization in the Department of Defense. If it were just a matter of avoiding risk, as Napoleon said, glory would be at the disposition of very mediocre talent.

Somehow there must be a working-out of human purposes, toe to the line and no nonsense; to meet them less than head on is no guarantee of safety. If we have to live dangerously, however, we also have to manage it without blowing ourselves up in the process. For the nations armed with nuclear weapons the noble game has ended, permanently.

Avoiding thermonuclear war is the most compelling duty of this generation; to fail in that duty is to betray not only our own species but all living things, and in this sense, any man who is not a pacifist has taken leave of his humanity. The dilemma of the peace-loving person today is that he must be satisfied with a less than perfect pacifism, and still must study the kinds of war at least to the point of preferring one to another.

For the only "moral equivalent of war" is now a form of warfare itself. It is guerrilla war — ground war, old-fashioned war, in the dirt and weather, rifle to rifle, grenade for grenade. It is bloody, vicious, and hateful; it should never be fought except to halt an attacking enemy and bring him to the conference table. But twenty years under the brooding presence of the Bomb should have taught us to respect it, to recognize its prominence among the principal military instruments of the twentieth century. It is the only weapon we can wield with steadiness, justice, and self-respect. It is our only military means with any just proportion to its ends. It is the only innocent sacrament we have left.

BRIGHT BEING

BY PETER DAVISON

In the rich meadowland of the senses
Shade mingles and stirs in the clearings.
In that land where oranges blossom
I find you, child, again.

On the shore where surf scurries hissing
And the sand scrapes under your shoulder,
Where tides nuzzle sweetly together,
I hold you, child, again.

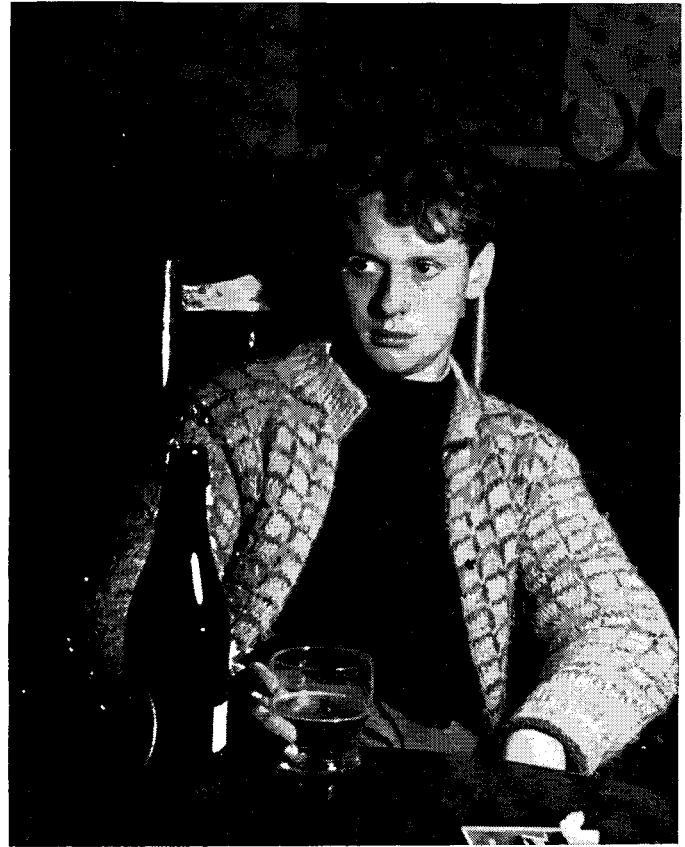
In the heat of wet tongues and embraces,
In the shuddering bed where Love
Can never quite be requited,
I lie with you again.

That childhood has lasted forever
In a forest of tottering archways;
And still, in the echoing moonlight,
I kiss you, child, again.

Young Dylan Thomas

THE POET IN LOVE

by Constantine FitzGibbon



Novelist and historian, and a friend of Dylan's, Constantine FitzGibbon was selected by the trustees of the Dylan Thomas estate to write his biography. In this second of two excerpts from THE LIFE OF DYLAN THOMAS, being published by Atlantic-Little, Brown, we see the young poet in his first venture in love, with the talented young writer Pamela Hansford Johnson.

DYLAN THOMAS arrived at Battersea Rise, nervous and shy, on February 23, 1934, for a long weekend, straight from the train. As Pamela Hansford Johnson's diary shows, she was already half in love with him, or at least prepared to fall in love, and she therefore remembered his arrival vividly, twenty years later, when she wrote in the Dylan Thomas Memorial number of *Adam*:

"He was nineteen, I was twenty-one. He arrived very late on a dull grey evening in spring, and he was nervous as I was. 'It's nice to meet you after all those letters. Have you seen the Gauguins?' (He told me later that he had been preparing the remark about the Gauguins all the way from Swansea, and having made it, felt that his responsibility towards a cultural atmosphere was discharged.)

"He was very small and light. Under a raincoat with bulging pockets, one of which contained a quarter bottle of brandy, another a crumpled mass of poems and stories, he wore a grey, polo-necked sweater, and a pair of very small trousers that still looked much too big on him. He had the body of a

Photograph by Nora Summers, courtesy of Yvonne Macnamara.

boy of fourteen. When he took off the pork-pie hat (which, he also told me later, was what he had decided poets wore), he revealed a large and remarkable head, not shaggy — for he was visiting — but heavy with hair the dull gold of threepenny bits springing in deep waves and curls from a precise middle parting. His brow was very broad, not very high: his eyes, the colour and opacity of caramels when he was solemn, the colour and transparency of sherry when he was lively, were large and fine, the lower rims rather heavily pigmented. His nose was a blob; his thick lips had a chapped appearance; a fleck of cigarette paper was stuck to the lower one. His chin was small, and the disparity between the breadth of the lower and upper parts of his face gave an impression at the same time comic and beautiful. He looked like a brilliant, audacious child, and at once my family loved and fussed over him as if he were one."

That first long weekend was, from her point of view, a success, as her diary shows. They went to the theater to see Sean O'Casey's *Within the*

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Gates; Victor Neuburg and Runia Tharpe came in one evening; but above all they talked, till one, till one fifteen, on one occasion till almost three. By day he visited editors and publishers, and he also traveled to the country to see his sister. But in the matter of his search for a job and for outlets for his work, the visit was not particularly successful. On Monday, March 5, he returned home. Her diary entry for that day reads:

Thought I'd have lunch with Dylan but he couldn't manage it. Saw him after work — he'd sold 3 poems & 3 stories but had no job offers that suited him so after ½ an hour of supreme depression, I saw him off to Wales on the 5:55.

Three days later she received a letter from him telling her that he loved her, which took her by surprise.

Back in Swansea Dylan's life seemed, at first, to continue exactly as before. Round and round in his head went the problem of how he could escape from Swansea; since his literary talents had failed to find him a job in London, he contemplated becoming a professional actor with the Coventry Repertory Company.

AN INFLUENTIAL poet had been reading Dylan's poems, and he now wrote to him. This was Stephen Spender, who also spoke of him to Geoffrey Grigson and to T. S. Eliot, with the result that Dylan once again sent poems to *New Verse* and to *The Criterion*. Spender did more; he said that he would try to get Dylan some reviewing to do, so that he might earn a little money, for Dylan had written to him: "The fact that I am unemployed helps . . . to add to my natural hatred of Wales."

Dylan was, in fact, beginning to be known. The circle that then knew his name might be a very small one indeed, but in the world of poetry it was the most important. And the publicity of a minor scandal helped.

The poem which the *Listener* published on March 14 was "Light breaks where no sun shines," a poem about conception. The first two lines of the second stanza are:

A candle in the thighs
Warms youth and seed and burns the seeds of age.

The *Listener* was and is the literary organ of the BBC, and the BBC at that time was directed by Sir John Reith, now Lord Reith, who approached his duties in the highest spirit of Scottish Calvinist morality. The purity, not to say the Puritanism, of the BBC's programs was a byword, and in certain emancipated circles, a laughingstock. And now letters began to arrive at the Corporation's enor-

mous office complaining that the BBC had published an obscene poem.

They caused consternation among the BBC's many bureaucrats. A public apology was made. Furthermore, it seems that a ukase was issued; Dylan Thomas was temporarily blacklisted, and well over six months passed before another poem of his was published by the *Listener*.

(I must add that I have been unable to obtain any documentary confirmation of this, but I believe it to have been the case. And for the next ten years and more the BBC showed a marked reluctance to employ Dylan for programs audible in England. He did do a little work for the BBC before the war, and during the war he broadcast for the Overseas Service, but it was only when friends of his back from the war, such as Roy Campbell and John Arlott, obtained jobs as BBC producers that his very great talents on the air began to be used at all regularly. Since his death, the BBC has claimed him as its favorite and most favored protégé, but it was by no means always so.)

Nothing endears a writer to English highbrows more than a charge of obscenity. Inasmuch as this charge, or the complementary one of blasphemy, has been leveled by the philistines at almost every writer of genius since Hardy's time and before, it is hardly surprising that many intellectuals have come to see a causal connection. The silly little fuss in the BBC did Dylan much good.

An event even more important for his future as a poet took place during this month of March. It was decided that he would be awarded the second major "Poets' Corner" prize, which meant the publication of a volume of his poems, the costs being covered in part by *The Sunday Referee*. When it is realized how extremely hard it is for a poet to find a publisher willing to risk an almost certain loss on a first volume of poems, the value of this prize becomes apparent. It must have been personally gratifying, too, for him to have caught up, as it were, with Pamela Hansford Johnson, the only other prizewinner to date. On March 25, Palm Sunday, it was announced in *The Sunday Referee* that the prize had been given to Dylan.

But first Mark Goulden wished to see the young poet. Indeed, he has told me that so great was the virtuosity revealed in these poems that he could not help doubting whether this very young Welsh boy had in fact written them. In order to be sure that he was not the victim of a hoax he arranged to pay Dylan's fare to London, and put him up for the night at the Strand Palace Hotel. This was probably Good Friday, and since the staff of a Sunday paper would be working on Saturday, it is most likely on that day that the confrontation took place. It was, Mr. Goulden has told me, almost an interrogation, with himself, his literary editor. Hayter

Preston, and Victor Neuburg on one side of the table, Dylan on the other.

Dylan was extremely shy, as anyone in those circumstances might well be, but he quite quickly convinced Mr. Goulden that he was the author of the poems. When Goulden asked him how he wrote such remarkable poetry, he replied: "It just flows."

The editor was satisfied, the award confirmed. Mr. Goulden believes that a check was handed over, though I suspect that this may be an error of memory. If there was a check, it was certainly a very small one. And then Dylan went off to spend Easter with Pamela and her mother.

It must have been a very happy Easter, too. Nothing is sweeter to a writer than recognition, and none so sweet as the first. He still had no job and no idea of how he would live when at last he should have succeeded in escaping from Swansea and his childhood. But at the age of nineteen such problems are relatively unimportant compared to the knowledge that a book of one's own poems is to be published within the year. It is not hard to guess how he felt in the big red bus that carried him through Chelsea toward Battersea and his girl and, he must surely have thought, fame.

AFTER winning *The Sunday Referee* prize, he returned home on April 9 and set about preparing a volume of poems for publication. These poems came out of his old notebooks — though they were not old in those days — and he usually worked them over and partly or totally rewrote them, always in the direction of greater density and complexity. This meant putting aside a novel he had begun — "my novel about the Jarvis valley" — which was in fact a series of loosely connected stories, macabre and somber, with a Welsh rural setting.

He was lonely in Swansea, and he missed Pamela. On April 15 he wrote to her:

"I read over what I wrote this morning. All is silly, but why should I cross it out or throw it away. It's just a little more me for you to grapple with. Which sounds even more conceited than many of the other things I've put in my letters to you. I've often wondered — I thought of asking you, but am always so vastly happy with you that I don't like intruding morbid and egotistic subjects — whether you think me as conceited a little young man as I often think you must do. I'm not really; profoundly the other way. But I've noticed that when, for example, you — quite honestly and often misguidedly — run down your poetry, I never retaliate, as every true-blue poet should, by saying how very unsuccessful my own poetry is,

too. I never say it, but not because I don't think it. I know it. And when you say, of a poem of mine, 'That's bad,' and I try to argue and show you how good it really is — that, too, must sound conceit. Darling, it isn't. I'd hate you to think that I was at all self-contented, self-centred, self-satisfied in regard to — well, only one little thing, the things I write. Because I'm not. And not half as brave, dogmatic and collected in the company of literary persons as I might have led you to believe."

It was almost certainly due to her wholesome influence that he was trying at this time to give up smoking, to drink only in moderation, and generally to improve his health. On the twenty-fifth of April he wrote to her:

"No, I haven't been doing anything I shouldn't. I have smoked only two cigarettes since I last saw you. You can't — yes you can — realize how terrible it has been to give them up. I've chain-smoked for nearly five years; which must have done me a lot of good. I am allowed a pipe — mild tobacco, not too much. That keeps me alive, though I hate it like hell. I take walks in the morning and pretend there's a sun in these disappointed skies. I even go without a coat (sometimes) in this cold weather, and tread bejumpered over the sheepy fields. . . . I like to be tidy-minded, but I so rarely am. Now the threads of half-remembered ideas, the fragments of half-remembered facts, blow about my head. I can write today only awkwardly and uneasily, nib akimbo. And I want to write so differently: in glowing, unaffected prose: with all the heat of my heart, or, if that is cold, with all the clear intellectual heat of the head. . . . And now I shall rise from the lovely fire, jam my hat hard and painfully on my head, and go out into the grey day. I am strong, strong as a circus horse. I am going to walk, alone and stern, over the miles of grey hills at the top of this my hill. I shall call at a public house and drink beer with Welshspeaking labourers. Then I shall walk back over the hills again, alone and stern, covering up a *devastating* melancholy and a tugging, tugging weakness with a look of fierce and even Outpost-of-the-Empire determination and a seven league stride. Strength! (And I'm damned if I want to go out at all. I want to play dischords on the piano, write silly letters or sillier verses, sit down under the piano and cry Jesus to the mice.)"

In his letters to her at this time he wrote at very great length about the poems and stories she was sending him. Her volume of poems, *Symphony for Full Orchestra*, was published, and he rejoiced with her at the good reviews it received, sympathized or was angry when the critics were less kind. He wrote surprisingly little about his own work, though in May he reported on the progress of his book.

"The old, fertile days are gone, and now a poem is the hardest and most thankless act of creation. I have written a poem since my last letter, but it is so entirely obscure that I dare not let it out even unto the eyes of such a kind and commiserating world as yours. I am getting more obscure day by day. It gives me now a *physical* pain to write poetry. I feel all my muscles contract as I try to drag out, from the whirlpooling words around my everlasting ideas of the importance of death on the living, some connected words that will explain how the starry system of the dead is seen, ordered as in the grave's sky, along the orbit of a foot or a flower. But when the words do come, I pick them so thoroughly of their *live* associations that only the *death* in the words remains. And I could scream, with real, physical pain, when a line of mine is seen naked on paper and seen to be as meaningless as a Sanskrit limerick. I shall never be understood. I think I shall send no more poetry away, but write stories alone. All day yesterday I was working, as hard as a navvy, on six lines of a poem. I finished them, but had, in the labour of them, picked and cleaned them so much that nothing but their barbaric sounds remained. Or if I did write a line, 'My dead upon the orbit of a rose,' I saw that 'dead' did not mean 'dead,' 'orbit' not 'orbit' and 'rose' most certainly not 'rose.' Even 'upon' was a syllable too many, lengthened for the inhibited reason of rhythm. My lines, *all* my lines, are of the tenth intensity. They are not the words that express what I want to express; they are the only words I can find that come near to expressing a half. And that's no good. I'm a freak user of words, not a poet. That's really the truth. No self-pity there. A freak *user* of words, not a poet. That's terribly true."

There are passages even in Dylan's earliest letters that are disingenuous or intended to surprise, but this one seems to me a true *cri du coeur*, and a very revealing one indeed. What he was trying to express in his poems was a view of the world for which the English language failed to provide the words, let alone the syntax. Yet he was determined to achieve the near-impossible, and he forced himself as he forced the words. At the same time, James Joyce was doing much the same with the work in progress that became *Finnegans Wake*. For both it was grinding, lonely work, with hopelessness never far away. And at the end of the day, a few lines written, what then?

THE picture that emerges from the letters he was then writing to Pamela Hansford Johnson is of a young poet working extremely hard and trying to improve his health by not drinking or smoking

too much. He was, of course, writing to a girl on whom he was most anxious to make a good impression and who was, as he knew, not at all impressed by his "poetical" *âme damnée* pose, of which, indeed, he was himself beginning to weary.

"I am spending Whitsun in the strangest town in Wales. Laugharne, with a population of four hundred, has a townhall, a castle, and a portreeve. The people speak with a broad English accent, although on all sides they are surrounded by hundreds of miles of Welsh country. The neutral sea lies at the foot of the town, and Richard Hughes writes his cosmopolitan stories in the castle.

"I am staying with Glyn Gower Jones. . . . He is a nice, handsome young man with no vices. He neither smokes, drinks, nor whores. He looks very nastily at me down his aristocratic nose if I have more than one guinness at lunch, and is very suspicious when I go out by myself. I believe he thinks I sit on Mr. Hughes's castle walls with a bottle of rye whisky, or revel in the sweet confusion of a broad-flanked fisherwoman. . . . I seem always to be complaining that I cannot fit the mood of my letters into the mood of the weathered world that surrounds me. Today I complain again for a hell-mouthed mist is blowing over the Laugharne ferry, and the clouds lie over the chiming sky — what a conceit — like the dustsheets over a piano. Let me, o oracle in the lead of the pencil, drop this customary clowning, and sprinkle some sweetheart words over the paper (paper torn slyly from an exercise book of the landlady's small daughter). Wishes, always wishes. Never a fulfilment of action, flesh. The consummation of dreams is a poor substitute for the breathlessness at the end of the proper windy gallop, bedriding, musical flight into the Welsh heavens after a little, discordant brooding over the national dungtip.

"My novel of the Jarvis valley is slower than ever. I have already scrapped two chapters of it. It is as ambitious as the Divine Comedy, with a chorus of deadly sins, anagramatized as old gentlemen, with the incarnated figures of Love and Death, an Ulyssean page of thought from the minds of the two anagramatical spinsters, Miss P. and Miss R. Sion-Rees, an Immaculate Conception, a bald-headed girl, a celestial tramp, a mock Christ, and the Holy Ghost.

"I am a Symbol Simon. My book will be full of footlights and Stylites, and puns as bad as that, kiss me Hardy? Dewy love me? Tranter a body ask? I'll Laugharne this bloody place for being wet. I'll pun so frequently and so ferociously that the rain will spring backwards on an ambiguous impulse, and the sun leap out to light the cracks of this sow world. But I won't tell you my puns, for they run over reason, and I want you to think of

me today not as a bewildered little boy writing an idiot letter on the muddy edge of a ferry, watching the birds and wondering which among them is the 'sinister necked' wild duck and which the terrible cormorant, but as a strong-shouldered fellow polluting the air with the smell of his eightpenny tobacco and his Harris tweeds, striding, golf-footed, over the hills and singing as loudly as Beachcomber in a world rid of Prodnose. There he goes, that imaginary figure, over the blowing mountains where the goats all look like Ramsay MacDonald, down the crags and the rat-hiding holes in the sides of the hill, on to the mud flats that go on for miles in the direction of the sea. There he stops for a loud and jocular pint, tickles the serving wench where serving wenches are always tickled, laughs with the landlord at the boatman's wit ('The wind be a rare one, he be. He blows up the petticoats of they visiting ladies for the likes of me. And a rare thirst he give you. Pray fill the flowing bowl, landlord, with another many magnums of your delectable liquor. Aye, aye, sor.' And so on), and hurries on, still singing, into the mouth of the coming darkness. . . .

"I wish I could describe what I am looking on. But no words could tell you what a hopeless, fallen angel of a day it is. In the very far distance, near the line of the sky, three women and a man are gathering cockles. The oyster-catchers are protesting in hundreds around them. Quite near me, too, a crowd of silent women are scraping the damp, grey sand with the torn-off handles of jugs, and cleaning the cockles in the little drab pools of water that stare up out of the weeds and long for the sun. But you see that I am making it a literary day again. I can never do justice to the miles and miles and miles of mud and grey sand, to the unnerving silence of the fisherwomen, and the mean-souled cries of the gulls and the herons, to the shapes of the fisherwomen's breasts that droop, big as barrels, over the stained tops of their overalls as they bend over the sand, to the cows in the fields that lie north of the sea, and to the near breaking of the heart as the sun comes out for a minute from its cloud and lights up the ragged sails of a fisherman's boat. These things look ordinary enough on paper. One sees them as shapeless, literary things, and the sea is a sea of words, and the little fishing boat lies still on a tenth rate canvas. I can't give actuality to these things. Yet they are as alive as I. Each muscle in the cocklers' legs is as big as a hill, and each crude footstep in the wretchedly tinted sand is deep as hell. These women are sweating the oil of life out of the pores of their stupid bodies, and sweating away what brains they had so that their children might eat. . . .

"Oh hell to the wind as it blows these pages about. I have no Rimbaud for a book or a paper rest, but

only a neat, brown rock. . . . It's getting cold, too cold to write. I haven't got a vest on, and the wind is blowing around the Bristol Channel. I agree with Buddha that the essence of life is evil. Apart from not being born at all, it is best to die young. I agree with Schopenhauer (he, in his philosophic dust, would turn with pleasure at my agreement) that life has no pattern and no purpose, but that a twisted vein of evil, like the poison in a drinker's glass, coils up from the pit to the top of the hemlocked world. Or at least I might do. But some things there are that are better than others. The tiny, scarlet ants that crawl from the holes in the rock on to my busy hand. The shapes of the rocks, carved in chaos by a tiddly sea. The three broken masts, like three nails in the breast of a wooden Messiah, that stick up in the far distance from a stranded ship. The voice of a snotty-nosed child sitting in a pool and putting shellfish in her drawers. The hundreds and hundreds of rabbits I saw last night as I lay incorrigibly romantic in a field of buttercups and wrote of death. The jawbone of a sheep that I wish would fit into my pocket. The tiny lives that go slowly and languidly on in the cold pools near my hand. The brown worms in beer. All these, like Rupert Brooke, I love because they remind me of you. Yes, even the red ants, the dead jawbone and the hapless chemical. Even the rabbits, buttercups, and nailing masts. Soon I see you. Write by the end of this week. Darling, I love you. xx"

WAS it overwork, boredom, frustration of every sort, loneliness, or a combination of these and perhaps of other, darker forces that had led him into this frame of mind? His reaction in the days that followed was characteristic of him, and by no means unknown in others when in such a frame of mind. His next letter to Pamela Hansford Johnson is not written in his usual small, neat hand with the letters sloping backward — the hand that so closely resembled Emily Brontë's that when Lawrence Durrell, noticing the resemblance, sent him a photograph of a manuscript poem of hers, Dylan at first glance thought it was a manuscript of his, returned by a magazine. No, the next letter is a most untidy scrawl, the lines wandering up and down, the product of a hand as shaky as the heart was distraught. It is dated only Cwmdonkin Drive, Sunday morning, bed. I take it to have been written and posted on May 27, and there is corroboration for this in her diary entry for May 28, which reads: "Appallingly distressing letter from Dylan. I cried lustily nearly all day and had to write telling him it must finish. So an end to that affair." This is the letter he had written to her:

- "Question One. I can't come up.
 Two. I'm sleeping no better.
 Three. No, I've done everything that's wrong.
 Four. I daren't see the doctor.
 Five. Yes, I love you.

I'm in a dreadful mess now. I can hardly hold the pencil or hold the paper. This has been coming for weeks. And the last four days have completed it. I'm absolutely at the point of breaking now. You remember how I was when I said goodbye to you for the first time. In the Kardomah when I loved you so much and was too shy to tell you. Well imagine me one hundred times worse than that with my nerves oh darling absolutely at the point of breaking into little bits. I can't think and I don't know what I'm doing. When I speak I don't know if I'm shouting or whispering and that's a terrible sign. It's *all* nerves and more. But I've never imagined anything as bad.

"And it's all my own fault too. As well as I can I'll tell you the honest honest truth. I never want to lie to you. You'll be terribly angry with me I know and you'll never write to me again perhaps. But darling you want me to tell you the truth, don't you. I left Laugharne on Wednesday morning and went down to a bungalow in Gower. I drank a lot in Laugharne and was feeling a bit grim even then. I stayed in Gower with —, who was a friend of mine in the waster days of the reporter's office. On Wednesday evening — his fiancée came down. And she was tall and thin and dark and a loose red mouth and later we all went out and got drunk. She tried to make love to me all the way home. I told her to shut up because she was drunk. When we got back she still tried to make love to me, wildly like an idiot in front of —. She went to bed and — and I drank some more and then very modernly he decided to go and sleep with her. But as soon as he got into bed with her she screamed and ran into mine. I slept with her that night and for the next three nights. We were terribly drunk day and night. Now I can see all sorts of things. I think I've got them.

"Oh darling it hurts me to tell you this but I've got to tell you because I always want to tell you the truth about me. And I never want to share. It's you and me or nobody, you and me and nobody. But I have been a bloody fool and I'm going to bed for a week. I'm just on the borders of DTs darling and I've wasted some of my tremendous love for you on a lank redmouthed girl with a reputation like a hell. I don't love her a bit. I love you Pamela always and always. But she's a pain on the nerves. For Christ knows why she loves me. Yesterday morning she gave her ring back to —. I've got to put a hundred miles between her and me. I must leave Wales forever and never see

her. I see bits of you in her all the time and tack on to those bits. I've got to be drunk to tack on to them. I love you Pamela and must have you. As soon as all this is over I'm coming straight up. If you'll let me. No, but better or worse I'll come up next week if you'll have me. Don't be too cross or too angry. What the hell am I to do? And what the hell are you going to say to me? Darling I love you and think of you all the time. Write by return. And don't break my heart by telling me I mustn't come up to London to you because I'm such a bloody fool.

"xxxx Darling. Darling oh."

I have quoted this correspondence at such length, and this tragic letter in full save for omitting the names of the man and his fiancée, because they are intensely revealing to anyone who would understand the life and the death of Dylan Thomas.

Its first and most immediate effect was upon his relations with Pamela Hansford Johnson. Although she soon and generously forgave him, she was henceforth more cautious and, understandably enough, far more reluctant to commit herself and her love to a young man who could write to her in this fashion. It is, of course, possible that he was anxious to bring their relationship to a climax of one sort or another; that he unconsciously wished to be free of her or that he thought to force her into bed with him by showing her that if she would not come, there were others who would. But neither interpretation seems to me to be consistent either with Dylan's character or with the tone of the letters. I believe he said exactly what he meant, and that what he meant was a cry for help.

Pamela has assured me that "darling" was definitely not amused. Few young women would be, in the circumstances. That she forgave him, though with reservations, within a very few days is proof not only of her affection for him but also of her young self-assurance.

Augustus John, who first met him a year or so later, has written: "The truth is that Dylan was at the core a typical Welsh Puritan and Non-conformist gone wrong." This facile judgment contains its element of truth. Just as his father's "atheism" was in fact a sort of God-hatred, so the son's defiance of conventional morality implied, in its intensity, an acceptance of that morality in its crudest manifestations. Dylan expressed more than once his astonishment, even his admiration, that Augustus John could commit his multiple adulteries and whatnot without a twinge of conscience, could be drunk at night and remorseless in the morning. Dylan might be amoral about money and possessions, but not about sex and drink. He suffered, as this letter shows, paroxysms of guilt, and was to do so all his life. Caitlin Thomas, who should know if anyone does, wrote in *Leftover Life to Kill*: "Though

Dylan imagined himself to be completely emancipated from his family background, there was a very strong puritanical streak in him, that his friends never suspected; but of which I got the disapproving benefit."

Dylan soon recovered from his red-lipped remorse, and apparently from his fear of DT's, too. Pamela was expecting him in London on June 5, but he was a week late, perhaps because he was getting his health back or perhaps because he was not at all sure of the reception he could expect in Battersea. On the sixth, though, she "wrote to the darling old fishface forgiving him," and on the next day he wrote to Trevor Hughes, who was also a bachelor: "I am looking forward to the day when Mr. and Mrs. Hughes in their two-backed beast face the double-faced world. That way, perhaps, lies your salvation and mine, though I doubt whether I, personally, could remain sober and faithful for more than a week on end."

This oblique and unpromising reference to matrimony was not purely theoretical. Almost as soon as he got to London in the following week he proposed to Pamela. Her diary entry for June 14 reads: "Met darling Dylan after work and we had a coffee. Met his friend Trevor Hughes and had a drink in Denman Street and at the Fitzroy. D. and I got home about 8.15. Had lovely evening — D. pressing me to marry him but I won't — yet." Nevertheless, as her diary shows, it was a very happy week for them both: "evening too happy for words," "a lovely, lovely evening sitting in the garden of the Six Bells, arguing, laughing." In her eyes they were, almost, a conventionally engaged couple.

But she had not committed herself, for she was worried. She was very young, and he was even younger, though this she did not then know, for he had added a couple of years to his nineteen in order to appear older than she. Sweet, enchanting, and amusing as he was, his pose as a wild boy confused and at times distressed her. She has told me that on one occasion when they had spent the evening over a couple of glasses of beer in the garden at the back of the Six Bells, Dylan met someone he knew on the way out and pretended to be drunk. Even a girl of her acute intelligence and possessing, as her novels show, a perspicacity for psychology far above the average, could hardly be expected to understand the extremely complex motivation behind such behavior. She was, quite simply, worried about Dylan and drink. And on June 22 she confided to her diary that she and Trevor Hughes "came to a very definite understanding re forming a watch committee over Dylan."

There were to be many such watch committees in the years to come, almost always the creation of a woman who was, or thought she was, in

love with Dylan. And there was no more certain way of arousing his alarm and, ultimately, his hostility. He always wanted women to look after him when he was ill, or in trouble, but not to prevent him from making himself ill or getting into trouble. Such had been the childhood pattern. And since drink was to him, among other things, a means of self-defense, he could only interpret the good ladies' efforts to stop his drinking as a dangerous attack upon his freedom; and he valued his freedom above all things, for without freedom there would be no poems. Caitlin never made this mistake, which was why she was, and remained, the only woman he ever really loved. Once Pamela set about "reforming" him, their relationship was doomed. Yet who can blame her? For her, marriage to an unreformed Dylan, to Caitlin's Dylan, would have been an impossibility. She loved him, and she tried, and throughout that summer of 1934 she thought that perhaps she might succeed. But her doubts increased.

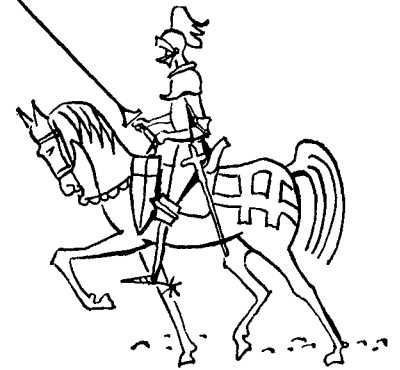
During this summer and autumn his reputation as a poet grew as more and more of his poems were published in *New Verse*, the *Criterion*, the *Adelphi*, and elsewhere. He was selling his short stories, too. Throughout the whole of August and the first half of September, Dylan was staying with Pamela and her mother in Battersea. Her diary echoes the love and affection she felt for him, but there are some ominous entries. On several occasions he came in very late and the worse for drink; the next day she would be angry with him. And one can assume that living in the same house, he found the platonic nature of their love affair an increasing strain. Nevertheless, she continued to regard herself as his girl, if not his fiancée. He took her down to meet his sister, and she noted in her diary that she *thought* she had made a good impression. And then, on September 15, Pamela, her mother, and Dylan all went down to Swansea for two weeks, to meet his mother.

The visit, had it been successful, might perhaps have resulted in marriage, but it was not. In the first place the weather was appalling, and though they did their best to appreciate the beauties of the Gower Peninsula, they were usually confined to the cinema, hotel lounges, and No. 5 Cwmdonkin Drive. Then Mrs. Johnson found Mrs. Thomas, "who gabbled all day till we nearly went frantic," increasingly tedious and irritating. They discovered, too, that Dylan was only nineteen. And toward the end of the visit, Pamela had a nervous collapse, so that a doctor had to be called in. Four days later the two women returned, sadly, to London. There had been no rupture with Dylan, no quarrel, but Pamela now realized that there could be no question of her marrying Dylan for a long, long time, if ever.

GALLANTRY

A Story by RALPH MALONEY

The ATLANTIC has found a fresh and original talent in Ralph Maloney, whose previous stories "Benny" and "Harry W. A. Davis, Jr." have appeared in its pages over the past year or so. A native of Cambridge, Massachusetts, Mr. Maloney served in the Merchant Marine and in the Army and did a six-year stint on Madison Avenue before he quit to write.



IT GAVE Earl Parrish great pleasure to take attractive girls to lunch. Not just downstairs for a martini and a sandwich, but to *lunch*. To Colony or Nino's or 21, where he could confer with an ornamented sommelier and where he could score thick napery with the heel of a heavy spoon in offhand diagrams as he talked. Parrish asked nothing more of the young ladies than that they be agreeable luncheon companions. When one of the more susceptible, flattered by Parrish's elaborate and costly attentions, indicated her availability for the remainder of the afternoon, not to say the evening, Parrish turned the offer aside with a joke. When no joke would do, he said, sadly, no.

For the Earl of Parrish, as he had been known since his school days, was something of a gallant, which means he overvalued women. He was, consequently, shy of them, too shy to recognize that women are content to be their half of an anxious and lustful species. He had had no sisters; he had never attended a coeducational school; when he came to the age when a well-brought-up English boy sees much of girls, he had been commissioned in the Fifty-first Highland and shipped to Libya. When at last he was introduced to the society of women, in Washington in 1943, he was more shy than ever, for by that time he had one arm, his right.

Conversation during Parrish's luncheons was never general. The point of departure might range

from the morning's headlines to a remark overheard from an adjoining table. What ensued was a pat speech, unvarying as a child's elocution lesson: the American male was abdicating; the female everywhere ascendant, if not dominant. Since the introduction of indoor plumbing, the American male had been altogether emasculated by guilt. In fifty years, Feminism had become Momism had become Togetherness, wherein the wife was Mom, controlling the money, the social life, and rationing out affection and sex. For the future, Parrish saw America carpeted by housing developments, cleansed of all perils, challenges, rich smells, harsh tastes, and peopled by fairies and their mothers. When the wine was in him, the prospect brought him close to tears, for he liked his adopted country very much.

Parrish was, of course, a bachelor, but by no means a celibate. Persistent rejection of a woman is a rudeness, unthinkable in a gallant, and the Earl entered into infrequent liaisons with girls he took to lunch. These were all brief, ending, without exception, when the girl involved realized that Parrish was not a shy man who needed her help in acquiring a wife, but a man who had no real need of women, having been obliged to do without them until his twenty-second year. All the alliances terminated as they had begun, at the insistence of the young lady and with the gallant complaisance of Parrish.

Pamela Laraja was the exception. Parrish met her at an angels' party given to raise money for a musical in which she was to dance. His business was good, and at the end of the evening, Parrish purchased a couple of shares. Then, summoning for the hundredth time some canvasser's callosity to mantle his vanity, he asked Pamela to lunch. She accepted at once, and calmly, and gave Parrish her address and telephone number.

HE TOOK her to Rodolpho's, a Mafia-American restaurant on the East Side too dark and sexy for midday and therefore never crowded at lunch. They talked very little in the cab crosstown, Pamela having nothing that needed saying and Parrish shy, in awe of the soft downing of her cheek. He had not seen the down the night before. The sunlight brought it out, and it excited him curiously. When the waiter arrived, Parrish, relieved to have company, ordered martinis, although he made it a rule never to drink gin during the day and rarely at night. Midway in the second martini, the ordinaries of introduction behind them, Parrish, searching for a point of departure for his speech, said, "You seem different to me somehow. More European or more continental than most American girls I meet."

"My parents are Spanish," Pamela said.

"Oh, yes. Spain," Parrish said witlessly. He was busy with his speech. (He had, however, a moment's image of her father, a spidery Catalan don reading Cervantes in bad light.) "Certainly the Spanish have never had the problem America is faced with today." He drew from his breast pocket a ball-point pen and striped the deep tablecloth with the button end. "Look at the American male. The symbol of mother dominates his early life. The female schoolteacher dominates his daytime life as he grows up. By the time he's seventeen, the American boy is afraid to take any aggressive action toward women, and since sex is a form of aggression, we find a situation wherein a kind of male frigidity — Why are you smiling?" he asked gently.

Pamela Laraja was not smiling; she was grinning. The martinis had taken her completely into camp, and she had just barely averted asking Parrish to play Simon Says with her. She smiled broadly, barely abridging laughter. "I've seen so much of it," she said.

"I don't doubt you have," Parrish went on. "You're an American girl — woman, I should say," he added gallantly, smiling. "You've seen it all around you, growing up. Your mother fighting her battle for dominance in the home and winning — the law makes sure of that — then being bloody unhappy about her victory —"

Another big grin from Pamela stopped Parrish. She knew the martinis were really too much this time because she had almost asked him what he did when his elbow itched. Aloud, for something to say, she said, "My mother is dead."

"I'm terribly sorry," said Parrish, genuinely contrite. "I should have had more sense."

"No, no," she cut in. "Go on with what you were saying." She drained her glass and planted it carefully on the table, thinking: That was two. Number three is on the way. If Wingy doesn't feed me pretty soon, I'm going to slip down where it's cool and take a nap.

"I'm sorry I used your mother as an example," Parrish continued. "I just wanted to bring what I have to say closer to home. Perhaps you can see the situation in the homes of your friends. Women fighting for dominance, then getting it and being bloody miserable. Then they turn to acquisition. They want washer-dryers, automobiles, a house with a picture window, so they can have stature in the eyes of other women. They don't care about masculine opinion anymore because they've discredited the male. They just keep the men around so they can drive them to acquire all this property. Do you realize that some seventy percent of America's wealth is controlled by women?"

Just sober enough to realize some comment was expected of her, Pamela said, "I wish I had some of it," and followed with a saving smile over the rim of her glass.

Only the momentum of habit carried Parrish past this response. "Philip Wylie, in his *Generation of Vipers* —" The shrimp arrived. Parrish lost his audience utterly. Pamela swabbed a shrimp in sauce and mouthed it with intent delicacy, savoring. Her eyes seemed literally to smoke. Parrish noticed for the first time tender gatherings of bleached fuzz at the corners of her upper lip. As she chewed, her lips drooped in minor ecstasy; light lines pulsed evenly in her throat as she swallowed. After the second shrimp her eyes widened briefly, perhaps in surprise that Parrish was there. To cover, she asked solicitously, "Aren't you going to eat?"

Parrish nodded and faced his food bravely. He shelved his speech for the day and perhaps for many days to come. No woman could take so much joy out of a plate of shrimp and whine for a washer-dryer or strike for a second car. His speech (for all it might have been addressed to a hydrant) was shelved also because he seriously suspected it was inappropriate here, misdirected. Without conscious connection, perhaps only uncomfortable in the silence, he said, "Do you like wine with lunch?"

"I've had wine with meals all my life."

"Oh, yes," Parrish said, "I suppose being Spanish —"

"No. My father was a bartender."

Parrish, in a rush to forestall an embarrassment which simply wasn't there, said, "A noble calling. A profession, even. I've always thought that if my luck ran out on potatoes, I'd like to become a bartender." It was true. He saw the bartender as a kind of mythic older brother in American society, a figure he could identify with easily.

Pamela looked once, inadvertently, at his slack left sleeve and lowered her gaze swiftly to the table.

"Yes, of course," Parrish said.

She leaned forward earnestly, the jersey of her upper dress catching on the tablecloth, her bosom profoundly separated and quite forgotten. "Please don't get mad. I mean, a bartender has all he can do with *two* hands, for heaven's sake." She went back to her food, embarrassed in her turn, and her upper dress unhandled her. Parrish wasn't in the least angry, or even upset. He knew that when she accepted the fact he had one arm she accepted him. He was also and uncharacteristically triplets with lust for her parted, pouting, unaware upper body.

They had wine and Spanish brandy (in honor of Pamela's heritage), while Parrish smiled bravely through the pain she had done him (he was smiling at the Perfidious Albion in himself). In the street, in the cruel midafternoon sunlight, he asked her to his place for a drink, and Pamela, after only the smallest (You hurt him. And whatthehell, Archie, whatthehell) hesitation, said she'd love a drink.

MONTHS later, rooting around in what had happened, Parrish knew he had never loved Pamela. He had so thoroughly approved of everything she was and did that he had been blinded, as one traditionally is in love. Pamela was the affirmation and epitome of everything he sought in women: tender, considerate, as feminine as her cleavage, and funny in her horrid way. More important, she was undemanding — he had to press money on her — and obedient. No, obedient was the wrong word. She wanted to do what he wanted to do or what he wanted her to do. It was her business more to please him than obey him, and there is no name for that. She quit her show to take proper care of him, and spent her time away from him at the zoo or shopping on Third Avenue for nut presents for him.

Her sense of humor was appalling, but he had long ago given up on what Americans called wit, and you can't really expect everything in a woman. For example, her mother was not, as Pamela had said, dead. She had said that during their first lunch together simply to compound Parrish's evident uneasiness. Once, when he had explained to her what "superfluous" meant, she indicated her

grasp by saying, "Like a No Smoking sign in a cancer clinic," and fell down laughing. On one of her Third Avenue shopping trips she bought him a giant gilt candelabra, for which she promised him a piano one day; on another she came home with a guaranteed-human shrunken head for his bar. Like many Americans her age, she worshiped the non sequitur: "I know all about contraception. My mother was a waitress." Parrish laughed with her for a while because she laughed so hard, but after a few weeks he could manage, barely, to smile.

She watched him dress every morning, sitting on the couch wrapped in a spinnaker-sized bathing sheet. Parrish was uncompromising to the point of elegance in the matter of dress, for he knew his impairment was one of the marks of war a man can wear with grace — even a hint of glamour — if the rest of him is properly turned out. One careless touch kills the military air and with it the dash. His stance, once he was dressed, was so unremittingly erect that a drunken friend once remarked that Parrish's arm wasn't missing, it was holding on to the ceiling. At first Parrish thought it was curiosity that kept Pamela so engrossed in his dressing; then for some weeks he thought it might be love. Later he understood her fascination. For the first time in her life she was witnessing the phenomenon of meticulousness.

Evenings and weekends, Parrish watched Pamela. She moved continually without conveying nervousness. It wasn't restlessness. She simply couldn't tell a story without hurling herself into it. At first Parrish thought his interest was connoisseurship, appreciating the tight grace of her body. For a little while he thought it was lust, or even love. Later he knew that his interest was in observing the phenomenon of abandon, as alien to him as meticulousness was to Pamela.

When he got home at night, usually later and stiffer than was absolutely required, Parrish was given a greeting, always, that he thought American women reserved for husbands home early and sober on payday. Still he stopped, as he had for years, at a favorite bar halfway between his office and his apartment. Home was pleasant, but he liked a few drinks at the end of the day in the company of men. His visits to the bar grew longer and longer, until he came to know the bartender well — which meant he was staying well after the commuters had gone, staying too late. When he came home late and with perhaps too much in him, his heart gave a small anticipatory flutter as he rode the elevator, or as he worked his key in the door. There were remnants in that flutter of the awful and delicious weakness that overcame him when he was a school-boy and about to be reprimanded. Yet whenever and in whatever shape he chose to show up, Parrish was greeted loudly and fondly by a half-dressed or

half-undressed Pamela, apparently overjoyed that he came home at all.

When at last it occurred to Parrish to ask Pamela to marry him, he had difficulty thinking of anything else. He considered his proposal as he considered everything else: in terms of his absent arm. He was afraid of the manner of her acceptance and in terror of rejection. Parrish knew exactly *how* he would ask her to become his wife. He'd kiss her hello, pat her on the behind, make himself a Scotch, and drop the proposition into her lap. "Look here, Beastie," he'd say, "we've been together a couple of months now. I don't see any reason we shouldn't honor this agreement with a simple civil ceremony." Then he would sip his Scotch, waiting. "Do you mean get married, Earl?" she would say, and there it all broke off.

He told himself he'd be a lucky man to have her. She was everything he approved of in a woman. But he could not ask. Because in the moment that would follow she would glance or not glance (that was his dilemma: it didn't matter which) at his left shoulder, and he could not abide that moment. This scene — his offhand proposal and the manner of her acceptance — possessed him. He thought of virtually nothing else during the day; every conversation he started with Pamela fell flat because the opening words were almost — just almost — his proposal. He was a bore about it and knew it, but couldn't shake the spell.

HIS broker shook the spell. He called Parrish to say that Florida potatoes had gone all to hell and that Parrish now held options on forty carloads of unmarketable spuds.

Even as he hung up the phone Parrish wondered at himself. He had taken the options in the spring knowing Florida potatoes would be valueless in the fall, intending to sell the options at a profit in August, before the Maine and Idaho crops were in. Rudimentary. *The* basic gamble in his business, what his business was all about. How had he permitted himself to take such a beating? Or rather, why had he defeated himself?

Parrish decided that in his agony of stupid shyness over the proposal and his goddamn arm he had neglected his business dangerously. He determined then, in the afternoon dark of the cubicle he used for an office, to ask the girl to marry him and to hell with what she thought of one-armed husbands.

He went directly home, without a stop for courage or comfort. Pamela was, as usual, soaking in the bathtub with the door wide open and the hi-fi booming from the far room. Absorbed in himself and what he was about to ask — at any rate, not thinking — Parrish pushed the bathroom door shut.

"Honey?" she called. "Don't shut the door. I can't hear the music."

"A door is to shut," Parrish muttered to himself. "That's what they're there for."

He heard splashing and the light pad of bare feet on tile. The door swung wide. He saw only her slender arm beaded with water. "You're home early, darling," she called.

He did not answer. He went to the bar and took a Scotch neat, poured a second Scotch over ice, and walked to a cold hardwood chair, which seemed appropriate to his mood, where he sat erect, legs primly crossed. The apartment, he noted, was clean in a thoroughly disorganized way, as though carefully dusted by an energetic utter stranger. Records and books were stacked in neat, unrelated piles: Walter Scott on top of Kerouac, Berlioz next to Sinatra. A flurry of annoyance seized him, then gave way to the warmth of the Scotch, and any protest he might have made was forgotten.

Pamela padded out of the bathroom wrapped in the same towel she had worn nine hours earlier when the Earl had kissed her good-bye. Her brown hair was piled in a thick, impromptu twist on top of her head. "You had a lousy day, didn't you," she stated, genuinely concerned. "Why don't you take off your coat?"

Parrish opened his mouth then to ask Pamela to marry him, to get it over with, but something annoyed him anew. "I've had a lousy day is right. I hope to hell you like eating potatoes, because I forgot to drop the options on forty carloads." He quieted. He might just as well discuss business with a doorknob, he thought. She had flopped on the couch, all skin and towel, and was silently calling his attention to her latest gift. It covered twelve square feet of Parrish's wall, an oil portrait of a bespectacled nineteenth-century industrialist in a thick and gaudy rococo frame. Beneath the painting a bold plaque read: "OUR FOUNDER," and below that, in more modest lettering, "H. A. Calkins."

"Isn't he something else?" Pamela cried, laughing. "That cheer you up?"

Parrish knew he should be amused, but the immense blight on his wall bothered him instead. He remained silent, knowing that edgy as he was, he'd say something wrong and start a fight. "Oh, well," Pamela said, resigned. "I thought it was funny. Don't be too glum about it. It only cost fifteen bucks." She did not pout. She knew the painting was funny and that Parrish was off his feed. Appreciating all this and helpless in his annoyance, Parrish said he was sorry but he was too tired to enjoy anything. He downed his Scotch and poured another, thinner drink for himself, and prepared again to ask her to marry him.

"If you're tired, let me get your drink," Pamela said, rising. "Take off your coat and I'll —"

"My coat, my coat," Parrish said, turning on her. "What is there about my coat that fascinates you so? I don't like to take my coat off and you know it."

"All right, darling. Don't take my head off."

"Well, for heaven's sake, I have a right to some —" He walked back to the hard chair and sat.

There was a long silence. "I'm sorry," Pamela said at length. "I don't know why you should be shy about the arm with me. After all —"

Parrish shot up from the chair. "There are some areas I don't think require discussion. If I happen to be normally sensitive about a minor deformity —"

"Oh, deformity, nonsense," she cut in sternly. "Don't tell me about deformity. I used to work in a laundry." And she started to laugh, rolling on her back and kicking her legs wildly in the air, and kept laughing until Parrish, enraged at the blind alleys she found so funny, strode into the bathroom and locked the door behind him. He breathed deeply, regularly, before the mirror, trying to regain command of himself. He splashed cold water on his face and scrubbed at his eyes. He was at length sufficiently in command to apologize, or at least to start a more sensible quarrel, when there was a knock on the bathroom door. "Can you hurry a little, Earl? I was in the tub such a long time —"

Parrish heard no more. He slammed out of the bathroom, his face contorted, deranged in pain, to confront a recoiling girl. "*Will* you put some clothes on! *Will* you get dressed and stop running around like some bloody Polynesian nymph! Will you in the name of *God* observe the simplest formalities, the rudiments of decency! Some *shred* of modesty . . ."

She watched him with unafraid curiosity akin to amusement. "Oh, Earl," she said sensibly, "settle down. I only want to use the john." She reached under the towel and scratched her belly vigorously.

"Stop scratching yourself! There is a time and place for everything!" he cried helplessly. "I don't by God care *what* you want to do in the bathroom. Must one's life be one unending round of intimacies!" He paused for breath and found the word: "You slob!"

Pamela watched his rage clinically, not afraid but not amused now either. "I don't understand you, Earl." She shook her head. "All your talk about women . . ."

"I don't care *what* I say. I want the minimum of

privacy one accords an animal if I have to go to a hotel to get it. I want my bathroom back!"

She nodded. "You don't have to go to a hotel. I'll get out."

"Do that," he snapped crisply, very British now, and pushed past her, through the front door to the corridor, where he walked down to the lobby rather than wait for the elevator. In the wait he might defeat himself and go back.

Several times before midnight, Parrish came close to calling Pamela, and was once in a phone booth with a dime in hand when he changed his mind. After midnight, when he was sure she was gone, Parrish felt bitter loss, but was somehow not saddened by it. The loss of Pamela was a fact he was by nature unable to alter, like the loss of an arm, perhaps, and there seemed no point in weeping over what one couldn't restore. At two in the morning, in his regular saloon, the bartender offered Parrish a "nightcap on the house" to get rid of him. Parrish declined with thanks, drew himself erect in a manful attempt to master his unsteadiness, and said, "I am drinking for a reason, John. I had very bad news today. I discovered that I can never be a bartender."

John mopped the bar and looked directly into Parrish's eyes, carefully away from the sleeve that flapped loose now at his side. "What do you want to be a bartender for, Mr. Parrish?" He gestured vaguely with the rag. "You got your potatoes."

"A bartender has all he can do with *two* hands."

"I'll say," John said.

"When I was very young and went to war, I prayed that I would be wounded and decorated and that it would all not take very long. My prayers were answered abundantly, and I have been quite miserable since."

John turned off the bar lights, politely ignoring Parrish's soliloquy.

"I sometimes think . . ." Here Parrish paused, using all his will to remain in control. "Think that the cruelest joke the gods can play on a man is to give him precisely what he thinks he wants, and more. It can be very destructive."

"If you say so, Mr. Parrish," John said in the darkness.

"I'm sorry. I seem to be keeping you." Parrish stepped back from the bar, restored the loose left sleeve to its pocket. "Fortunes of war, John."

"Way the ball bounces, Mr. Parrish."

"Good-night." Parrish pinched his tie tight at the collar, patted the left sleeve smooth, and made his way with sturdy dignity to the street.



W. E. B. DUBOIS

BY

RALPH MCGILL

W. E. B. DuBois was a spokesman for the Negro's rights at a time when few were listening; he was highly intelligent, but toward the close of his career, he became embittered, a Communist, and finally left the United States and took refuge in Ghana. There shortly before his death, Ralph McGill sought him out for this talk.

A LUNCHEON given in early 1963 by Conor Cruise O'Brien, vice-chancellor of the University of Ghana, beautiful on the gentle hills of Legon near Accra, made possible a subsequent talk with William Edward Burghardt DuBois. Until one met him he was myth grown out of some seventy-five years of the often turbulent and tragic history of the South's and the nation's trauma of race. I did not expect the first question, after greetings, to be concerned with the author of the *Uncle Remus* stories. But it was.

Did you know Joel Harris?

"No," I replied, "he died some years before I went to work on the *Atlanta Constitution*. After going there, I got to know three of his sons and a daughter. He wrote some of the *Uncle Remus* stories at the old double-rolltop desk I have in my office."

"I had a letter of introduction to him after I went to Atlanta," he said. "One day I decided to present it. Walking to his office, I passed by a grocery store that had on display out front the drying fingers of a recently lynched Negro."

He fell silent. No one else said anything. Outside the windows of his spacious house, provided by the government, in the old residential section of Ghana, there was a sound of children at play. A breath of air blew in past the flowering shrubs near the windows. We waited — his wife, his stepson, David, Mark Lewis, of the U.S. Information

Agency office in Accra, a wide-eyed, solemn-faced young Ghanaian girl who was nurse to the aged and ailing man, and I.

The frail body of the ninety-five-year-old man lay stretched on a sofa. He wore trousers, a soft white shirt, and socks and slippers. His mustache and goatee were carefully trimmed. He had been asleep when we arrived. We had waited perhaps half an hour for him to awaken and then be dressed. Neither illness nor a prostate operation in a London hospital some months before, where Ghana's president, Kwame Nkrumah, had insisted he go, had reduced the fire of his mind, though he said his memory was not as quick as before.

There was a lot of history in the slender, sick, and slowly dying man. At ninety-four he had become a citizen of Ghana, where he had resided since 1960. Three years before, he had requested membership in the Communist Party, because he had ceased to believe, he stated, that any other system would produce the sort of world he wanted. But in keeping with his controversial past, he denounced the U.S. Communist program to set up an all-Negro state somewhere in the South. The idea was repellent to him.

Always the fiercely independent, sensitive intellectual, he had been for more than fifty years a passionate fighter for full civil rights and equality of citizenship for the Negro. This placed him in opposition to Booker T. Washington well before the

turn of the century. He had helped found the NAACP but had broken with it in 1948 because of its "timidity" and his own growing obsession with Communist causes and ideology.

As I waited for him to speak and studied his face, revealing that his mind was going backward in time and memory, he seemed to me somehow alien to the old colonial house that some long-departed English civil servant had occupied in the Gold Coast days. On its walls were richly and beautifully wrought red hangings of Chinese silk and a few paintings. There were busts of Marx, Lenin, and Mao Tse-tung. Save for the sculptured head of Marx, there was no evidence of Russian art, though DuBois had made a number of journeys to Moscow. One sensed that perhaps the Chinese intellectuals, with their polished manners, had more attraction for the man who for most of his life had himself been somewhat formal in manner and had often worn a pince-nez, carried a cane, and kept carefully trimmed both goatee and mustache. The Chinese had honored him in Peking on his ninety-first birthday with a dinner at which Premier Chou En-lai had been present. Ghana's President Nkrumah, as a student in the United States, had become an apostle of DuBois's Pan-Africa policy. Ghana honored him as a citizen-scholar. Yet the feeling persisted that although the DuBois concept of the Negro's proper status in America was coming into being, the old fighter seemed lonely and unrequited by life.

AT LAST he spoke, his ivory-colored face changing from reflection to anger.

"I saw those fingers . . . I didn't go to see Joel Harris and present my letter. I never went!"

"I wish you had gone," I said. "Joel Chandler Harris was a good man, as were his closest associates."

"No," he replied, "it was no use. He and they had no question in their minds about the status of the Negro as a separated, lesser citizen. They perhaps were kind men, as you say. They unhesitatingly lived up to a paternalistic role, a sort of *noblesse oblige*. But that was all. The status slowly had become immutable insofar as the South's leaders of that time were concerned. Booker T. Washington had helped them rationalize it. I do not think that he meant to do so. But he did. In fact, he put a public stamp of acceptance on it there in your city when he spoke at the Atlanta Exposition."

"I've read that address many times," I said. "I also have talked with men who saw and heard him deliver it. They've told me of the tremendous drama of that day. They said that when he

came to his key paragraph, he began it by holding up both arms, the fingers of each hand spread wide, and said, 'In all things that are purely social we can be as separate as the fingers, yet as the hand' — and here Washington quickly clinched each hand — 'in all things essential to mutual progress.'"

DuBois nodded.

"I know," he said, "and in that same speech he implicitly abandoned all political and social rights." There was a long pause.

"I never thought Washington was a bad man," he said. "I believed him to be sincere, though wrong. He and I came from different backgrounds. I was born free. Washington was born slave. He felt the lash of an overseer across his back. I was born in Massachusetts, he on a slave plantation in the South. My great-grandfather fought with the Colonial Army in New England in the American Revolution." (This earned the grandfather his freedom.) "I had a happy childhood and acceptance in the community. Washington's childhood was hard. I had many more advantages: Fisk University, Harvard, graduate years in Europe. Washington had little formal schooling. I admired much about him. Washington," he said, a smile softening the severe, gaunt lines of his face, "died in 1915. A lot of people think I died at the same time."

"Could you pinpoint the beginning of the controversy and break between him and you?"

"The controversy," he said, "developed more between our followers than between us. It is my opinion that Washington died a sad and disillusioned man who felt he had been betrayed by white America. I don't know that, but I believe it. In the early years I did not dissent entirely from Washington's program. I was sure that out of his own background he saw the Negro's problem from its lowest economic level. He never really repudiated the higher ends of justice which were then denied."

"As Washington began to attain stature as leader of his new, small, and struggling school at Tuskegee," DuBois continued, "he gave total emphasis to economic progress through industrial and vocational education. He believed that if the Negro could be taught skills and find jobs, and if others could become small landowners, a yeoman class would develop that would, in time, be recognized as worthy of what already was their civil rights, and that they would then be fully accepted as citizens. So he appealed to moderation, and he publicly postponed attainment of political rights and accepted the system of segregation."

"I know Washington believed in what Frederick Douglass had crusaded for from emancipation until his death in 1895. But he made a compromise."

"We talked about it. I went with him to see some of the Eastern philanthropists who were helping him with his school. Washington would promise them happy and contented labor for their new enterprises. He reminded them there would be no strikers. I remember once I went with him to call on Andrew Carnegie — with whom he had a warm and financially rewarding relationship. On the way there Washington said to me:

"'Have you read Mr. Carnegie's book?'

"'No,' I replied, 'I haven't.'

"'You ought to,' he said; 'Mr. Carnegie likes it.'"

DuBois chuckled softly. "When we got to Mr. Carnegie's office," he said, "he left me to wait downstairs. I never knew whether Mr. Carnegie had expressed an opinion about me or whether Washington didn't trust me to be meek. It probably was the latter. I never read the book."

Washington came to national prominence by way of the Atlanta Exposition speech in 1895. It is possible that his decision toward acceptance of the political status quo was influenced by the frustrations and failures of Frederick Douglass. Douglass had been a crusading abolitionist, and he carried his fervor into the years from 1865 until his death, demanding full and equal citizenship. Washington had watched the party of Lincoln cast off the Negro in the historic compromise with Southern leaders that enabled Rutherford B. Hayes to be elected in 1876. The price of this steal of a national election was a removal of occupying federal troops and an end to the radical reconstruction that had been imposed after Lincoln's assassination. This deal had left the future of the newly freed, largely uneducated Negro to "states rights" decisions. By 1895 the several Southern states had about completed total disfranchisement of the Negro by way of constitutional amendments and legislative statutes. Washington's decision may have lacked a certain idealism, but it was born out of present reality. He may have died feeling a certain betrayal; he nonetheless had made a substantial contribution to preparing many thousands of Negroes for participation in the drive for long-denied rights that began after his death. It came to fruition in the late 1940s and culminated in the 1954 school decision and others that quickly grew out of it. There was a greatness about Washington.

"As I came to see it," said DuBois, "Washington bartered away much that was not his to barter. Certainly I did not believe that the skills of an artisan bricklayer, plasterer, or shoemaker, and the good farmer would cause the white South, grimly busy with disfranchisement and separation, to change the direction of things. I realized the need for what Washington was doing. Yet it seemed to me he was giving up essential ground

that would be hard to win back. I don't think Washington saw this until the last years of his life. He kept hoping. But before he died he must have known that he and his hopes had been rejected and that he had, without so intending, helped make stronger — and more fiercely defended — a separation and rejection that made a mockery of all he had hoped and dreamed. I felt grief for him when I learned of his death because I believe he died in sorrow and a sense of betrayal."

There was time for one more question. Booker T. Washington's influence was supreme in racial leadership for twenty years. He was frequently attacked by Negro intellectuals. But he had so successfully appealed to what was a national mood that developed in the years after the Hayes-Tilden election of 1876 that he easily put down all opposition. He had the support and friendship of powerful figures in the industrial and political life of the nation. He was a guest in their homes and in their private cars. And always he came away with money to help educate greatly disadvantaged young Negroes. Many historians believe that Washington's postponement of a decision on Negro rights was largely influential in the U.S. Supreme Court's separate-but-equal decision of 1896, a year after Washington's separated fingers were upraised in the Atlanta Exposition address. Certain it was that Washington's appeasement view, however temporary he anticipated it to be, came to be accepted, North and South, as the view of the Negro himself. Washington was confronted with that conclusion on those occasions when his speeches called attention to the fact that the Negro must, one day, be admitted to the ballot and to full citizenship. Southern editors and leaders invariably took him sharply to task, demanding to know what he meant and why he had changed his mind after the Atlanta speech.

There was no doubt in DuBois's mind. He was sure, he said, that without Washington's position there would have been no Plessy-Ferguson decision in 1896.

THERE was a sense of unreality in talking about all that was past with DuBois, who after 1915 had been one of the stormy, and sometimes storm-tossed, leaders in the struggle for civil rights. He was always a bit arrogant, or so those who worked most closely with him felt. Except for one summer early in his teaching career spent in the South's poorer plantation region, he had never been directly interested in the masses. W. E. B. DuBois was an intellectual and a scholar. He dreamed, his associates and biographers say, of creating a "talented tenth" that would supply the leadership necessary to winning rights and full equality for the Negro.

He was most comfortable with small groups of intellectuals and good conversationalists. In the 1930s he proclaimed in *The Crisis*, the NAACP magazine which he edited, that he wrote his personal column for sophisticated persons, not for "fools and illiterates."

He was best at polemics. Delay and contradiction drove him to frustration and frequent outbursts of invective and criticism that revealed the storm within him. He once admitted that he, opposing racial prejudice, was "one of the greatest sinners" in the intensity of his prejudice against white persons. He was honest enough to say that he expected prejudice and therefore may have even caused it by anticipating it. In *Darkwater*, published in 1920, he concluded a section of verse which condemned "The White World's Vermin and Filth," with the lines:

I hate them, Oh!
I hate them well,
I hate them, Christ!
As I hate hell!
If I were God
I'd sound their knell
This day.

Oswald Garrison Villard, who admired DuBois very much and who had worked with him in the NAACP, wrote in 1920 of the personal bitterness "that so often mars his work." In the same year, in a letter to a friend, he said, "I think I pity Dr. DuBois more than any man in America."

The Crisis was founded in 1910 with encouragement from Villard and others who disagreed with Booker T. Washington's policies. The magazine legally was the property of the NAACP, but in making DuBois editor and promising him independence of action, they asked him only to agree not to make *The Crisis* a personal organ and to avoid personal rancor. This pledge was not well kept. But DuBois made *The Crisis* a dynamic and forceful voice for the major objectives of the association. In 1910, the magazine condemned the proposal to establish segregated public schools in Chicago, Philadelphia, Columbus, Ohio, and Atlantic City. In 1913, DuBois joined with Villard and others in a written protest to President Wilson against segregated practices in government employment. In 1917, DuBois launched an attack on the white primary system, which was the chief barrier to Negro participation in the ballot. Some of the white social reformers of his time who gave him consistent support, although occasionally they became dismayed by his polemic excesses, were Jane Addams, John Dewey, William Dean Howells, John H. Holmes, Lincoln Steffens, Stephen S. Wise, William H. Ward, and Lillian D. Wald.

By 1916 the NAACP board and many of DuBois's most ardent supporters were becoming in-

creasingly embarrassed by his extremes of editorial expression. His race prejudice was more and more apparent. Typical of these editorial comments in *The Crisis* was one stating that "the most ordinary Negro is a distinct gentleman, but it takes extraordinary training and opportunity to make the average white man anything but a hog."

Slowly DuBois's bitterness narrowed his once piercing view. He broke with Walter White, executive secretary of the NAACP. Editors of Negro newspapers who dared criticize him were dismissed as "croaking toads." DuBois left *The Crisis* editorial chair in 1934 to go to Atlanta to teach, and the magazine ceased publication soon after. For a long time it had been mostly a personal organization for DuBois, and he was beyond question, as Walter White said, "one of the chief molders of modern thought regarding the Negro," but he had to rule. The Negro in America, despite harsh discriminations and segregation, was making great advances and producing new leaders for the changing times. DuBois could accept neither them nor the changing scene.

Ten years after his retirement from *The Crisis*, he was back with the NAACP, but his influence and position had lessened. Four years later he was dismissed with a pension. Paul Robeson, chairman of the left-wing Council on African Affairs, welcomed the old man as he left the NAACP. Dr. DuBois worked for various Communist front organizations, but it is likely he believed he was using them to further his own ends. The Russians interested him, but they were not Negro.

By 1952 he simply abandoned the struggle for Negro rights to give full time to world movements for world peace, for socialism, and later, to team with Kwame Nkrumah and others in promoting a Pan-Africa movement. It has never been possible to separate the man from the myth in considering W. E. B. DuBois.

Mark Lewis and I said good-bye. There was a feeling of having emerged from a place far back in time as we came out of the cool high-ceilinged house — where the talk had been of Atlanta, of the South, and of a man's more than seventy-five years of participation in the revolutionary background of changes in American educational, political, and social life — into the sun and beauty of Accra's best residential area of old walls, gardens, verandas, and flowers. Six months later in faraway Ghana W. E. B. DuBois died. It was August 28, 1963, the eve of the march on Washington, the largest demonstration for civil rights ever held. One could not help experiencing a feeling of destiny linking both events. The man who for many years had spoken with the loudest and most articulate voice was now silent while his objectives were being realized.

SLOW BOAT

on the GÖTA CANAL



BY PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

The literary editor of the ATLANTIC, Phoebe-Lou Adams, went for a boat ride on the commercial canal that cuts straight across southern Sweden, and this is what happened to her. Miss Adams has just received the George Hedman Memorial Award for the best travel writing on any subject relating to the international field.

THE Göta Canal is the slow, expensive, antique way to travel from Göteborg to Stockholm. It is so utterly impractical, in fact, that the authorities threaten, every fall, to put an end to passenger service on this line, a possibility which distresses tradition-loving Swedes. When I took a cabin on the *Juno*, I did not know that her survival is a matter of annual suspense.

We — boat, captain, crew, and sixty or so passengers — edged away from the dock and chuffed off up the Göta River with no ceremony. Sea gulls screamed at us, lumber boats hooted at us, and a small sailboat made disrespectful maneuvers alongside. The stout, stubby little *Juno* was obviously the least important vessel in Göteborg's busy harbor.

A few miles up the river, beyond long level reaches where grass swayed in the wind, and past the ruins of a tower built by the Norse in some ancient border squabble, our position changed. We came into a district where houses stood along the waterside, each with a garden running down to the river and a gazebo overlooking it. Spring cleaning seemed to be in progress in the first house. Winter coats swayed on the clothesline. One woman was hanging quilts out a casement window, another was shaking a mop on the back steps, and a man in overalls was doing minor carpentry on the veranda. They all stopped work

Drawing by the author.

to wave, flourishing quilts, mop, and a keyhole saw with obvious pleasure. The boat crew waved back, the astonished passengers waved back, the *Juno* whistled and sent up a plume of steam, and a yellow dog rushed out of the shrubbery, barking, to race us to the turn. He won. Any dog in reasonable health can do better than five knots.

Since Swedes have the reputation of being reserved, cautious, and undemonstrative, all this flaunting of mops and saws, while flattering, was a puzzle until the guide explained that we were making the first trip of the season. The appearance of the *Juno*, painted white as a snowball and bulging with passengers, assured the dwellers along the canal that summer was really coming and that the boats would survive for one more season. It's not often that a mixed bag of returned immigrants, dawdling exchange scholars, antipodean journalists, and plain tourists can pose as the first robin. As greetings continued from every house along the route, we became much set up in our own estimation and made heavy inroads on the *Juno's* beer.

The number of people accommodated aboard this chunky little boat was a continual amazement to me. More kept turning up, and I finally calculated that the *Juno* carried, in addition to the captain and his first and probably only officer, a couple of engineers, four or five youths to manage mooring lines and lock gates, two stewardesses

whose chief task seemed to be keeping the cabins provided with full bottles of drinking water, a trio of pert waitresses in the dining saloon, and at least one invisible magician in the galley. There was also the guide, a pretty girl who spoke three languages, in all of which she explained, regretfully, that she knew nothing whatever about the canal, being merely a substitute for the real guide, who was still busy at the university. Then there were, naturally, the passengers, in spite of whom the line has been a notorious money loser for years.

The stowage of this army was accomplished by the utmost economy of space. Everything on the *Juno* seemed slightly less than life-size, and to turn over in its berths was to risk falling out. Baggage was theoretically limited to 175 pounds per ticket, but I never saw a single piece weighed. Barricades of luggage consequently accumulated outside the cabin doors, and progress through the corridor was made Indian file, with much courteous dodging. Since nobody was in a hurry — the average age of the passengers hovered around sixty — these impediments were no matter.

THE first leg of the canal is simply the Göta River, suitably dredged, widened, and fitted with sufficient locks to raise ships up to Lake Vänern. The river is wide enough for the passage of small ocean-going vessels, and wanders northeast in a series of shallow blue curves through a shallow green valley. Although the Swedes began fiddling with a canal here in the early seventeenth century, this section of the route was the last to be opened to modern shipping and is now the only stretch capable of handling ships of any size. A clock tower, a black wooden box on tall timber legs, commemorates the finish of the job in 1916. This clock tower is board-and-batten construction, like many of the houses along the canal, and carries on its peaked roof a roughly cut dragon's head which glowers down the valley toward Göteborg.

Vänern is large, about the size of the Great Salt Lake. The *Juno* reached it late in the afternoon, and by ten o'clock the shore had disappeared, although the guide claimed it would have been visible on a clear day. We moved across limitless dull silver water under a dull sky mottled with opalescent blue and violet. A dim pink sunset streaked the West, and ahead of us the full moon hung, pale orange, thin and transparent as a disk of tissue paper. A scatter of low, bald islands lay to the north; they were no more than black streaks in the luminous water. A few sharp-winged birds circled over them, black as the islands. For the first time, Sweden looked Northern — an empty, stripped-down landscape under a thin, too-distant sky. It

would be easy enough, in the loneliness and the long ambiguous twilight, to see trolls in the rising swirls of mist.

I was awakened in the morning by metallic clankings and loud, musical Swedish bellows. The branch of a fir tree was sticking through the port-hole. As I watched, it slowly withdrew, moving out and down. Evidently the *Juno* was in a lock and rising. It was all of five o'clock.

Everybody else was dressed and out on deck, too, where we watched the crew, sunburned boys in their teens, working lock gates by hand. They wore heavy gloves and heaved slowly on enormous levers which moved circularly, like a windlass. This was the old section of the canal, overhung with thick fir trees and light, drooping birches. Sunlight through the trees splashed the water with green and gold as the *Juno* nosed among leaves and needles.

Breakfast, like luncheon and dinner on the previous day, involved a wondrous variety of foods — but fruit was not among them. Since Scandinavia is well supplied with prosperous fruit shops, the natives must eat the stuff, just as they must occasionally drink a little water. But both these substances are treated like secret vices; I never saw any local consume either in public.

On second thought, that is not true. I saw a large family party, celebrating something or other in a Göteborg hotel, openly eat strawberries and whipped cream. The berries were the final item, following one of those Swedish desserts that look, to the foreign eye, far too beautiful to eat — a castle of frozen and whipped cream with a moat of spun sugar and turrets of chocolate wafers, the whole eaten under a flood of chocolate sauce. A small boy in the party had three helpings and finished with two of strawberries. I thought this child, now visibly cream-logged, would be ill, but I underestimated Swedish youth. He staggered out triumphant.

The *Juno* rose through lock after lock, climbing up to Lake Viken. This section of the canal is narrow, winding, and almost scandalously picturesque. Woods overhang it, wild flowers bob along the towpath, and occasional fields rise green to distant farmhouses. In one of these glades, two animals were observed. The inevitable loud-mouthed know-it-all (they're the same from every country, but this one happened to be Swiss) identified them as fawns, but a splinter party insisted they were large hares. Unless Swedish fawns hop, they were.

The canal became difficult, and one of the crew was put ashore with a line to maneuver the *Juno* by hitching to a succession of worn stone bollards. It was slow work, and I had time to watch a small boy fishing in a pool alongside the canal, which at this point seemed to be intruding on somebody's

millpond. He caught nothing, having his attention on the *Juno* and her problems, but his luck had been good until we arrived. A plastic bag containing at least two dozen pale golden fish lay under a tree behind him.

Lake Viken produced a variety of channel markers — sticks, lights, buoys, and orange-colored poles with bunches of brush tied on top like misplaced juniper bushes. Sea gulls inhabit these tufts, and so do ducks and slim-necked spotted birds resembling small loons. The bird watcher aboard called them black-throated divers, and kindly loaned her glasses to anybody who wanted a close look at ducklings or divers or a nest containing spotted eggs of a strange greenish-liver color.

East of Viken, the canal drops, having made its way over a ridge 300 feet above sea level. The first lock down was exciting — we arrived on a balcony from which the *Juno* seemed to fall much faster than she had previously risen. Besides, we were holding up traffic on two drawbridges, one for vehicles (three farm trucks and a bicycle) and one for pedestrians (none).

VÄTTERN is another large lake, although no match for Vänern. The *Juno* entered it at a small summer resort with a harbor crammed full of pleasure boats, whose owners were busy with paint and varnish. Sometime after lunch, an irregular streak of green vapor on the eastern horizon announced Vadstena, the only town on the route where it is possible to go ashore and look around.

Seen first as a green mist with a splash of white at the left and a red hump in the center, Vadstena slowly solidified into a town. It is an old town, with a row of large green trees topping a stone-faced waterfront, and behind them, low buildings of gray stone. The bronze-tipped towers of a Renaissance castle bristle at one end of the waterfront, a pointed ecclesiastical spire rises at the other, and a stumpy red tower sits in the middle.

The *Juno* worked her way daintily up a slip already occupied by floating timber and a couple of midget freighters, and tied up opposite the turn into the castle moat. The moat was full of sleek, pretty little powerboats, and the tree-shaded park along the breakwater was well sprinkled with people picnicking, rambling, riding bicycles, or just basking in the sun. A boy and girl with a portable radio waved at us and hospitably turned up the volume.

Arrangements for coping with sightseers at Vadstena were dependent on the *Juno's* flustered little guide and several local entrepreneurs, one of them with a bus. Mistrusting the lot, I set out on foot across the park for what I took, because of the red tower, to be the center of town. It was, al-

though the tower was not at all what I had thought it to be, turning out a church rather than the town hall.

Vadstena is quite small; I suspect it can be walked end to end and side to side in half an hour, and nearly one fourth of the area involved is the waterfront park.

This park contained, along with all its trees, historical plaques, monastery ruins, flowers, and loungers, a life-size statue of a nude nymph. She stood on a small plinth surrounded by a bed of fading tulips in which two old coots with shovels were supposedly working. When I came up, they were hearing an oration from a third man, a fellow clothed in a black business suit and an air of authority. The diggers stood on opposite sides of the statue, each with his shovel thrust into the ground, one foot propped on the plinth and one elbow braced on the shovel handle. The tulips waved around their feet, and the nymph, blowsy and blank-eyed, simpered between them. When I laid my hand on the camera, the tableau dissolved into hardworking Swedish propriety.

There was no other hard work visible in Vadstena. The streets are lined with low stone buildings which, if not actually survivals from the original fifteenth-century town, have a proper look of medieval indolence. Lilacs blossomed around these structures, and the inhabitants idled along the narrow sidewalks with the look of people who had never hurried in their lives and never expected to. Some modern souvenir and camera shops have been discreetly inserted in the old buildings, and the proprietors of these proved to be far from idle. I went in to buy film and barely escaped the acquisition of a vast quantity of handsome handmade lace. (I think it was a tablecloth.)

Down a side street I found the grocery store, not self-service but otherwise American, even to familiar labels on the cans, and went mad in the fruit department. I reached St. Birgit's Church encumbered with apples, pears, grapes, and oranges. I thought I had done well to resist the bananas.

St. Birgit was a formidably pious lady, whose posthumous influence spread far beyond her native Sweden. She founded the monastery at Vadstena, and in the fifteenth century the town was a flourishing center of pilgrimages. The church was not finished in Birgit's lifetime, but it was completed with respect for her orders. She wanted a church "plainly made, humble and strong."

Zigzagging through the foundations of vanished cloisters where rambler roses frothed over the old stonework, I reached the back door of the church and found it locked. The main doors were open, however, and to my surprise, I had the place to myself. There was no custodian to collect the posted entrance fee, or sell the historical pamphlets,

or prevent vandalism to the saints and angels which stand among the austere Gothic pillars. Silent, simple, its high clear windows shimmering with the water-reflected light that gives all Vadstena the look of something not quite solid, St. Birgit's Church was infinitely pleasant. It proved to contain very little in the way of royal tombs and military memorials, and a considerable number of medieval carvings, statues faded to the umber and smoke colors of the old wood. Some were naïve and some sophisticated, and the great crucifix hanging from the rood arch had a grave authority that justified its guidebook name — the triumphal crucifix.

I walked back along the waterfront and reached the dock in time for a quick look at the outside of the castle, red-brown stone in an eclectic Renaissance goulash, one of those buildings where a muddle of anachronistic details has been miraculously united into a single coherent style. A fine castle, in short. The inside is supposedly seeable, but no custodian could be found and no unlocked door. Some kind of repairs were under way on the walls and outbuildings backing the graveled inner court. The guidebook I had picked up in town revealed that the correctness of this enterprise was already the subject of historical dispute, which may explain why work seemed to be in abeyance rather than in progress. A workman trundled an empty wheelbarrow across the bridge and through the great carved archway, set it down on the gravel waste, sighed, and went quietly away.

So did I, joining the line of passengers boarding the *Juno*, which was whistling for its wandering cargo. About half the party carried paper bags from the fruit shop, and the rest were licking juice from their fingers and faces. Everybody had been struck by the same enthusiasm, including, we discovered at dinner, the *Juno's* chef, who served up a Goblin Market of every fruit to be had in Vadstena.

Despite the visual charm of Vadstena and the concessions of the cook, most of the *Juno's* passengers were feeling abused. The town was not as innocently drowsy as it looked. My colleagues had been charged seventy-five cents apiece by the local guides for a glance at the castle, a look at the church, a spiel that told nothing of interest about either, and delivery into the hands of the lace shop. Moreover, the bus seats had been harder than rock. Complaint was particularly loud from the returned emigrants — Swedish-Americans from Minnesota and Wisconsin — who thought the affair a poor welcome home. The Australians took it philosophically. "We've been touched all over Europe," said one; "Why not here?" "Touched?" roared his friend happily. "Face it, man — we've been mauled. That's what travelers are for."

They won no converts. Discontent seethed on

the *Juno* throughout the evening, and there were only seven candidates for sightseeing at Berg.

THE Berg locks, which we reached a little before eleven, briskly lower the canal 132 feet into Lake Roxen. The descent is made through fifteen locks, none of exceptional length, and as the *Juno* arrived at the uppermost gate, the view down the hillside suggested an immense staircase of mirrors descending into some ominous, shadowy underworld.

The nightlong twilight of the Northern spring does curious things to perspective. All shadow turns indiscriminately black, but pale surfaces seem to reflect light by some intricate balance of color, texture, and angle. The yellow blossoms of a field of rape glow like neon, establishing their whereabouts immovably, but a girl in a yellow dress, standing on the near edge of the field, may fade and become a giantess looming dimly on the far side of it. At Berg, the sandy towpath obligingly descended with the canal while various white-painted posts and benches hung spookishly in midair.

Going through the Berg locks is tricky as well as spectacular; there is time to go ashore, walk half a mile to an old nunnery and its restored church, examine both, and catch up with the boat in the lowest lock. The *Juno's* captain emeritus, making the run for the last time, brought around a little woman with a flashlight as guide for anybody who wished to make the excursion to Vreta Kloster.

The *Juno* was already beginning to lower as we scuttled ashore, not on the regular gangway but via a single narrow plank with cleats on it. The flashlight shook in the guide's hand. The poor woman was plainly scared, not of the gangway but of her assignment. She explained apologetically, as we sloshed through long grass heavy with dew, that her English was inadequate to the business.

I gathered (it was necessary to ask her to repeat everything three times) that she had been blackmailed into the job with exhortations on the cultural glory of Sweden and the honor of the Göta Line. She was a gentle, timid lady, the local librarian or possibly a schoolteacher, and would have been far happier at home. Our guide, she said sadly, should have been a university student — "but they get tired." I could see why. We were trotting toward the church tower, visible as a pale streak above thick black trees, through a wet field in the middle of the night. The *Diana*, the return boat from Stockholm, was already under way and would come in at five the next morning, when the same guide would be expected to turn out and prattle of antiquities.

The nunnery proved to be little more than

foundations, rough stone nearly invisible in the thick grass. The guide's flashlight picked up part of a wall, a heap alleged to have been a stairway, and the trench which accommodated, in a wooden pipe from a nearby spring, the oldest known running water supply in Sweden. It was laid down in the eleventh century, certainly a respectable age for plumbing.

The church was intact but somewhat difficult to enter; our guide was uncertain where the key was hidden. A girl materialized out of the shadows and delivered the key, which had not been hidden at all, and we stood in the dark doorway while electrical switches snapped uneventfully. The guide, almost in tears, gave up and announced that we must make do with the flashlight. We prowled around the church, seeing things in long blurring vistas and sudden concentrations of detail. The stone paving clicked under our feet, and the echoes fell back, softly, from the high invisible arches above us.

There was much wall painting to be seen in this church; diaper patterns, flower medallions, and holy figures that had survived whitewashing by Reformation zealots and removal of the whitewash by modern restorers. Vaults and side chapels ran to the predictable royal relics and tombs of local lords, with one unexpected addition — a vault belonging to the Douglas family, descendants of an adventurer who sold a good Scottish sword on the Continent during the Thirty Years' War. Nat Gordon went home to hang in Edinburgh Castle, but Robert Douglas died a field marshal and a count of Sweden. Or, depending on which guidebook one chooses to trust, a plain decent colonel. Great black banners hang above his tomb, and the walls of the octagonal vault are covered with the arms of this Douglas and all his connections, violently carved in wood and bright with paint and gold leaf.

Since the restoration of Vreta Kloster Church is a matter of some pride, the guide was making a strong effort to tell us how it had been done. Her

English was shaky at best, and unforeseen questions threw her into inarticulate panic. I had foolishly tried to find out where a group of statues — crude but powerful figures in wood — had been concealed during the years of Protestant severity. "They were here all the time," said the guide, while a young Danish passenger whispered, "She's wrong. They had to be hidden somewhere. But it's no use asking. She doesn't understand me either."

It was the question of dates that finally brought us to catastrophe. The church was restored between 1914 and 1917, but it was built over several centuries — begun in the eleven hundreds, with changes and additions occurring into the eighteenth century, when the old tower had to be replaced. Our guide, weak on figures, became wildly entangled in her attempts to distinguish between modern restorations, ancient alterations, and additions of any period. Her troubles were complicated by a man with four cameras and a suspicious mind. Gimlet-eyed, he pursued the age of this vault and of that statue, getting increasingly unlikely answers from the guide. At last he pointed threateningly at the woman and demanded, "Is any part of this church more than one hundred years old?"

The guide gasped helplessly, shrugged, and then turned her flashlight straight up toward the roof, where unknown saints peered down from a stiff Gothic paradise. There could be no doubt of the age of those images, and Thomas was reduced to an acquiescent grunt.

But the guide was no longer acquiescent. She marched straight out of the church, leaving the whole ungrateful troop of us to blunder after her in the dark.

The *Juno* was sinking into the last lock, all lit up and looking like a chandelier at the bottom of a well. Our guide was paid off with apologies, and we jumped aboard (there was no nonsense about a gangway this time) without incident. I was sorry. I had truly hoped that the man with the cameras would fall into the lock, as fair reward for abusing a defenseless guide and plagiarizing Mark Twain.

AUTUMN COME

by Lynne Lawner

The ambulance in the museum garden —
Who saw it plunge into planes lit up for an instant?
Too late bronze closed our alarmed eyes:
Amid injured leaves we caught sight of
Firemen putting out the roses.

THE BRITCHES THIEF

BY JESSE HILL FORD

Jesse Hill Ford is a Tennessean in whom the ATLANTIC takes special pride. We published his first short stories, his first novel, MOUNTAINS OF GILEAD, and his first major work, THE LIBERATION OF LORD BYRON JONES, a novel of the South today which was the midsummer selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

I WAS resting in Sheriff's office in back of the store when Mr. Leon Hipp, our official police force in Pinoak, Tennessee, came in all excited. Before Sheriff, my little brother, could get his feet off the desk, Mr. Leon had commenced throwing things down on it.

"Socks!" Mr. Leon yelled, waving his little short arms. "Shirts, shoes, ties!" he shouted at the top of his lungs. When everything was thrown down on Sheriff's desk, Mr. Leon sagged into a chair like he was melted. A look of pure satisfaction edged into his tired face. His mouth dropped open. He looked like a feist dog satisfied that he's killed the last house cat in existence. "I've broke the case, Sheriff," he said after a minute, when he could catch his breath.

Sheriff leaned forward. He poked at the things on his desk. "It's some of the stolen merchandise, all right," Sheriff said in his deep, slow voice. Sheriff's real name is Bill Tom French, but since he was just a little chap he's acted and looked so much like a sheriff we all nicknamed him that — Sheriff.

Then one thing led to another. Dad gave him a pistol. Sheriff sent off and got himself a siren for his red Buick. Mama got him a whirling red cartop light from Sears one Christmas. For his fourteenth birthday I got him a silver badge from a pawnshop in Memphis. Things like that. When he was sixteen he started stopping out-of-state cars. If they turned out to be genteel people, he'd tip his big

Drawing from AN ARTIST IN AMERICA by Thomas Hart Benton.



white hat and talk to them a minute and then wave them on with a warning. But if they looked at him cross-eyed and acted rude, he'd conduct a search of their automobile and make them open their suitcases — to give them a proper sense of humility.

For a while Dad and I considered building him a jail next to the cotton gin, but several of our close friends on the highway patrol talked us out of it. They said a jail would be more trouble than it was worth. So we compromised by giving him office space in back of the store, where he could hold court and give orders to Mr. Hipp when he felt like it.

Sheriff picked up one of the stolen shoes Mr. Hipp had brought in. Mr. Hipp himself is clubfooted, and we have to order his shoes special-made to fit him. Other than clerking in the store and working around the gin during cotton season, what we mainly keep Mr. Hipp for is to direct traffic in front of our church, the Pinoak Methodist Church, every Sunday morning. We give him five dollars for that, which is the same sum we pay the organist. He has a blue uniform and a police hat that he wears on Sundays. Weekdays he wears the hat along with his regular khaki work clothes.

Sheriff looked at the shoe. It didn't appear to me to have been worn. "Any sign of the moleskin britches?" Sheriff asked.

"Naw," said Mr. Hipp, "not a sign of the britches. What you see here is just what was on Buddy's bed. I couldn't name you what all else was in the house. There was a new iron and a transistor radio. I don't know what all. I merely hopped across the porch and walked right in on his little wife. She says, 'Who?' Just that way: 'Who?' I says, 'Me, that's who!' and before she could collect her wits, I marched straight into where all this was laying on his bed, picked it up, and started out again."

Sheriff reached behind him for his big white hat and put it on without even standing up. It's the sort of efficiency the boy developed in the Army. Nothing Dad nor I nor Mama could do kept him from being drafted. Once he was gone, nothing we could do would make them put him in the military police, which was what Sheriff wanted. Instead, the Army discovered that he had taken typing in high school, so they made him a company clerk. That's what he came out as, a PFC company clerk. To look at him it's hard to believe he's thirty-six now. His face is so smooth and unworried I can't believe he's a grown man. When the hat covers his blond crew-cut hair, he looks even younger.

He stood up. "Well, come on," he said after a pause. "Let's go get him." Then he looked at me. "By the way," he said, "where is he?"

"He's supposed to be shoveling Kentucky lump," I said. "They're supposed to be sacking coal down by the rail siding."

Sheriff went through the office door first. Mr. Hipp went next, and I followed. I don't mind being last man through the door, but Sheriff is sensitive about it ever since he went out West and worked in a couple of cowboy movies. In both movies Sheriff was always last man through the door. Out there the last man is the lowest paid. The star always comes through the door first. Sheriff never quite got over the way they treated him in Hollywood. How he got in movies in the first place is another story going back to one of our cousins whose stepfather's brother died of a heart stroke when they were making *Beau Geste* out in Arizona.

Sheriff found Dad over back of the meat counter and told him.

"So it was Buddy Potter," Dad said.

"It was Buddy for a fact," said Mr. Hipp. "It was Buddy broke in and done the burglary."

"What about the moleskin britches?" Dad said. The britches were on everybody's mind because they had been a special order direct from the factory in New Jersey for Miss Jennie Dale Rosebuck's grandfather's birthday. Miss Jennie Dale had raised Hail Columbia with everybody in the store when the britches were stolen.

"Mr. Hipp didn't find the britches, Dad," I said, "but Buddy must know where they are."

"I always knew Buddy Potter was a thief," said Dad. "I could tell by the shape of his hands. Now you have proof."

"Oh, good lord, yes, scads and scads of proof," said Mr. Hipp.

"Well, hurry on and do whatever it is you intend to do about it," Dad said. "This load of hams has got to be weighed and tagged. There's two shipments of hardware waiting to be unpacked. The mail has yet to be sorted and put up this morning. There's a carload of lumber . . ."

Sheriff took out a big black fifty-cent cigar. He slipped away the cellophane wrapper and stuck the cigar in his mouth, calm as you please, while Dad told everything that had to be done about Pinoak — the store, the feed mill, the gin, the tomato cannery, the potato house, and the tractor agency — which is the main trouble about owning a town no matter what its size. Somebody has to run it, even down to catching thieves.

Sheriff got a kitchen match out of his pocket. He scratched it on a nail keg and lit his cigar. "Anything else?" he said, when Dad finally hushed.

"Just the britches," Dad said. "For heaven sakes get those damned britches back if it's anyway possible to do it."

"We'll do our best," Sheriff said. Then he turned around. "Let's go get him," he said.

WE WENT out and got in Sheriff's car. Mr. Hipp sat between me and Sheriff. The hands had been shoveling coal all the morning, and sure enough, there working in their midst was Buddy. One thing you could not fault him for, and that was working. Even if he was a thief and a small fellow, Buddy was strong and didn't mind work.

Some few of them looked up when we got out of the car, especially the Negroes. They always figure that no matter what they're doing at the moment, there is bound to be something easier elsewhere. The Negroes looked up ready to volunteer for whatever it was we wanted, but not Buddy. He had his poor white man's pride to keep him shoveling on with hardly a pause. Sheriff walked straight over to him without a word and jerked away the coal scoop and threw it down. At the same time he grabbed Buddy's arm and brought him to the car.

"What's wrong?" Buddy said.

Sheriff opened the back door. He pushed Buddy into the back seat. We got in the front seat. Mr. Hipp was trembling with excitement. I smelled sweat and coal dust.

"You better tell me what's wrong," Buddy said.

Sheriff slipped the Buick into gear and drove back to the store all in a swoop. Before Buddy could

say another word, Sheriff had jerked open the back door and was dragging our prisoner into the store. It was all Mr. Hipp could do to keep up.

When we had Buddy safe in Sheriff's office, Mr. Hipp and I set our chairs back out of the way against the wall just in case Sheriff and Buddy were to get into it with one another. Sheriff took his stand by the door in case Buddy took a notion to run. Standing where he was, Sheriff could kick Buddy down and sit on him should he make for the door.

"All right, what about that stuff on my desk, Buddy Potter?" Sheriff said.

"I don't know what you mean," Buddy said.

"That stuff on my desk. What you stole when you broke in the store the other night," said Sheriff.

"Last Friday evening," said Mr. Hipp, so excited now he could hardly talk. His mouth was open again. His bright little eyes moved back and forth as he looked from Buddy to Sheriff and back again.

"I didn't do it. I didn't steal nothing," Buddy said.

"Those very things were on your bed. That's where Mr. Hipp found them, Buddy!" Sheriff said.

"Stay out of my house!" Buddy said.

"Own up, Buddy," said Mr. Hipp softly.

"You went in my house," Buddy said. "You never had no right to break in my house!"

"Confess," Sheriff said. "We know what you took, Buddy Potter!"

Buddy looked like he might make a run for it after all. Sheriff looked like he half hoped Buddy would. Then it dawned on Mr. Leon what Buddy was wearing. He saw what Sheriff and I hadn't noticed before.

"The britches!" Mr. Leon Hipp said. "Buddy's wearing the moleskin britches!"

Buddy's hands had been in his pockets. Now they came out clenched into fists. The moleskin britches, light gray when they were new, were stained almost black with coal dust. Buddy had tied them at the waist with a piece of rope for a belt. He looked down at the britches. He wiped his fists on them and stood staring at the floor.

"I'll tell you what, Buddy," Sheriff said. "You better be glad this is Tennessee instead of Mississippi. If this was Mississippi, Brother and me and Dad and Mr. Hipp would each take us a tomato stick, and we'd beat you till our arms were tired. Then we'd let you go — if this was Mississippi — wouldn't we?"

"That's the truth, Buddy," I said. "Sheriff's not lying."

"Tomato sticks," said Mr. Hipp, more excited than ever.

Buddy swayed on his feet.

"Tomato sticks," Sheriff said.

"Own up!" said Mr. Hipp in his quivering old man's voice.

"I done it," Buddy said.

We sighed with relief. Now he wouldn't run. Sheriff wouldn't have to fight him. Buddy was whipped.

"So," Sheriff was saying. "You admit you did it?"

"Yes," Buddy said.

"Yes, *sir* would sound a lot better when you're speaking to the law, Buddy," Mr. Hipp said. "And seeing how you've plumb tore up and ruint them special britches."

"Yes, sir," Buddy said. "That's what I meant to say."

Sheriff seemed to get an inspiration. He struck a match and lit the cigar again. He looked through the smoke at Buddy. "How long you been married, Buddy?" Sheriff said.

"Not very long. What will you do to me?"

"He hasn't been married two months," said Mr. Hipp, catching on right away. "Not two months!"

"What will you do with me?" Buddy said.

"Take you to Sligo. Put you in jail over there," Sheriff said. He grinned.

"We won't hardly get you out of town good before she'll be a-you-knowing," said Mr. Hipp. "Tonight you'll be in jail, Buddy, and your little woman will be a-you-knowing with Tom, Dick, and Harry's grandmaw!" said Mr. Hipp. He waved his arms.

Tears cut through the coal dust on Buddy's lean cheeks. "You can't have the heart to do me this way," Buddy said. "You just can't . . ."

"That's true, Mr. Leon," Sheriff said slowly. "I sure hate it. Buddy won't any more than be locked up good until that little gal of his will commence to you-know and hooraw around on him. There he'll be, locked up over in Sligo, and nothing can he do but think about what she's bound to be doing in his absence — day and night!"

Mr. Hipp looked at me and winked, tilting his head toward Buddy. The little prisoner had gone down slowly to his knees. "You just can't — can't do me that way," he said. He was crying.

"No, sir. We won't get him out of town good . . ." Sheriff began.

"That's enough," I said. "Even if he did steal the britches."

"Then let's get going!" said Mr. Hipp.

He and Sheriff put their hands on Buddy and hustled him out to the car. I went to the meat counter and started weighing hams.



ewark: Negroes move toward power

by **JOHN O'SHEA** *"I'll be the city's first black mayor, and I'll take office by 1970," said City Councilman Irvine Turner, one of the many Negroes rising in political power as Newark gropes to solve civil rights problems in ways that avoid the destruction of Watts in Los Angeles or the smoldering tension of Chicago's South Side. John O'Shea, a news reporter for Newark's station WJRZ, tells here about a city in racial transition.*

NEWARK is often called the smallest major city in the United States. Its corporate boundaries within New Jersey enclose only twenty-four square miles, five of which are leased by the Port of New York Authority for Newark Airport and Port Newark. Three square miles are an as yet undeveloped swamp known as the Meadowlands. Within the remaining sixteen square miles are jammed the factories, services, and housing of Newark, and nearly half a million people, 25,000 per square mile, one of the highest densities in the nation.

Yet physically, Newark is an airy, spacious city, with an impressive number of broad streets and avenues, many restful and inviting parks, a first-rate museum, and several residential neighborhoods where the houses and the apartment buildings are showplaces, unrivaled in good taste and costliness by any similar construction in the country. Business and commercial activities are compactly centered in a core city area of about a mile and a half square which is distinguished by shining modern office buildings, handsome banks and hotels, and fashionable department stores and restaurants. Dominating the business sector is the severe utilitar-

ian skyscraper of the Prudential Insurance Company, the city's largest employer. It is this Newark, this prospering industrial, commercial, and transportation center, that is best known to Americans.

But there is another Newark: a vast sprawl of Negro slums and poverty, a festering center of disease, vice, perversion, injustice, and crime. And this other Newark begins virtually at the boundaries of the brisk, modernistic business district, surrounding and encroaching on it, making of the district a kind of island of white middle-class self-sufficiency in a threatening sea of black misery. In an inexorable process the black tide is eroding the fringes of the city's few remaining predominantly white residential neighborhoods.

These two Newarks share the same corporate city area, but they are strangers to each other, and it often appears that the white business and residential communities prefer things that way. Only a tiny and exceptional minority of Negroes have ever crossed the line into the white business community. The Negro Newark contains within myriad stinking, crumbling slum tenements one of the largest Negro populations of any major city north of the

Mason-Dixon line. In 1960 the U.S. Census Bureau estimated that of Newark's 405,220 residents, between 145,000 and 150,000, or just under 40 percent, were Negroes. In the last four years the city's Negro population has increased beyond all anticipation, and current working estimates by police officials, welfare workers, churchmen, school officials, and civil rights leaders place the total of Negro residents at more than 202,000 and possibly as high as 205,000, or close to 55 percent. More than 90 percent of these Negro Newarkers are immigrants from the rural South. The majority are semiliterate, unskilled, and lacking in the basic job training and work habits necessary to survive in the fiercely competitive industrial urban North.

As a direct consequence of this Negro immigration, Newark is now struggling with recurring and seemingly insoluble crises in housing, in employment, in crime, and in public welfare expenditures. And because Negroes will be the numerically dominant ethnic group in about ten years, barring the unlikely prospect of an abrupt reversal of current trends, Negroes contain in their isolated, poverty-stricken masses the potential for a political revolution that could profoundly affect city, state, and national politics. Newark, the state's wealthiest and most influential city, is now in transition from white to Negro political control. It will be the first city in the nation to fall under Negro domination, and it will become the stage on which the drama of Negro urban self-government is played.

Newark's rapidly expanding Negro population is listening to fierce and convincing new voices whose messages would have sounded incredible a decade ago not only to whites but to Negroes themselves. These appeals urge racial pride, denounce economic injustice and discrimination, and emphasize that the Negro must use politics, the traditional path taken by the other American minorities, to gain representation and to share in the good things in American life.

Negro interests are mostly championed by established civil rights groups such as the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the Congress of Racial Equality, the Americans for Democratic Action, and the Negro-American Labor Council. Several hundred Negro ministers in several hundred shabby churches, some of them mere abandoned stores, now emphasize religious orthodoxy less than social philosophy and civil rights. The exhortations are often couched in the shrill and superstitious language of Negro mysticism, but the sermons are not falling on deaf ears.

The Congress of Racial Equality and the Americans for Democratic Action point out that of twenty-five major cities canvassed in an interim report of the U.S. Census Bureau in April, 1962, only Baltimore, Philadelphia, Detroit, and Washington vie

with Newark in volume of voting-age Negro population. The Census report showed that Negroes accounted for about 17 percent of the voting-age population in the reported cities. These civil rights groups and reliable sources in city and county government and in Democratic organizations estimate that Negroes have provided at least 30 percent of the total vote cast in Newark in recent years. Civil rights leaders firmly believe they delivered the state to President Kennedy in 1960, when Kennedy achieved a 22,000-vote plurality. Although this seems unlikely, most officials do concede that if all Negroes in Newark registered and voted, they would overnight equal the now dominant Italian-American ethnic voting bloc.

THE election in 1962 of Newark's present mayor, Hugh J. Addonizio, a Democrat, was proof of the strength of applied Negro political power. Addonizio was swept into office on a wave of ethnic and racial enthusiasm. He triumphed resoundingly over Leo Carlin, the ex-Teamsters' Union official who had the solid support of the business community. But since taking office, Addonizio has been crushed between two opposing and implacable forces: Negro insistence that conditions be improved, and the demands of tax-paying white property owners that taxes be held down or reduced. The conflict has all but paralyzed initiative and achievement in Addonizio's administration. Spending, however, especially for public welfare and capital improvements, has gone on, and Addonizio's reign has been marked by the largest budget and the highest tax rate in Newark's history.

During Addonizio's seven terms as a congressman his civil rights voting record had been flawless. He had helped put through Congress federal housing laws which underwrote the one-hundred-million-dollar expenditure for public housing projects in Newark. His mayoralty campaign oratory rang with the benevolent social theology of the liberal Democrat. And he entered city hall as the favorite son of the prospering Italian-American community.

It is the irony of Addonizio's political fate that despite his liberal record and his campaign promises of social justice, he became the first Newark mayor to have to use massive police power and psychological repression against civil rights demonstrators. This occurred in the summer of 1963 when Newark was wracked by civil disobedience and picket-line violence. The year-old Addonizio administration was shaken by a determined job integration drive spearheaded by the Newark-Essex chapter of the Congress of Racial Equality. Now, after more than three years in office, Addonizio has been unable to generate enthusiasm among either Negroes or whites

for any unified, cooperative, and purely local program of action against the city's racial problems.

Addonizio's most inspired and daring act of political initiative was his declaration during the summer of 1964 of an all-out war on poverty and ignorance. The Addonizio antipoverty war plans were announced following a hastily convened meeting with Negro leaders on July 27, 1964, when city officials feared that a street rally in memory of a Negro boy shot by a white policeman in New York's Harlem would turn into a race riot. The Addonizio administration exerted all the power and influence it had with the Negro community, and instead of a racial outbreak such as those that devastated Harlem, Brooklyn, Jersey City, Elizabeth, and Paterson, the rally was turned into a rather apathetic voter-registration meeting. A violent thunderstorm with a deluging rain helped reduce any potential riot fever. Only one hundred and fifty Negroes attended the meeting, but the twenty-four hours preceding it were summed up tersely by Dominick Spina, Newark's ruthlessly honest, hard-bitten police director: "The fear in this city is like nothing I've ever seen before. My office has had five hundred phone calls from merchants and residents fearing violence and destruction."

Within hours after the meeting, Newark became one of the first cities in the nation to apply for funds under the federal antipoverty program. Newark is now a pilot project city in the nation's pioneering war on want and deprivation. To date, more than \$8 million has been allocated to Newark under the Economic Opportunity program. But already the program has been marred by suspicion and bitterness in a fight for control between local interests and "non-Newarkers" who fill controlling positions.

It is estimated that between \$55 million and \$60 million worth of construction projects are now under way in Newark. Several hundred millions of dollars more will be spent in private, in federally financed, and in government construction within the next decade. Yet few of the city's jobless Negroes have benefited—or are expected to benefit—directly from the thousands of high-paying construction jobs produced by this heavy spending for city renovation. This is because of rigid construction-union control of apprenticeship programs and of journeyman performance standards, as well as the paucity of construction skills within the Negro community. Civil rights leaders now write off the job integration drive of 1963 as a dismal failure in terms of actual jobs acquired. They believe the drive did achieve a moral victory, enhancing Negro pride in being Negro without encouraging arrogance or supremacist tendencies.

In the summer of 1964, much of the dynamism and activism generated by the job integration drive of 1963 was reawakened and diverted to what

Negroes in Newark—and the Northeast—viewed as their prime moral and political objective: the defeat of Republican presidential candidate Barry Goldwater. The only serious job integration effort this year, a drive to integrate construction unions at the Rutgers Law School expansion project, quickly went from picket-line demonstrations to negotiation, eventually coming to rest before the State Civil Rights Division.

THE voter registration drive of 1964, the activity in the current gubernatorial election campaign, and other manifestations of Negro voting strength come as revivifying but not completely welcome relief to the Newark and Essex Democratic organizations. This is because the Negroes can speedily become an internal balance-of-power voting bloc and can be competitors for eventual control of the party. Though prosperous Negroes tend to follow their white contemporaries in flight to the suburbs, very few ever become Republicans. Most have nominal voting status as Democrats, but only a select few are admitted to the highest party councils.

And Negroes who do move closer to the power centers of the Democratic Party in Newark and Essex counties find themselves in an often quarrelsome, tension-ridden house. Long-smoldering and badly concealed animosity characterize the relationship between Mayor Addonizio and Essex County Democratic chief Dennis Carey, a strong-willed, ironfisted, old-school politician who cherishes a bitter hostility toward Addonizio for the mayor's attempts to take over the county organization. The Addonizio-Carey feud is essentially a conflict of Italian-American versus Irish-American political ambition and power. Sources close to the mayor say he is ambitious to become governor and that he must control his county to win the nomination. The Irish-Americans are on the decline in the city, while Italian-Americans are on the ascendancy. A sure index of Italian-American power occurs every Columbus Day when the parade for the Italian hero is nearly twice as large and flamboyant as the St. Patrick's Day parade ever was.

But both Addonizio and Carey are alert to the danger of seduction of once dependably Democratic Italian-American voters by the Republican Party. There has been an unmistakable trend toward such defection, both because the Republicans are tempting Italian-Americans with the "right" candidates and because of some resistance to what Italian-Americans see as overidentification of the Democratic Party with Negro social progress and civil rights. The property-owning, tax-paying Italian-American is the backbone of the Democratic Party in Newark and in much of Essex County. Thus

We thought we knew it all. Then we discovered Machu Picchu.



We had combed palaces of Persian kings. We had walked through tombs and temples and spired castles. We were ready for something new in lost kingdoms.

Then, one night last January, a couple of archeologists spun us a tale of a mountaintop city built by the Incas 500 years before the Conquistadores.

The place is Machu Picchu and it wasn't long before we were flying down to South America to find it.

A Panagra Jet took us to Lima, and from there we flew to Cuzco, where we embarked on a three-hour zigzag by bus-train along the rushing Urubamba River and 2000 feet up through the clouds to Machu Picchu.

A majestic city walled in by kings, Machu Picchu bears no sign of strife. With a little imagination, you can stand at the perimeter of the city and conjure up images of sharp-eyed Inca warriors peering down at the Conquistadores scurrying below for gold, never dreaming the prize of Machu Picchu lay high above them.

Machu Picchu was never captured, never plundered, yet some time between the days of the Conquistadores and our own, everyone in the city disappeared. Where they went and why is a mystery that haunts you all through the ruins.

For us, this is the most spectacular sight in all

the Western Hemisphere. And, if there are any challengers to that statement, they're in South America, too.

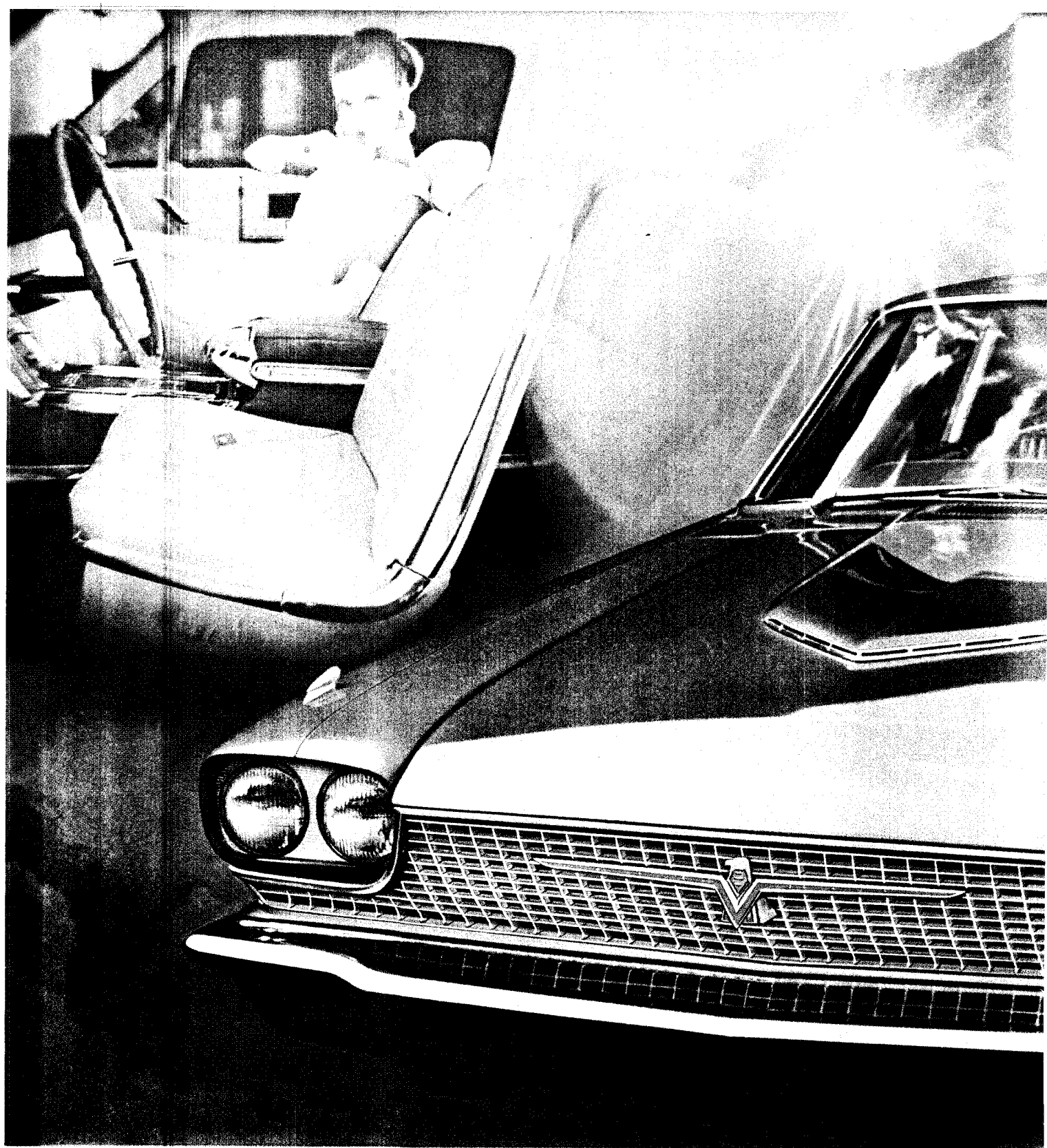
Lake Titicaca (between Bolivia and Peru) is the highest navigable lake in the world. Argentina's Iguassú Falls dwarfs Niagara. For sheer size and beauty, there's the Amazon. And, for luxury, there's Punta del Este, Viña del Mar and scores of other resorts.

So it goes (and we went with it) down one coast from Lima to Santiago, then over to Buenos Aires—all with Panagra. Then up the other coast through Montevideo, Asunción, São Paulo, Rio, Brasília and Caracas—all with Pan Am. Wish we could do it all again.

A word from the airlines we flew: Nobody knows South America like Panagra - Pan Am. This is the only airline system that can fly you completely 'round the continent. Fast Jets, frequent flights, a wealth of experience, plus the utmost in passenger comfort. You can see both coasts for the price of one on a round-trip ticket to Buenos Aires. See the West Coast with Panagra, the East Coast with Pan Am. Go one way, return the other. The new 30-day Jet economy excursion fare 'round the continent comes out the same: \$550 from New York, \$520 from Miami, \$674 from Los Angeles.

PANAGRA • PAN AM

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1966 Thunderbird: America's Personal Luxury Car

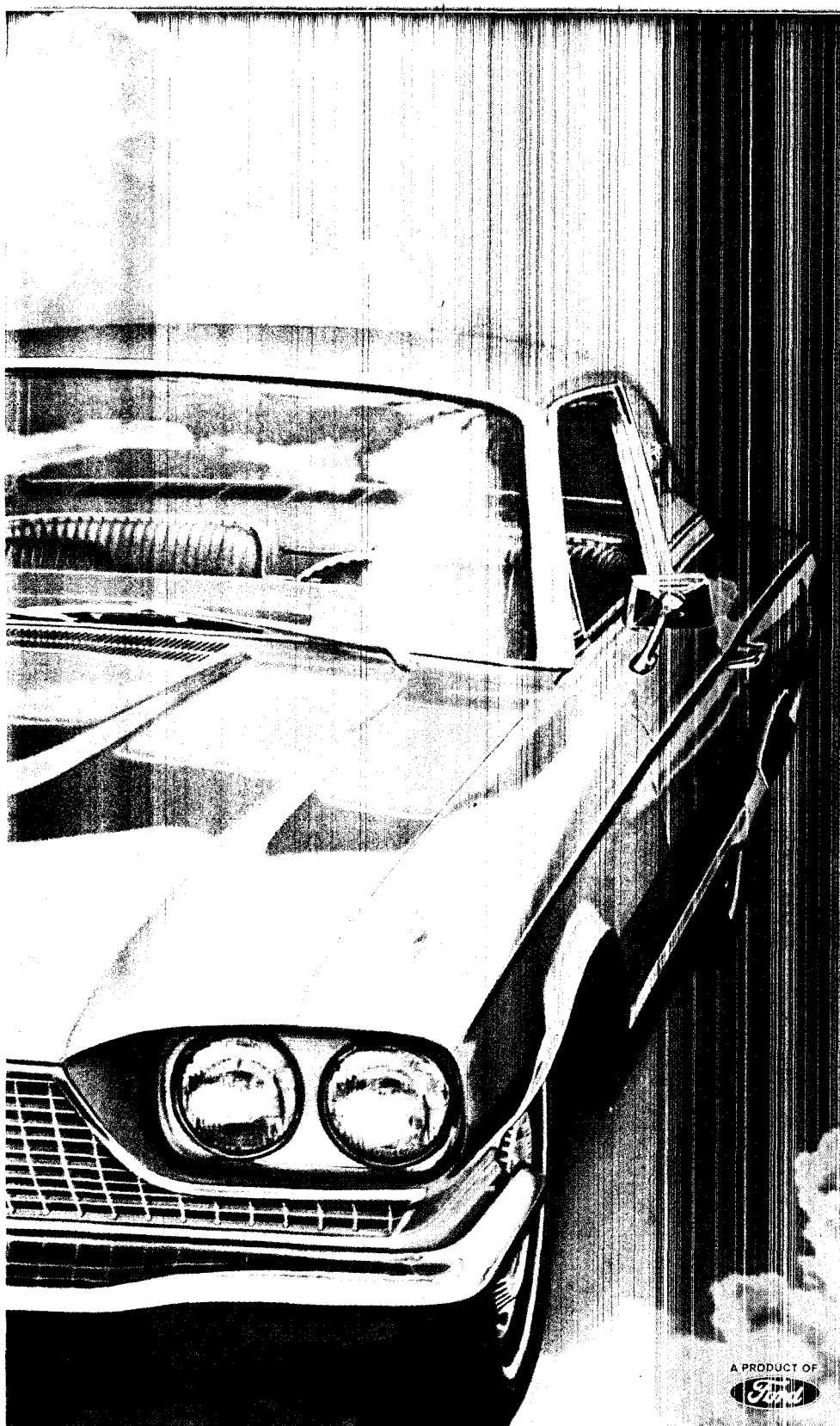
Among the world's great luxury cars, only Thunderbird is so fully dedicated to the idea of personal luxury.

For example, among many innovations for 1966, there is a new, more formal Town series with its own distinctive roofline. The classic Thunderbird look, in convertible and hardtop models, is still available.

This year, too, Thunderbird leads

the way with unique features like a Safety Convenience Panel mounted overhead in the new Town models. This panel warns the driver if a door is ajar or fuel is low, and reminds him to fasten his seatbelt. A similar unit is dash-mounted, on other models.

A new, more powerful Thunderbird V-8 engine is now standard. Or, if you wish, a remarkable new 428-cu-



A PRODUCT OF

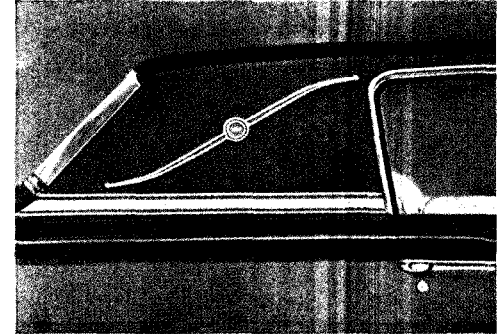

1966 Thunderbird Town Hardtop

bic-inch V-8 is offered as optional equipment. Another distinctive Thunderbird option this year is an AM Radio/Stereo Tape system. You can enjoy over 70 minutes of music with easy-to-load tape cartridges.

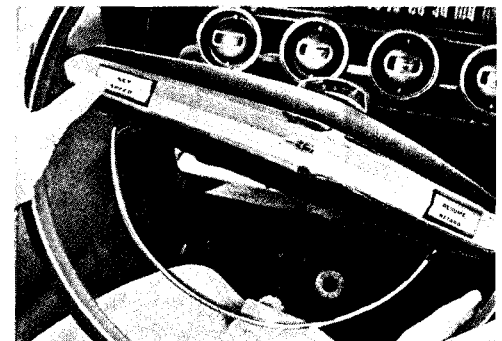
Discover the smooth, silent world of Thunderbird. Let your Ford Dealer show you why Thunderbird continues to be America's *Personal* Luxury Car.



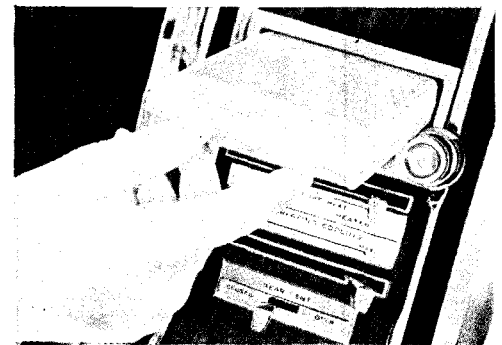
This panel in Town models tells when doors are ajar, seatbelts unfastened, fuel low, emergency flasher is operating.



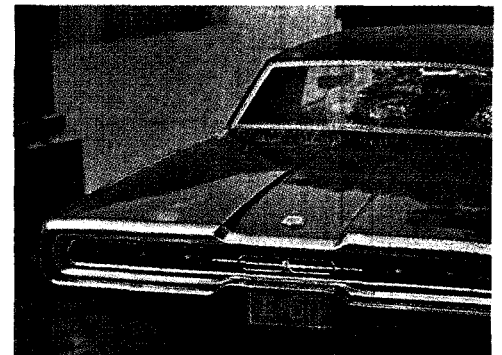
Smart new roofline for Town Landau and Town Hardtop is the newest of Thunderbird's 1966 styling innovations.



Highway Pilot Control switches are on the steering wheel to set, maintain and resume highway speed automatically.



Integrated AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape System is cartridge-loaded, snaps in, snaps out, needs no threading.



Thunderbird's unique Sequential Turn Signals in full-width taillights signal each turn with a ripple of light.



The whole world loves it after dinner.

Intriguing on the rocks...



...essential in a Side Car.



Cointreau, the world's most renowned liqueur...for generations the crowning touch to a perfect dinner ...the key to classic cocktails...always inviting over ice. Magically enhances the flavor of gourmet dishes, too!

Democratic leaders like Carey and Addonizio are faced with a political and moral dilemma of the first magnitude.

While Carey and Addonizio find common ground on few matters, they are united in hostility to George Richardson of Newark, a maverick Democrat who was New Jersey's lone Negro assemblyman from 1962 to 1963. The thirty-seven-year-old Richardson was denied renomination, bucked the machine, and ran independently under the banner of the New Frontier Democrats. Richardson was defeated, but he did register some 10,000 protest votes, and by splitting Negro Democrats away from the party, he contributed to the election disaster that befell Essex County Democrats in 1963.

In July, 1964, Richardson withdrew as an independent candidate for the U.S. Senate and pledged his New Frontier Democrats to the defeat of Barry Goldwater and the election of President Johnson. In announcing his temporary truce with the regular Democrats, Richardson said that President Johnson had given his assurance that Negroes would receive more recognition in state and national politics. Addonizio and Carey cold-shouldered Richardson's peace overtures, apparently believing that he had nowhere else to go anyway.

Richardson returned to politics last summer, again as a candidate for state senator, heading the ticket of the United Committee for Greater Negro Representation in this month's election. A second state senate post is also sought by a Negro — thirty-five-year-old Kenrick Stephenson of Montclair, an electronics engineer. Richardson is still Newark's most unpredictable Negro politician, though he has a rival in William Clark, who entered the gubernatorial primaries last June as an independent Democrat and got some 20,000 votes. Clark achieved notoriety a few years ago by sending his teen-aged daughter to the Soviet Union to get her high school education.

ACTUALLY, most of Newark's influential Negroes rose to prominence not through the professions, business, or the ministry but through politics, public service, and lately the civil rights movement. But the Negro leadership that has emerged breaks into two extremes: soft and pliable, the "ins," or radical and inexperienced, the "outs." The career of Irvine Turner, Newark's only Negro city councilman, seems to combine the elements of reasonableness and hard-line radicalism and probably best demonstrates his people's progress toward status and political control. Turner is the most powerful Negro in the slum-infested central ward. At forty-nine he is a fanatical Democrat and a devout Orthodox Jew whose parents were converts to

Judaism. He is prominent in the NAACP and an "organization Negro," which is to say that his words and his actions hew close to the prevailing Democratic Party line.

Turner, who controls about 17,000 votes, practices a personal, bread-and-butter kind of politics in the classic tradition of the American ward boss of the nineteenth century. He boasts that he feeds more Negroes every week than the Newark welfare department. This is an exaggeration by a politician whose oratory is often a mixture of malapropisms wrenched from both Old and New Testaments and the worst platitudes of the small-town booster and civic-uplift promoter. But he does feed many poor people. Each morning the lines of supplicants queue outside his High Street home, and few are turned away without something, even if only a promise. Turner also controls dozens of patronage jobs paying thousands of dollars annually.

Turner is a curious and contradictory mixture of ruthlessly practical politician and social visionary. Commenting on President Johnson's landslide election victory and the crushing defeat suffered by Republicans in New Jersey, an exultant Turner confessed himself "overwhelmingly satisfied" with the Negro voter turnout in Newark and in suburban Essex County. "But this is just the beginning," he said. "You're going to see a hell of a lot of Negroes around here. They'll overrun city hall. Already in this election we had a thirty percent better Negro voter turnout than in 1960. And mark my words, no white man will be elected in this town without my support. Whoever we Negroes say, will be mayor."

But in the same breath he complained about the black nationalist orientation of the civil rights movement. "Since the civil rights bill was passed, everything now is black, black, black. . . . They've gone completely mad. Don't they know that a man's ability comes first, his race next?"

Turner's facial expression varies between drowsy gravity and resigned suffering. He often slouches, but he never relaxes. Every topic he touches is transformed by his fevered imagination, his hopes, and his fears. He is the author and promoter of several improbable schemes for rescuing Newark's taxpayers from an annually rising tax burden. One such idea is to borrow \$250 million in federal money to underwrite a tax moratorium. Another is for a 70 percent reduction in Newark's tax rate from its present \$66 per thousand to \$20 per thousand. Still another plan is to take Newark Airport away from the Port Authority, close the airport, and offer its huge acreage to industry to create more jobs.

In the summer of 1964, during the racial flare-ups in Paterson, Elizabeth, and Jersey City, Turner distributed a throwaway in Newark's Negro sec-

tions exhorting all Negroes to be peaceable and law-abiding. The leaflet was interesting in two respects: it contained one of Turner's first open references to President Johnson as "The Great White Father," and it indicated that Turner tends to see himself as a sacrificial, Christ-like figure. In his message inside, he swore his dedication to the welfare of all Negroes in Newark. Then he added: "When you suffer, I suffer. When you bleed, I bleed. When you hurt, I hurt. When you have nowhere to rest your weary head you can turn to me, for I am always there." He exhorted them to refrain from rioting for his sake and for the sake of "The Great White Father." Turner believes Johnson to be "the finest man who ever promulgated residence in the White House."

At the time of rising racial tension, Turner told a New York City newspaper columnist: "Regardless of how the storm may rise or the wind blow or how this ship may rock, I have confidence in every Negro in Newark. I am responsible for this ward and anyone who starts a riot will have to answer to me."

Nothing disturbs Turner's composure as much as the subject of slum lords and slum rents. These evils animate his face as no other topic can. The black eyes flash with animosity and energy, the drawling voice drops to a hiss of anger and frustration as he says: "I will have a rent strike. Last winter I wanted all Negro people who were the victims of slum lords to bring rats to city hall. You ever see a central ward rat? They're the biggest, juiciest, most vicious stinkers you ever saw. My rent strike fell through. Too many people would have been hurt. But we're going to have rent control here soon or I'll know why. The rats are still around. They are harder to scare than the slum lords. But we're going to have action here soon."

Turner insists that a \$151 million annual numbers racket operates in Newark, and he favors a legalized lottery and off-track betting to finance better education. "We could get forty percent of our revenue this way," he said. "If it's legal to gamble in churches — bingo and the like — why isn't it legal to tax syndicated bookies?"

IN VIVID contrast to the voluble, dynamic, and extravagant pronouncements of Irvine Turner is the precise, analytical, matter-of-fact outlook of the Reverend Horace Sharper, pastor of the Abyssinian Baptist Church in Newark. Sharper is a militant Negro leader who plays a dual role as spiritual adviser and moral gadfly to white and Negro communities alike. His advice and reproofs are often couched in a fine irony that falls just short of cynicism.

"In this city the Irish, the Jews, and the Italians are not sympathetic toward the Negro. There is little love and respect here. In politics they buy the Negro, and he does their dirty work with his own people."

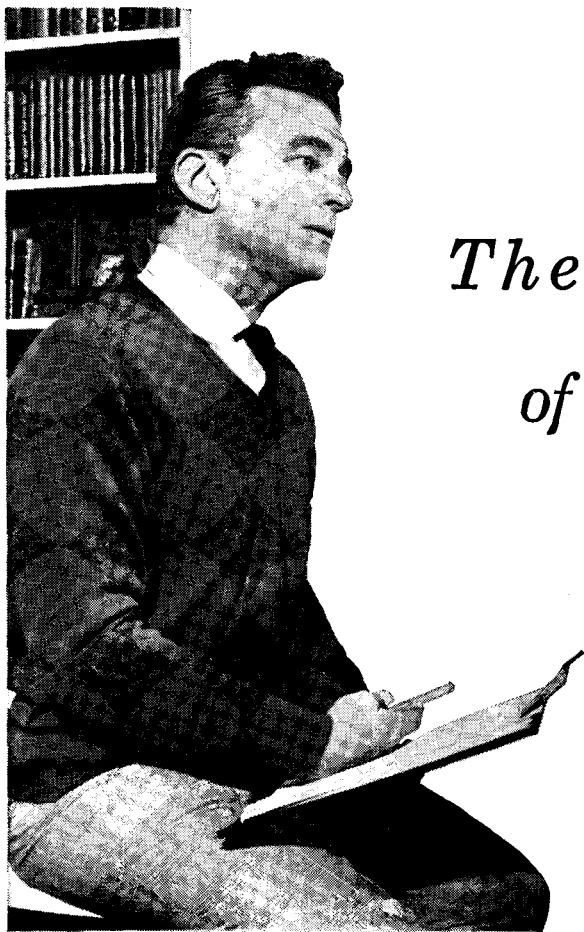
Reverend Sharper admitted that he is discouraged by Newark's high crime rate but charged that there is "plenty of police brutality in Newark which reinforces criminal activity in a vicious cycle." Reverend Sharper explains the political developments of the last decade in Newark in terms of a kind of political and ethnic Darwinism. "The Negro was frustrated by Mayor Leo Carlin. The Italians wanted Carlin's power. Addonizio promised anything and everything to get in, and once he got in he forgot the Negro."

The depth of the power vacuum in Newark's Negro community may be gauged by the fifty-year-old Reverend Sharper's own career. He graduated from the School of Religion at Howard University in Washington, D.C., and moved to Newark about five years ago. He became an activist in the civil rights movement, picketed during the 1963 job integration drive, and became an officer in several leading civil rights associations. His Abyssinian Baptist Church is a converted ancient synagogue situated near a complex of towering public housing projects. The church parishioners enjoy a thriving social life centered around the church, in whose spotless interior wood paneling, windows, and pews are polished to a high gloss.

In the front yard of the church any day of the week a battered pickup truck can be seen, groaning under a cargo of used clothing and furniture. "We send that stuff to Nigeria . . . to be used by refugees from Angola," Reverend Sharper explained. "We send food and clothing through the United Nations. We have a racial and cultural identity with our suffering brethren."

Another powerful Negro, Clarence Coggins, comes from neighboring Jersey City. He is head of the Labor-Negro Vanguard, a socialistically oriented group dedicated to fighting slum lords and joblessness. At the July, 1964, rally, which caused so much needless fear and trepidation, Coggins urged Negroes to register. "Don't let anyone tell you we want education or jobs," he cried. "We want political power so we will have our share of the control of the city of Newark. We are fifty percent of the population here and are entitled to fifty percent of the wealth. That's what we call democracy. To get our share we must take political power. Someday we're going to elect a black mayor."

The speech clearly brought to mind the often repeated assertion of Councilman Turner: "I'll be the city's first black mayor, and I'll take office by 1970." Most Newarkers, especially at city hall, no longer dismiss this kind of talk as mere braggadocio.



The SIXTH SENSE *of ALAN JAY LERNER*

BY R. S. STEWART

Having turned the phonetics of Professor Henry Higgins into the walloping success of MY FAIR LADY, Alan Jay Lerner now explores the world of extrasensory perception for his latest Broadway musical, ON A CLEAR DAY YOU CAN SEE FOREVER. In a conversation with ATLANTIC editor R. S. Stewart, Lerner talks about his notions of ESP, reincarnation, parapsychology, and, of course, the state of today's theater.

Now it happens to be a fact that you or anybody else can make flowers grow faster if you talk to them for a couple of minutes a day. It sounds absurd, doesn't it? There's a flower stand on Lexington Avenue where they will tell you about it and explain it to you. I've even done it myself. If you want, you can try it yourself: just go into your room and put one flowerpot in the window and put one flowerpot in the next room — then talk to one of them every morning for a couple of minutes if you can do so without blushing or without feeling like you ought to be arrested, and it will grow a little faster. What do you think of that?"

Lerner went on before I could answer: "It's the connection that's provided. There's some relationship that's created. There was the test that Dr. Rhine did down at Duke University. He took two pieces of identical ground — ten square yards each — with the same soil composition, the same seeds, and the same flower. Then he got two farmers to come out every day and do exactly the same things — the same amount of water at the very same time, and so on. Now the only difference was that Rhine knew that one of the farmers adored flowers and the other one didn't care for

them much at all. The one who loved flowers — his flowers grew twenty percent faster.

"Daisy, the girl in *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever*, has this ability to make flowers grow by talking to them. That's what she does in the first scene, and if you are going to write a play about a girl with this kind of extrasensory gift, then it should be demonstrated in terms of music. So the first song, I decided, is what she says to the flowers. It's a song called 'Hurry Up It's Lovely Up Here.' Whatever is the most important aspect of a character is what should be in the lyric. Actually, a lyric should make a play shorter, not longer. It should say and it should accomplish what it would take you ten pages to do in the script. That was how we did it in *My Fair Lady*. The two most outstanding features of Henry Higgins were his passion for the English language, which is the reason why he sang 'Why Can't the English?', and his misogyny, which is the reason for 'I'm an Ordinary Man.' Those are the pillars of his character.

"The only surprising thing about *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* is that I haven't written it before. Extrasensory perception has been my hobby all my life, and why it never occurred to me to write about it before, I just simply don't

understand — but it never has. I've been fascinated by ESP for years. I've read about it continually, and on one or two occasions have had the opportunity to chat with people who are really in it. I haven't gone to séances or anything like that; it's just a hobby as one might have bridge as a hobby. I know, of course, that only twenty-two percent of our brain is in practical use. The rest of it must be doing something up there besides filling out the hat. I've never had any extrasensory experiences myself except for one minor one when I was writing *Brigadoon*.

"The first act of *Brigadoon* ended with a wedding which had to take place outside the church. I tried to figure out why in seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Scotland anyone would be married outside a church, and if they were, what the ceremony would be. So I figured something out and wrote it down. Several years later I was in London, and I was walking along the Strand, and I came to Foyle's old bookshop. I stumbled upon a book called *Everyday Life in Old Scotland*, and there was my wedding ceremony — word for word! It's my only claim to having an extrasensory experience. Anyway, one day when I was searching for a play to write, I suddenly began to look through my library, and I thought, 'My God, why have I never written about this,' and I started to frame a story on extrasensory perception."

I ASKED him how he actually defined extrasensory perception. "It's very simple," he said. "There's a very simple explanation for extrasensory perception. It's the one I give in the play — we have five senses, and anything that happens that cannot be explained by one of them is *extra* sensory. It's as simple as that. If somebody claims to be clairvoyant and we have no ordinary explanation for it, then that's extrasensory. We don't understand how bats avoid walls and don't run into anything — to us that's extrasensory. We don't understand how homing pigeons get home — that to us is extrasensory. We don't understand mental telepathy — that's extrasensory. We don't understand so-called poltergeists, if there are such things, and ghosts, if there are such things. And to the Oriental civilization, at least, there is reincarnation, which would fall under the general heading of parapsychology. Somebody asked me if I thought *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* was a fantasy because it touched on the possibility of reincarnation, and I said, 'Well, no, not to five hundred million Indians it isn't.' And this is precisely the question in the play: Is this a case of reincarnation, or is this a case of a girl having a fantasy?"

"When I began to think seriously about why I wanted to write a musical about this, I realized that in recent months I had become increasingly outraged at all the pat explanations psychoanalysis was throwing up to explain human behavior. I was becoming more and more disgusted by the morality of psychoanalysis — that we are living in a world where there is no more character and where everything is behavior; that there is no more good, it is all adjustment; that there is no more evil, it is all maladjustment. Psychoanalysis has turned into a totally unsatisfactory religion which gives no life hereafter and no divine morality to live by. And so I began to think, 'Well, yes, this might be a good thing to write about.' I would find a way of saying that I don't think that we are all that explainable, that much of us is still unknown, that there are vast worlds within us, and that it's a thrilling possibility to contemplate. So then I went on to find a story that would dramatize all this.

"The story I found, of course, is of a character who is extrasensory. I decided arbitrarily to use a situation that occurs hundreds and hundreds of times a year — of putting this extrasensory girl under hypnosis to see if she can recall any previous existence, like the Bridie Murphy case, for example. Then it just happens automatically. First the story, as I've said. You have to trust your educated instinct that the subject you have fallen in love with is possible musical material. If you fall in love with the wrong subject, you are as doomed as if you fall in love with the wrong woman. It just never works out. The next step is a complete outline, then the total development of the characters, and then the use of music to advance the story and advance the development of the characters, so that, hopefully, the attempt will be realized, which is to create an organic whole.

"I work in every possible way — sometimes the lyrics come first, sometimes the music. I worked for eighteen years with Fritz Loewe, and we sensed instinctively and both went for the same thing. We'd discuss what shade or nuance of the character was to be revealed or what point in the story was to be made and what would be the most theatrical and precise way of doing it. I've worked with Burton Lane on this one, and with much more freedom and variety than I did with Fritz. On one or two occasions Burton's even given me a melody which he thought would be right for a particular character. Of course each way of doing it has its limitations and has its advantages. If you do write the lyrics first, then you have an idea of the melody in your own head, which is nothing the way it eventually comes out. Sometimes you can actually control the music by the meter of the verse and the lines. For example, in *On a*

Clear Day You Can See Forever there's a song called 'Come Back to Me,' and in order to create urgency in the writing of it, I wrote it in three-syllable sentences — *da da dum, da da dum, da da dum, da da dum*. Well, it had to be set to music that went *da da dum, da da dum*.

"When you write the lyrics before you have the music, you approach it very much the same as you would a poem. You try to find a meter and decide on the length of the line that will best emotionalize what you're trying to say. Take 'Wouldn't It Be Lovely?', which is a reasonably good example. Fritz and I were in London; we were wandering around the flower market early one morning, and it was bloody cold, as they say. I saw some people warming themselves over a smudge-pot fire, and it seems I began to realize what really they cried for were the creature comforts, and that's what you felt so keenly the lack of. And I mentioned that to Fritz, and so when we went home, we decided to write a very pastoral and contented melody. Fritz then wrote a sort of nice cold, in a sense white, melody, which was very precise. Then I wrote a lyric about the creature comforts to it, knowing full well that was what I intended to say. In that case, I had the melody first.

I TAKE exception to the words 'musical comedy.' There are three very distinct kinds of musical efforts. One is operetta; another is musical comedy; the other is musical play. And what I think I'm trying to do is in the musical-play field, more than, let's say, either musical comedy or operetta, although there are elements of all of them that are the same. I tried to write *Camelot* as if I had found a classical play and then musicalized it. That's the reason I had soliloquies. In *On a Clear Day* I've gone much more into the play as a play than in anything else I've done, including *Fair Lady*. I think the need for the musical theater and for the musical-play form is so acute and is so intense that it partially explains its universal acceptance in this country. We have no romantic theater of our own; we have no classical theater — and so that's the function that the musical theater is now performing.

"It's the only place you can go where things like the 'hero gets the heroine' happen and where the good guys win and the bad guys lose and there is some reasonable normalcy — whatever that word means — in the development of character, where there's some attention paid to the fact that we may have a positive side to our natures, that we may aspire a bit at the same time, that we're not always lonely butchers on the cellar stair, you know, and I hope that's the direction the musical theater

is going to continue in. I know that every time there is a musical that realizes itself, it's an enormous success.

"After all, it's our natural expression. There isn't anything that's happened in the legitimate theater that did not come from Europe. Of course you can say the musical theater came from Offenbach, which it did in a sense, but the musical-comedy invention — and the musical play — is a purely American conception. It's an American expression, and it's indigenous to us and hasn't been equaled by anybody else. I think it came primarily from the music. Operettas would have stayed operettas if jazz hadn't come along, and jazz came along from America. It was a fusion. What we need now in the musical theater is for some dramatists to come into it. It will take on a life of its own when it begins to express somebody and not just the composer and the lyricist through an adaptation.

"The serious dramatists, however, are more interested in things that are a tangent of our life and that represent perhaps ten percent of the audience. Ninety percent of the audience isn't involved at all with them. Perhaps it's the pressure of television more than anything else that makes them feel the need to find some kind of unique voice for themselves in the theater. But I frankly never sat home or paced the streets wondering if a bunch of boys would castrate me, you know; it's not been a problem that's been acute to my life. So I think the success of the musical theater indicates that there still is a great public who love the theater and want to come to the theater, but they don't want to come in as foreigners, you see. There's nothing wrong with *A Man for All Seasons* — that had no problem finding an audience. *Beckett* had no problem. Every time anything comes along which isn't just a tiny little soul crying out in the dark or whatever it is they are doing at the Actors' Studio then something happens, and the theater comes alive again and takes on size. The Actors' Studio is probably killing the American theater.

"What we need is somebody to teach people how to act — that's also what we need in this country. We need to be taught how to speak, how to walk, how to open a door. You can't find an actor today who knows how to take out a cigarette case and put it down on a table. They're not taught it because it isn't important. They're taught what to do when 'Mother' dies, and they're taught what to do when they take drugs, but they're not taught anything that has to do with life. So we need better schools. The Actors' Studio has done us a great disservice.

"It's a disservice to all fields of the theater. When I was president of the Dramatists' Guild, which I was for about four years until last year, why, I used to get agitated every time I heard about

young dramatists going over to the Actors' Studio and having a scene from their new play acted out so that they could become familiar with the actor's problem. I said, 'For God's sake, tell them to come over and get familiar with *your* problem.' I can't think of anything less consequential than an actor's problem. Even Stanislavski and the other great Russians of that time felt strongly that there was no such thing as a bad song, but only a bad singer — that there was no such thing as a bad line, but only a bad actor. I mean the author's problem is what counts; he has the chance for immortality. The actor's a temporal thing. That sounds very snobbish, but I don't mean it to be. Nevertheless, in the broad scheme of things, it is true.

It's amazing: the problems I had when I started writing this play. I went around to several doctors who were in hypnotic therapy and psychoanalysis to get various attitudes, and every time I asked about the possibility of extrasensory perception — one doctor in particular, a very well known doctor connected with one of our leading universities, threw his hands up in front of his face and said, 'Don't talk to me about that; I don't want to hear about that.' I said, 'Doctor, doctor, please, fine, I won't talk about it.' And then he said, 'It's too mysterious for me; I don't know anything about extrasensory perception, and I don't want to!' Of course if you have that idea, it's not exactly going to stimulate knowledge, you know. Things will become too ironclad. We'll become a nation of young fogies.

"That's the reason the doctor who puts Daisy under hypnosis in the play comes from a family of seven psychiatrists who have been psychiatrists since Freud — three generations of them. The

orthodox standard psychiatric position about ESP, as I just demonstrated, is that it doesn't exist. So in this way I can pit the two forces against each other.

"Actually, more and more people *are* beginning to believe in extrasensory perception. Anybody who denies it is simply closing his eyes to the facts. There are more and more departments of parapsychology being started in various schools all over the country. We're way behind Europe, of course. In Russia they have a school where they find people with mental telepathy who are compatible, and they're already training them for messages and so on.

"There's no question either that people will become more aware of ESP after they see *On a Clear Day*. If they do, they'll increase their enjoyment of life because anything that's mysterious is marvelous. But even if they just have a nice evening in the theater, I'll be satisfied. There will be some, I know, who will prefer not to think about it. More often, though, I've noticed that every time the subject of extrasensory perception comes up people start off by ridiculing it but end up by saying, 'You know, I had a funny experience.' Women, of course, are much more interested in it than men. First of all, they're more subjective. Men dream in different ways. Woman dreams very practically. After all, she creates. We have to prove ourselves; the whole sex has to prove itself all the time. That's the reason we're the artists and have been, up until recently anyhow. Women have never had to. So throughout the ages most of the clairvoyants and the extrasensory people have been women. Maybe it indicates their disappointment in us men because every time I see a woman going to a fortune-teller, I know she's got an unhappy something in her life, and she wants to see a sign that it is going to get better."

NOTE BY THE WAYSIDE

BY MURIEL SPARK

To you, fretful exemplar, who claim to place
Love before all success and kindness above
Any career, I answer yes, well said, my dear,
If you have the particular choice:
If you're gifted, I mean, in love
And also special in life's performances.
But are you so very clever and so very nice?

BOOKS and MEN *Four worldly men, one with a simper, one a squint, one a button mouth, and the fourth with a strut, embodied much that fascinates about eighteenth-century England. In his latest ATLANTIC essay, Mr. Kronenberger, critic and author, recaptures those men and their time.*

DECADENCE and DECORUM

Eighteenth-Century England's Profane Virtues

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER

THANKS to its sense of form and powers of consolidation, eighteenth-century England is one of the great eras or cultures that seem fairly possible to encompass. Civilized, urbane, we say of it; or, more glibly, Augustan — the practice of sanity, the dominance of reason, the pre-eminence of taste, with such verbal evidence as Pope's verse, Horace Walpole's letters, Hume's skepticism; with, again, such visible evidence as Bath's crescents and London's squares, Adam houses and Zoffany conversation pieces. One has not merely the desire, one has the actual data, to allow the century's cultivated side the air of a gentleman's cream-and-gilt library, its artistic side the look of a compact, well-ordered, modestly domed museum. Furthermore, if we think of the century that preceded the eighteenth in England, when one monarch lost his head and two their thrones; when science and superstition, when Rome and Canterbury, when Divine Right and unspeakable wrongs bloodily collided; or if we think of the century the eighteenth gave way to, that yoked reform to respectability,

Engraving of John Wilkes after Hogarth.



that belched steam and smoke, that bounced with invention and clanged with discovery — if we look before and after, it is to come back to an era whose perspectives seem harmonious and proportions manageable.

But of course the truth about the era is by no means so simple. By squeezing “eighteenth-century England” inside a formula or framework, we must leave out far too much of it — leave out all that concerns the dull as well as the poor, the pious as well as the lawless, the born lackeys as well as the brutes. Still, even to be able to make a half truth of a hundred years argues a demonstrable set of attitudes and a sense of direction; and the half truth stands, or almost. Almost: because the era's very reasonableness can come to seem a little mad (half

an hour before he was to be executed, Admiral Byng “took his usual draught for the scurvy”); its assured Augustanism is riddled with grotesquerie, its urbanity caked with grime. What keeps the half truth valid is not that the century comes off an integrated picture but that it never quite bursts its frame. It is not only that there is something tractable and human-sized about most of its realities, but from Swift’s prime until Blake’s, there is no trampling thrust to its imagination.

The cultural dimensions and décor of the era are constantly recalled to us in Peter Quennell’s



Boswell

Four Portraits, a reprint (with revisions) of an attractive book published some years ago under the title of *The Profane Virtues*. The earlier title remains a pretty apt one not only for characterizing the four figures portrayed — Boswell, Gibbon, Sterne, and Wilkes — but for moving down the main avenue, while constantly glancing to left and right, of the period they inhabited. Certain con-sanguineous virtues unite all four: Mr. Quennell instances “their vitality and their versatility, their devotion both to the pleasures of the world and the satisfactions of the intellect.” Yet ultimately they are not at all alike, if only from being so extraordinarily much themselves. Still — and just so must we keep weaving back and forth — they were extraordinarily much themselves in an eighteenth-century way.

An eighteenth-century way: not *the* eighteenth-century way, which, if there is such a thing, applies to Gibbon alone. Sterne and Boswell were often odd, neurasthenic, and rather disreputable in their

wayfaring, given, when not dining with the great or consorting with the wise, to clouded reveries and spotted escapades. What they shared was that great flavorer of eighteenth-century art, temperament — something not very easy to isolate. It is more than just idiosyncratic, musky, mercurial; it pervades the period as well as the person, the approach to subject matter as well as the prose.

What, of course, Sterne and Boswell had, along with Gibbon, was genius, and an ability to make effloresce something superbly their own and, just so, strangely new. Mr. Quennell notes how Boswell was at once “exceedingly passionate and oddly dispassionate”; and indeed he was a mesh of opposites, the most hail-fellow of snobs and daring of toadies, as he has proved the most rewarding of busybodies and, for all his self-love, perhaps the frankest of self-observers. Moreover, in the process of bringing to life a great man who bespoke the past even more than the present, Boswell bodied forth the biography of the future. Sterne, in the course of expressing a whimsical, arch, salacious, determinedly charming, catch-in-the-throat talent, very possibly coined the word “sentimental”; he certainly gave sentimentalism a new allure, and the novel a new sensibility and impressionist approach. Gibbon, in the long labor of chronicling the decline and fall of the classical world, effected an awesome triumph of the classical ideal. The *Life of Johnson*, *Tristram Shandy*, and the *Decline and Fall* — each, as it happens, by a man who died in his mid-fifties — are masterpieces which both represent their century and show how widely it could roam. Gibbon may seem to have hugged the center, his career laid out like a Roman road, his demeanor at times suggesting less a person than a procession. But, as Mr. Quennell remarks, self-love, so destructive to Boswell, was Gibbon’s “best friend.” He was also so disciplined as sometimes to seem prissy. Where else do we find such a candlesnuffer to youthful romance as Gibbon’s “I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son”? Who else so classical was also so fat that having dropped to his knees to avow a subsequent love, he had to summon the servants to get him back on his feet again? All that recalcitrant flesh so dreamt of marble that Gibbon was taxed with mistaking himself for the Roman Empire.

We, on our part, are perhaps in danger of mistaking the eighteenth century for Gibbon. But the measure, the formality, the symmetry that he conveys adhere, otherwise, far more to the century’s letter-writing or portrait-painting or landscapes than to its humankind. As I have said elsewhere, an age that made a god of decorum all too often made a beast of itself. In much the same way had those prototypes of classicism, the Greeks, been pugnacious and unruly in their lives. Indeed,

eighteenth-century sanity seems most evident in the dusty, life-rumpled testimony of a Fielding or the abrupt wisdom of a Johnson, himself superstitious, melancholic, terrified of going mad. The century bobbles with insanity, from the sovereign down. Detachment and reason may smile from a box, but oddity and sentiment tend to hold the stage, and the death of Clarissa Harlowe is far more passionately wept over than any death of Little Nell. In the same way, moderation may have been extolled, but the century abounded in mob scenes — in furious riots over gin, over taxes, over Catholics, and, quite often, over Mr. Quennell's fourth figure, John Wilkes. "Wilkes and Liberty" proved, like "No taxation without representation" a little later, one of the most incendiary of slogans, centering on one of the most attractively flawed of men.

The astonishingly ugly son of a prosperous distiller, Wilkes proved a prodigious rake both before and after marriage (he could talk away his face, he



Gibbon

said, in half an hour), and a member of the scandalous Hellfire Club, which met in a Gothic abbey to perform Black Masses and other blasphemies. A man of parts, Wilkes became an M.P. who, in the antigovernment *North Briton*, anonymously and violently denounced George III's praise of the egregious Peace of Paris, which Wilkes said was like the peace of God, "for it passeth all understanding." This unpleasantness led to Wilkes's arrest on a general warrant, which violated his civil rights; and with that was born eighteenth-century England's greatest *cause célèbre*.

Having unscrupulously arrested him, the government next refused, against all precedent, to let him plead parliamentary privilege. Fleeing to France, Wilkes became an outlaw abroad and a tremendous hero at home. When he returned, and was tried and convicted, his imprisonment became the social event of the season — every day, baskets heaped with delicacies and visits from the great. Three times his constituents re-elected him to Parliament, three times the election was thrown out; when they elected him a fourth time, Parliament declared Wilkes's opponent the winner! At this point the nation was in so great an uproar that anything — ungovernable violence, dethronement, conceivably revolution — might have ensued. But, unvindictive and weary — a "genial martyr," as Mr. Quennell puts it — Wilkes said, let time vindicate him; and time's response was to return him to Parliament and make him lord mayor of London as well.

In itself the Wilkes case is chiefly a monument to idiotic government blundering. But both Wilkes himself, in avowing he was "no Wilkite" and in never turning his hero's role into a demagogue's, and "Wilkes and Liberty," in its vociferating the inalienable rights of the trueborn Englishman, were exceedingly eighteenth-century. (A few years later, owing to much the same George III tactics, enlightened England sympathized almost to a man with the Thirteen Colonies, going so far as to describe a great British victory as "the *bad* news from Long Island.")

The writing that cost Wilkes his freedom nowhere links him as a writer with Mr. Quennell's other three men. All three knew him, however, and Mr. Quennell quotes from a wonderfully Boswellian invocation to him: "O John Wilkes . . . good without principle and wicked without malevolence, let Johnson teach thee the road to rational virtue and noble felicity." Political symbol aside, Wilkes survives pungently enough through his spoken wit. I would pass over one or two of his better known retorts in favor of one or two that Mr. Quennell does not include in his book. "Isn't it strange," a fatuous young man once asked Wilkes, "that I should have been born on the first of January?" "Not at all," Wilkes instantly shot back. "Obviously, you could only have been conceived on the first of April." And there is his answer to a too complacent Roman Catholic's asking him where was his religion before the Reformation. "Where was your face," said Wilkes, "before you washed it this morning?" But Mr. Quennell makes up for any omissions with the engaging story of Wilkes's Italian mistress who, having a portrait of the Virgin over her bed, would draw a green silk curtain across it "from the time she yielded her charms . . . till she arose in the morning."

In an epilogue Mr. Quennell describes each of his essays as “the portrait of a man obsessed by an idea” — Wilkes by a passion for freedom, Gibbon by ironic detachment, Boswell by the desire “*savoir tout au fond*,” Sterne by the cult of sympathy. One can’t help wondering just a little whether the epilogue wasn’t something of an afterthought, of an attempt to unify the four portraits, or at least to put a rubber band around them. It is prophets and cranks, men dominated by tenets rather than lubricated by temperament, who are obsessed by “ideas.” Mr. Quennell’s four were too worldly and eighteenth-century for that, though it might be said that Gibbon was obsessed by an *ideal*, and that Wilkes had obsession thrust upon him. But in all of them except Gibbon there is the freer play of shifting impulse, of divided natures, of a desire to know and experience that leads away from obsession toward participation, from rigidity toward adventurousness or experiment. What they have in common is their being not fanatics, solitaires, square pegs, but social figures, personalities, nonpareils, each with his own profile and birthmark — Gibbon his button mouth, Sterne his simper, Wilkes his squint, Boswell his strut, his “sallying forth like a roaring lion after girls.”

It is precisely this impress of individuality that is one of the great marks of the eighteenth century’s distinction and one of the great merits of the eighteenth century’s creed. It is this outcropping of temperament and even bizarrerie, this, as it were, human décor incised into a firm period design, that endows eighteenth-century England with such glittering singularity, such distinguished misconduct as to make us forget how much, during the same century, was sordid and arid as well. Generation after generation there jut up these bravura personalities, these gorgeous personages: the “Proud” Duke of Somerset, Sarah Marlborough, Bolingbroke, Dr. Bentley; Hervey, Lady Mary Montagu, George Selwyn; Lord Balmerino, Beckford, Porson, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Prince Regent. These are the griffins, the gargoyles, the elegant arabesques. But no less vivid are the cornerstones and central pillars: Sir Robert Walpole, making British materialism prosper through peace; the

elder Pitt, making British imperialism proliferate through war; Hogarth, with his hard, humane look at all kinds and conditions of men; Samuel Richardson, beneath the debris of whose insufferable gentility lie piercing insights into the human heart.

All such people do more than tend to redeem what was wrong with the century; they tend to obscure it. We sit happily on their chesterfields and chairs, gaze at their country houses, finger their bibelots and books. No wonder the period has been a happy hunting ground for collectors, a sheltered, almost chaperoned haven for exquisites, a bustling graveyard for scholars. No wonder, too, that the social heritage bequeathed by this world comes, in England, a little high. Spiritually it is from the eighteenth century that England’s upper-class remnant still takes its tone. It is largely from that age, when the beginnings of a decline in power among the wellborn made for a Tocquevillian intensification of privilege, that there derives a caste culture that can be so much governed by shibboleths rather than standards as even today, inside a tight little welfare-state isle, to preserve one of history’s widest social and cultural gulfs.

But, whatever its liabilities, the eighteenth century was the last to forge a durable pattern. It still, after two hundred years, keeps its shape and its shapeliness — the last time in England that a whole conception of life was laced with style, and a set tradition remained, somehow, supple. It had its absurd extravagances; yet what other era, before or since, has seen its fashions and even its fads so often revived? No other age, either, authored such concise malice: in Pope superlatively, but in hundreds of comments like Chesterfield’s on a certain marriage: “Nobody’s son has married Everybody’s daughter.” If the era represents a world often arrogant, self-indulgent, and cold-hearted, it yet represents a worldliness that still had time for culture, a place for eccentricity, an eye for noble effects, a mind for enlightened inquiry. Thereafter, the profane virtues — Mr. Quennell quotes the phrase from Gibbon — were themselves to be profaned, whether amid the sanctimonies of the nineteenth century or the vulgarities of the twentieth.



There have been many changes on the campus since the end of World War II, so many indeed that about the only thing that has not changed is human nature. The competition for admission and then for graduate schools is fiercer, the temper of the undergraduate more excitable, the turnover of presidents more rapid than ever before. In this supplement we begin by describing the students in revolt; we consider the fate that overhangs the small independent college, what happens to academic freedom when a state university is located in the state capital, why some students take drugs and why others drop out, the obstacles in the way of higher education for Negroes, whether college pays off for women, and the pressures and privileges under which the faculty work. We cannot expect to box the compass in one issue, but subsequent articles and letters from our readers will round out the understanding of a system on whose excellence the fate of the nation depends.

— THE EDITOR

THE TROUBLED CAMPUS

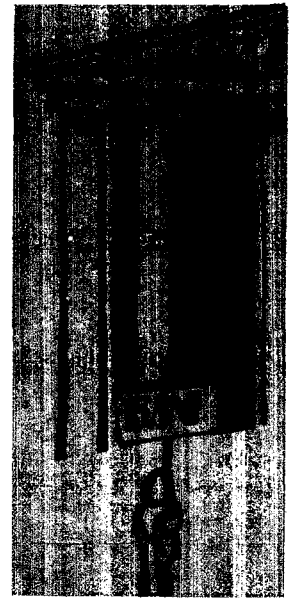
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WHAT'S BUGGING THE STUDENTS

BY IRVING KRISTOL

"Young American radicals are in the historically unique position of not being able to demand a single piece of legislation from their government — their 'platform' is literally without one legislative plank." So says Irving Kristol, a founder of ENCOUNTER and now vice president of Basic Books, who here examines the contradictions of contemporary student radicalism and anticipates its disillusionment.



NO ONE, except perhaps a few college administrators, mourns the passing of "the silent generation." But it must be said in its favor that at least one knew what the American university students of the 1950s were silent about, and why. They were conformist for plain, indeed, obvious and traditional, conformist reasons. We may have been distressed and vexed by this conformism; we were not mystified by it; whereas we are very much mystified by the nonconformism of the students of the sixties.

Many of the same middle-aged critics who so fervently and eloquently condemned the silent generation are now considerably upset and puzzled at the way students are "misbehaving" these days. One wanted the young to be idealistic, perhaps even somewhat radical, possibly even a bit militant — but not like this! It used to be said that the revolution devours its children. It now appears that these children have devoured this revolution.

What is it all about? One thing is fairly clear: the teach-ins, the sit-ins, the lay-downs, the mass picketing, and all the rest are not *merely* about Vietnam, or civil rights, or the size of classes at Berkeley, or the recognition of Red China. They are about these issues surely, and most sincerely. But there is, transparently, a passion behind the protests that refuses to be satisfied by the various topics which incite it. This passion reaches far

beyond politics, as we ordinarily understand that term. Anyone who believes the turbulence will subside once we reach a settlement in Vietnam is in for a rude surprise. Similarly, anyone who thinks of present-day campus radicalism as a kind of overzealous political liberalism, whose extremism derives from nothing more than youthful high spirits, is deceiving himself. What we are witnessing is an event *in* American politics, but not *of* it.

Indeed, one of the most striking features of the new radicalism on the campus is that it is, in one sense, so apolitical. It is a strange experience to see a radical mood in search of a radical program; it is usually very much the other way around. These young American radicals are in the historically unique position of not being able to demand *a single piece of legislation* from their government — their "platform" is literally without one legislative plank. Their passion for "freedom now" coexists with a remarkable indifference to everything the United States government is doing, or might do, in this direction.

If one read every campus leaflet published these past two years and attended every campus or off-campus demonstration, and knew only what one learned from these sources, one would hardly be aware that the Johnson Administration had enacted in the area of civil rights the most far-reaching re-

forms in a century of legislative history. There has been no campus meeting to celebrate the passage of the Civil Rights Act or the Voting Rights Act. There has not even been any meeting criticizing these laws for "not going far enough." It's as if nothing had happened — or, to put it more precisely, as if whatever happens in Washington has nothing to do with the world the students live and act in.

The same sort of thing is to be seen with regard to the war on poverty, a topic upon which students will declaim passionately and with unquestionable sincerity. But it seems that their passion is so pure, their sensibility so fine, that these would be violated by a consideration of anything so vulgar as how to get more money into poor people's pockets. The recent increase in social security and the medicare bill made their way through Congress without the benefit of so much as a benevolent nod from the campuses. Whenever I have mentioned this legislation in conversation, I have received an icy stare of incomprehension and disdain, as if I were some kind of political idiot who actually believed what he read in the *New York Times*.

Even in the single area where one would most expect specific and tangible proposals of reform, the organization of the multiversity, these have not made their appearance. For an entire year the students of the University of California at Berkeley have given dramatic evidence of dissatisfaction with their university experience — and does anyone know specifically what they would like, by way of improvement? The university officials certainly don't know, nor do the regents, nor do the faculty. Some outsiders *think* they know. Berkeley is too large, they say, too anonymous; there is no possibility of a face-to-face community of scholars, young and old. This is true enough. But the Riverside branch of this same university is a small liberal arts college, with great intimacy and comfort, and for the past decade it has had much difficulty in attracting enough students. They all want to go to Berkeley, and the reason, they will explain, is: "That is where the action is."

The denunciations of the multiversity suspiciously resemble the way New Yorkers excoriate "megapolopolis" — having come there in the first place, and determinedly remaining there, for no other reason than that New York *is* a megapolopolis. All Americans will always insist that they adore small towns and detest great cities, but the movement of population from towns to cities remains strangely unaffected. And Berkeley, even today, has far more student applications than it can handle; one might even say, *especially* today, for I understand that the number of applications has, in fact, slightly increased.

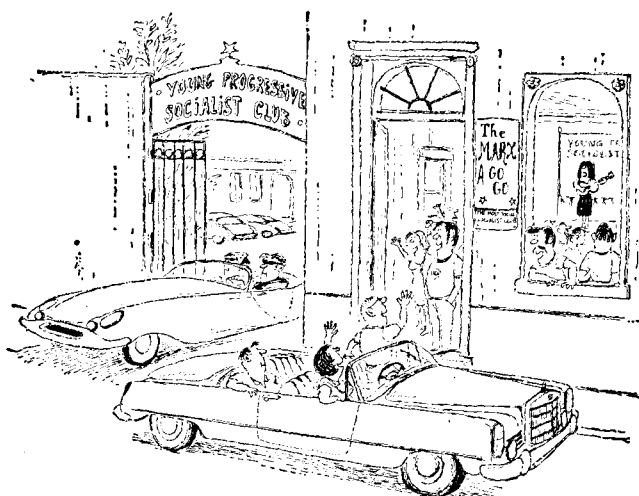
No, the upsurge of left-wing sentiment and left-wing opinion on the American campus today is not the sort of thing progressive parents and educators

had in mind ten years ago when they benevolently urged students to become "socially committed" and "more idealistic." They naïvely wished them to have intelligent discussions of Vietnam, not to hurl insults and epithets at Averell Harriman (as happened at Cornell), or tear up their draft cards, or laud the Viet Cong. They wished them to be urbane and tolerant about sex, not to carry placards with dirty words, or demand the sale of contraceptives in the college bookstore. They wished them to be concerned for civic and social equality for the Negro, not to denounce "white America" as a pious fraud, whose "integration" did not differ essentially from South Africa's apartheid, or express sympathy with a mindless (if occasionally eloquent) black nationalism. They wished — they wished, in short, that their children be just like them, only a wee bit bolder and more enlightened. Instead, these children are making it very clear that being just like their parents, progressive or not, is the fate they wish most desperately to avoid.

And this, I think, is the crux of the matter. The new student radicalism is so fundamentally at odds with our conventional political categories because it is, above all, an *existentialist* revolt. The term is unfortunately chic, and ambiguous, too. But in this context it has a fairly definite meaning: the students are in rebellion, not so much because things are bad for them, or for others, but because things are what they are for them and for others.

Clues to the meaning of this rebellion may be found in two phrases that now appear ever more commonly in the left-wing campus vocabulary. The first is "organized America." The second is "participatory democracy."

"Organized America" is, quite simply, America, and not, as one might think, some transient bureaucratic excrescence on the body of America. As a matter of fact, today's students are immensely skillful in coping with bureaucracies and their paper work. They fill out forms and applications with a briskness and competence that startle the middle-aged observer. (I would guess that no one over the age of forty could properly fill out a college application form unless he received guidance from some kindly youngster.) What bugs the students is not these trivia but the society they emanate from — the affluent society, welfare state and all. The liberalism (and the radicalism, too) of the 1930s and 1940s has borne its fruit, and it tastes bitter to the children, setting their teeth on edge. That is why American students, amidst reasonably general prosperity and under a liberal Administration that is expanding the welfare state more aggressively and successfully than anyone had thought possible, feel more "alienated" than ever before. So many college students "go left" for the same reason that so many high school students "go delinquent."



They are bored. They see their lives laid out neatly before them; they see themselves moving ahead sedately and more or less inexorably in their professional careers; they know that with a college degree even "failure" in their careers will represent no harsh punishment; they know "it's all laid on" — and they react against this bourgeois utopia their parents so ardently strove for.

One of the unforeseen consequences of the welfare state is that it leaves so little room for personal idealism; another is that it mutes the challenge to self-definition. All this is but another way of saying that it satisfies the anxieties of the middle-aged while stifling the creative energies of the young. Practically every college student these days understands what is meant by an "identity crisis": it is one of the clichés of the sixties. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that mass picketing on the campus is one of the last, convulsive twitches of a slowly expiring American individualism.

American youth, however, has had one grand idealistic experience: the civil rights movement. This has been the formative experience for the activists of the 1960s; it is this movement that gave them a sense of personal power and personal purpose; and it is the civil rights movement which instructed them in the tactics of civil disobedience that are now resorted to at the drop of a hat. Unfortunately, the civil rights movement has had one great drawback: so far from being a proper "dis-senting" movement, it has behind it the President, Congress, the courts, the laws of the land, and a majority of public opinion. This fact helps explain why the younger militants have constantly pushed the movement toward "extremes" — for example, demanding utter, complete, and immediate *equality of condition* for the Negro, as against mere equality of opportunity.

Such equality of condition is what "freedom now" has come to mean. And since this demand cannot be fulfilled without repealing three cen-

turies of history, and since even Lyndon Johnson hasn't figured out a way to do this, there is some satisfaction in such a maneuver. The trouble is that the students do not know how to fulfill this demand either, and are even running out of extremist slogans; which is why so many of them are receptive to the idea of switching their attention to Vietnam, where they can be more splendidly, less ambiguously, in "the opposition."

A second theme of student radicalism today, and a polar twin to the concept of "organized America," is the idea of "participatory democracy." This is a vague notion, but a dynamic one. It expresses a profound hostility toward, and proposes an alternative to, everything that is impersonal, manipulative, "organized" in the American political process. Indeed, many of these students simply dismiss American democracy as a sham, a game played by the "power structure" for its own amusement and in its own interests. *True* democracy, they insist, can only mean direct democracy, where the people's will is expressed and legislated by the people themselves rather than by elected representatives, most of whom achieve office by deceit and retain office through the substantial support offered them by the vested interests.

One is reminded by this of nothing so much as the Russian Narodniki ("populists," our textbooks call them) of the end of the nineteenth century. They, too, were largely middle-class students who selflessly turned their backs on the careers the Czarist bureaucracy offered them. They, too, "returned to the people," leaving the fleshpots of Petrograd for the villages of the interior, much as our students leave their comfortable homes in New York or Chicago for Southern ghettos and slums. And they, too, were hostile to the nascent liberal institutions of their day, seeing political salvation only in a transformed and redeemed people rather than in improvements in any kind of system of representative government. It is also interesting to recall that, though they were as individuals the gentlest and most humane of their time, they nevertheless believed in the justice and efficacy of terrorism against the status quo and assassination against its spokesmen.

The analogy is, of course, very superficial: the United States today is not Czarist Russia of yesterday. But it is nevertheless illuminating, because it helps reveal the inner logic of the idea of "participatory democracy," a logic which proceeds from the most exemplary democratic premises to the most illiberal conclusions. Though few students these days learn it in their social studies course, the Founding Fathers of the American republic were exceedingly familiar with the idea of "participatory democracy"; as a matter of fact, this was what the word "democracy" usually meant prior

to 1789. They rejected "participatory democracy" (they called it "direct democracy") in favor of "representative government" for two reasons. First, they didn't see how it could work in so large and complex a nation, as against a small city-state. Second, and more important, they thought it inconsistent with the idea of free government — that is, a government that respected the liberties of the individual. For participatory democracy requires that all people be fit to govern; and this in turn requires that all people *be made fit* to govern, by rigid and uniform educational training, constant public indoctrination, close supervision of private morals and beliefs, and so forth. No legislator can be as free as a private citizen, and to make all the people legislators is willy-nilly to abolish the category of private citizen altogether.

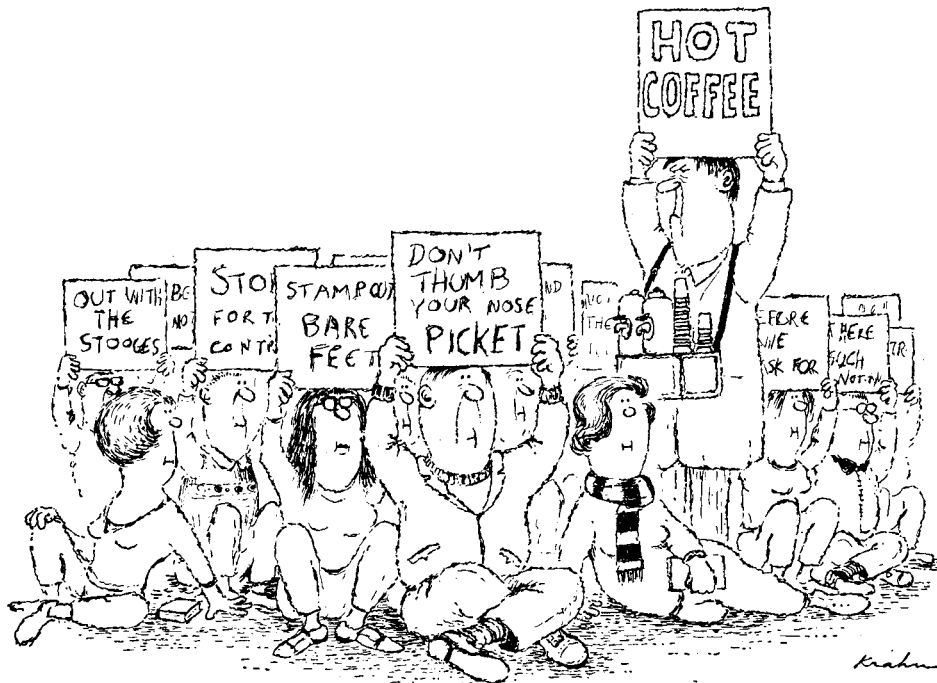
This, of course, is exactly what the Communists do, after their own fashion. They claim to exemplify a truer, more "direct," more "participatory," more "popular" democracy than is to be found in the representative institutions of the bourgeois West. The claim has a certain plausibility, in that regimes established by mass movements and mass revolutions certainly "involve the people" more than does any merely elected government. The semblance of "involvement" is perpetuated, as we know, through the mass organizations of the Communist state, and the fact that it is done under compulsion, and becomes more of a farce with every passing Communist year, is one of the inner contradictions both of the Communist system and of the myth of direct democracy itself.

These contradictions our left-wing students are

not entirely unaware of. Though many of them are, to one degree or another, either pro-Communist or belligerently "neutralist," theirs is a very qualified and unconventional version of this attitude; which is why conventional anti-Communist propaganda tends to pass them by. They are, for instance, extraordinarily uninterested in the Soviet Union, and they become ever less interested to the degree that the Soviet Union liberalizes its regime — that is to say, to the extent that the Soviet Union becomes merely another "organized" system of rule.

What they seek is a pure and self-perpetuating popular revolution, not a "planned economy" or anything like that. And this is why they are so attracted to Castro's Cuba and Mao's China, countries where the popular revolution has not yet become "bourgeoisified." As for mass terror in Cuba and China — well, this actually may be taken as a kind of testimony to the ardor and authenticity of the regime's revolutionary fervor. Our radical students, like other radical students before them, find it possible to be genuinely heart-sick at the injustices and brutalities of American society, while blandly approving of injustice and brutality committed elsewhere in the name of "the revolution."

Like other radical student generations before them, they are going to discover one day that their revolution, too, has been betrayed, that "organized society" is what revolutions establish as well as destroy. One hopes they will not be made too miserable by their disillusionment. One also hopes, it must be added, that they won't make *us* too miserable before that day arrives.



A VOTE FOR STUDENT PROTEST

by Mary N. Gonzales



In preparing this supplement, the ATLANTIC invited student activists on several campuses to comment on the issues and temperament of student radicalism as they knew it. Some refused the invitation; many tried to express their feelings. The most compelling reply came from Mary Nichols Gonzales, a senior and a moving force in campus politics at Cornell University. Mrs. Gonzales is an honors student, a former editor of the TROJAN HORSE, Cornell's literary magazine, and co-author of STEP BY STEP, a book about civil rights work in Fayette County, Tennessee, where she spent the summer of 1964 helping to register Negro voters.

IN THE present era university students and their professors, who are, it must be immediately established, only older students paying their debt to scholarship by inducting a new generation, have been passionately involved in debating and protesting the political and social events of their time.

The students who demonstrated on campuses across the country last year against the U.S. position in Vietnam were acting within their rights as citizens. Where they infringed the constitutional rights of others — by breaking up assemblies of fellow students or inhibiting the free speech of others — they deserved to be, and were, punished. But the fact that some of the students who demonstrated were rowdy (or dirty or bearded or *wrong*) is no more logical as an argument against demonstrations than the fact that Americans have often elected incompetent men to office can be considered a reason for abandoning democratic elections.

The human fact is that a student of any age cannot read analytically the works of Locke, Jefferson, Ortega, Shaw, Ibsen (much less Sartre, Osborne, or Baldwin) without recognizing much that is stupid and evil in our society. In the way of people who are young, free, and relatively innocent of the adult world's experience, he believes that there's no point arguing because no one listens to him anyway, so he makes his anger known in other ways. His righteous wrath and insistence that society take

steps to improve itself immediately are not the products of inflammatory texts or teachers; they are the inevitable concomitants of the intelligent student's attempt to relate what he hears in class to himself and his world.

No pat on the head for youthful idealism is intended here. Youthful idealism is widely known to curdle into middle-aged cynicism, and both are diffuse, unproductive ways of meeting social problems. The past year's crop of demonstrators made it clear that they were not claiming to have answers to problems that have required years of persistent effort and will require many more to produce results. They wanted to express their attitude on issues of the greatest importance — war and peace, and foreign intervention, the rights of small nations and defenseless citizens — and to communicate these attitudes as widely as possible.

Any student who can sit through four years of college without once getting excited enough about the war in Vietnam or Communism in Cuba, voting discrimination in the South or the plight of the Jews in Russia to investigate the problem (study) and find others who agree with him and make some public protest — any student so dense or just plain selfish that he has not perceived the relation between his university education and the pressing questions of his society has undoubtedly been wasting his time.



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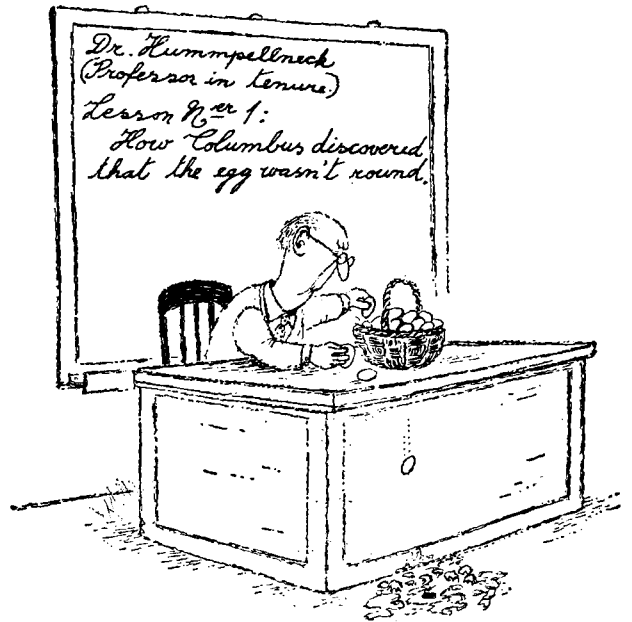
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BELEAGUERED PROFESSORS

BY IRVING HOWE

*Never before in history has the American college professor had so many opportunities to enjoy power, celebrity, and direct participation in the affairs of the nation. The conflicting claims upon his time, and energies, have inevitably warped his passion for teaching and reshaped the academic environment. The impact of these distractions is assessed by Irving Howe, author of *POLITICS AND THE NOVEL*, editor of *DISSENT*, and professor of English at Hunter College.*



IN ONE of Thomas Hardy's novels there is a rustic who, whenever he drinks a bit too much, suffers from a curious affliction called "the multiplying eye." American professors, though usually more sober than Hardy's character, have in the last few decades been troubled by a similar complaint. They have been uncertain about their true ends in work and life; they have become cross-eyed from trying to keep in view a treacherous dazzle of purposes. It's enough to make anyone's eye multiply: this having to confront at one and the same time the glare of political power, the neon flashes of affluence, and the still beckoning lights of scholarship.

It was not always so. There was a time (we need not idealize it) when the American professor knew exactly who he was. Until, say, twenty-five or thirty years ago, our universities drew their students mainly from the upper and upper-middle classes. Regarding himself as a spokesman for cultivation in the raging desert of American philistinism, the professor lived a life of containment, performing his work well or poorly, but usually in quiet. He transmitted the fixed content of his discipline to students who rarely disturbed him by an unseemly eagerness for knowledge or controversy. He conducted research of his own that was

meant largely for the inspection of his peers. A "celibacy of intellect" was Alfred North Whitehead's somewhat caustic description of this life, but it should be remembered that if celibacy points to a sterile disengagement, it can also suggest purity of spirit.

For the American people at large, the professor raised few problems. In the profoundly anti-intellectual tradition dominating American culture from the 1830s through the 1920s, the professor usually figured as a stereotype, a butt of ridicule. He was impractical (never met a payroll). He was absentminded (because his mind was stocked with thought or was ignorant of harsh realities?). He was not to be trusted with the abrasive tools of power, which had best be left to businessmen, lawyers, and other agents of American realism, whose vitality had not been sapped by visions or ideas.

If, however, the average professor was a sort of amiable bumbler, how could he be entrusted with the education of the young men who would soon be running our government, managing our corporations, and providing moral guidance for our families? The answer, which seems to me of great

importance for a grasp of American history, is that until recently it was assumed that between life and learning, reality and thought, there was only the loosest connection.

What happened in college, like what happened during the European tours to which prosperous Americans once treated their young, was mostly decoration, a bit of stylistic polish, at best a sign that we too could hold our culture. Seldom was it supposed to have much to do with the way men earned their living, structured their society, and clawed their way to preferment; almost never was it regarded as a prerequisite for a decent job. Once, however, it came to be assumed that there were close vocational, social, and psychic links between higher education and economic mobility, the life of the American professor started radically to change.

Two further turning points should be noted: first, the advent of the New Deal, which brought professors to Washington; and second, the outbreak of the cold war, which meant that vast sums of government money would be poured into scientific-military research, and the country as a whole would begin its semiconscious experiment in "mass education."

Behind Franklin Roosevelt's New Deal there was the central assumption that the traditional sources of social power and intelligence had proved inadequate to the national crisis. Paralyzed by the Depression, businessmen, lawyers, and engineers no longer knew what to do. Some theoretical grasp was now needed in regard to what had happened to Western capitalism in the twentieth century, some knowledge of economics beyond the banalities of "free enterprise," some idea of the way industrial society had deviated from the simpleminded fiction that the United States remained a nation of small, free, and self-sufficient entrepreneurs.

Ideas came into fashion. The country called upon the intellectuals for help. Professors sniffed the aromas of influence, approached the excitements of political battle. The world, for a few of them, would never be quite the same again, and many of those who remained on the campus, meeting their classes and scraping through blue books, were infected with the hope that new possibilities had opened to their profession.

Which possibilities? In the most exalted terms, a union of intellect and power, a re-establishment of the honored role which men of ideas had enjoyed at the founding of the nation. In the most vulgar terms, fame, influence, mobility, and perhaps some power.

THE New Deal years proved to be a portent of what was to happen during the cold war years.

General Eisenhower may have had little use for eggheads, but the Pentagon and its attendant agencies needed them in quantity. A few professors were now men of power, or at least could minister to the power of those who really held it. Scientists could work up formulas by which statesmen might blow up the world. Economists could work up different kinds of formulas by which recessions might be eased. Psychologists could advise on brainwashing and space perception. Sociologists could make a pass at explaining the mysteries of juvenile delinquency, the heartbreak of urban renewal.

But more. Not only did the government pour millions into scientific research, a modest fraction of which would be carved away by "social scientists" ready to demonstrate that they too could contribute toward apocalypse, or at least toward charting its "dysfunctional correlates." Not only did Sputnik spike the country into a crude hysteria about the need to "catch up" in education (though no one quite knew what we had to catch up with, or why). And not only did professors now find themselves courted by publishers, interviewed on television, gladdened by foundations, and allowed to ghostwrite speeches and justify invasions for politicians. Within the universities themselves, the professors also had to face an unprecedented overflow of students, many of them students only in name, yet all prepared to grind away for that diploma. The college degree became the great American tattoo, and "excellence" the first drip of honey from the lips of college presidents keen to the approach of endowments.

Only a handful of reactionaries, nostalgic for an aristocracy they never had, are opposed in principle to "mass education." The rest of us, whether happily or not, believe that mass education is here to stay, as irreversible as industrialism. By "mass education" we mean a situation in which it is commonly agreed that all members of society have a right to attend schools and colleges as long as they wish, are able, or can bear to. We may also be pointing to the fearful problems that follow upon this assumption. For the campus now becomes a place of much business and great busy-ness; it resembles a modern corporation at least as much as an old-fashioned university; it becomes efficient, impersonal, "functionally rationalized." In the memorable if unhappy words of Clark Kerr, president of the University of California, it becomes "the multiversity," a "prime instrument of national purpose," home of "the knowledge industry," and center of "the knowledge process." The very language is revealing: the language of a bureaucrat grown deaf to English.

In this world of processed education, the professor is besieged by problems of heartbreaking difficulty.

He is, we shall assume, a young man starting his career. He has finished his degree, gotten his first job, and now, walking to the classroom and wondering how he can possibly fill up those fifty minutes, he remembers the words of his graduate teachers about the sanctity of scholarship and the dignity of learning. These words are precious to him; but the extent to which he should allow them to shape his career is another question. He is a human being, with the needs, anxieties, and weaknesses of a human being. He has been married, his wife has supported him through the penny-pinching ordeal of graduate school, and a baby now crawls through their economy apartment. With a gasp of relief to be free from the benevolent dictatorship of his professors and some burgeoning appetites for decent living, he must take stock of his situation. He must try to cope with the pervasive competitiveness and anxiety which fog the American campus. He must think of tenure, he must begin to publish, he must try to please senior colleagues — and meanwhile, teach.

Our young professor knows that if he bears down hard on his teaching, he will have almost no time for anything else during his first few years. He also knows that he will be judged mainly for his “production” — that is, for his scholarly writing and research.

Now this problem of “teaching versus research” is a very complex one, and if college administrators are often crassly stupid when they insist that a certain number of articles or books should be the major criterion for tenure or promotion, so are many outside critics who talk as if research were merely time and energy stolen from the students. In our better universities, the professor who keeps his mind sharp by doing work of his own will almost always become a better teacher, while the lazy or incompetent man who assuages himself with the rationale that he is “devoted to teaching” usually hasn’t got much to teach. But only as a general principle is this true. Because of the feverishly competitive atmosphere that has overtaken more and more universities and the mania for “quantification” that has seized the administrators, there often is a conflict between teaching and research. More important, there is also a conflict between honest intellectual effort, which cannot be rationed in either time or quantity, and the busy-work to which harassed professors are sometimes driven.

Have you any idea what it means to prepare three new courses the first time (or any other time) one has to teach? Can you imagine how nerve-racking it is to stand there in front of fifty young people who are skeptical, eager, critical, and quite delighted to compare you, a trembling rookie, with the DiMaggios of the profession? Anyone who takes college teaching seriously finds himself work-

ing sixty hours a week just to stay ahead of his classes — or to be honest, that is what he does in his first few years. If he keeps doing it, he may not have a very successful career in the academy, for he will not be able to display much “production,” nor will he get offers from the preferred schools.

THE choices our young professor makes will depend partly on the presence of certain kinds of colleagues, men of intellectual devotion and stamina. A few can be found on almost every campus, and we know their names as if they were figures in legend. But candor also requires one to admit that the strongest academic tendency, especially in the more ambitious universities, has been toward new types, far more snappy, aggressive, and up to date than the traditional scholar or intellectual. Here are a few of these types, drawn in the inks of caricature, but caricatures, I think, of the truth:

The Research Magnate. Usually a scientist, sometimes a sociologist, rarely a humanist, he spends as much time in Washington as on his campus. Supervising enormous projects and teaching less and less, he does the work of the world, not the work of the mind. He is a brilliant man. He has done remarkable things and may do them again. But right now it is not clear to his colleagues, or even to himself, whether the projects he is directing are scientifically inviting or militarily scheduled, whether he does such research because his mind cannot leave it alone or because there are strong institutional pressures and worldly inducements for him to do it.

If he is a physicist, he remembers the Bomb. He submits himself to occasional moments of moral agonizing, and worries about the social responsibilities of the scientist. But since he is also a “realist,” he continues to accept government contracts and, as penance of sorts, subscribes to and writes for the *Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*, a thoughtful journal dealing with the issues that give scientists bad nights.

What really tempts such men is not money but the idea of power, with all its possibilities for personal expression and moral coloring. Professors whose political experience had been limited to jockeying for the chairmanship of a university department now find themselves close to the centers of national authority — it can make heads reel. Worldly power is a lure both strong and insidious, even among those who regard themselves as principled critics of the society. I recall a friend, famous at his death as a radical sociologist, telling me that for a lecture he had given at the War College, the Army had furnished a special plane: *just for him*. He was an opponent of militarism and a severe

critic of U.S. foreign policy, yet he told me this story in a tone of awe and glee. Repeating it here, I mean not to disparage a gifted man but to suggest something about our common condition. *Emma Bovary, c'est moi.*

Prosperous, honored, indulged, and burdened with terrifying responsibilities, our research magnate is a very troubled man.

The Academic Entrepreneur. On a lower plane of intellectual distinction and academic status than the research magnate, he is the all-round grubber of university life. He is marvelously busy. He arranges conferences for colleagues and attends conferences arranged by colleagues. He consults in behalf of the Rand Corporation, also for a local research institute which has federal money to study "the changing character-structure in urban society"; he organizes "teams" of researchers, keen to the fact that foundations like to sip broths made by an excess of cooks. His textbook is now in its seventh edition: wily students must not fall back on used copies. He writes humdrum articles for the learned journals, sometimes "helped" by his graduate students. He also writes for the New York *Times* magazine, fearlessly advocating a balance between freedom and authority. But his greatest talent is at composing applications for foundation support: he is the Max Weber of "grant expeditors."

The Campus Org-Man. Antedating campus corporatism but flourishing since its arrival, this poor devil is also very busy. Provide a chore, and he will do it. Not much of a researcher, too little known to be an entrepreneur, he makes himself indispensable at home. He serves on twenty-seven committees, "advises" students endlessly, keeps in close touch with alumni. He is the delight of chairmen, the joy of deans (soon he too may become —). Every institution needs him, and he makes life a little easier for all of us; but as far as learning, writing, or even teaching is concerned, he simply fills a slot.

The kind of education that follows from all this is often bleak but not always hopeless. Nagging away through the routine of classes, coffee-break chatter, and examination-grading, the academic conscience survives. It survives, above all, through the example set by certain professors, men who embody the ideals by which the rest of us would live. Whoever has listened to the lectures and conversation of Meyer Schapiro, professor of art history at Columbia but actually the mentor of a

whole generation of intellectuals, knows how intense and exhilarating the life of the mind can be. Or I think of a very different kind of teacher, Yvor Winters at Stanford, a literary scholar who sets for his students — and even for those of his colleagues who sharply disagree with him — a lasting model of seriousness.

Conscience survives among other professors, less brilliant and distinguished, but equally devoted. There are thousands of men and women teaching in the American universities who care more about the quality of their work than the standard of their living. They are neither geniuses nor saints, their contributions to scholarship may prove to be modest, and many of them publish little or nothing. But they care about intellect, they nurture the minds of their students, and some of them are passionately caught up with the state of the world. On certain campuses they tend to be overshadowed by the small minority of research magnates and slightly larger minority of academic entrepreneurs; somehow, they do not sufficiently establish themselves as a force for standards in most universities; but they are serious men, much to be respected, who can transform the life and values of their students.

An especially severe responsibility falls upon the growing number of intellectuals who have recently found shelter in American universities. They have become professors at precisely the time students are experiencing a profound sense of doubt regarding the relevance of intellectual concerns. Every agency of our society keeps hammering at the young to tell them what they already know: that there is practical advantage in getting a degree. But the more our students become convinced of the utility of a college education, the more problematic does its content seem to them.

Not many old-line scholars and no new-style academic entrepreneurs can demonstrate to these students, with a burning and indisputable urgency, the values of disinterested thought and critical reflection. To validate the kind of contemplative life which, upon need, also becomes a passionately committed life; to show how the motives behind pure scholarship can also lead us to organize teachings on foreign policy; to uphold the complex ideal of a balance between detachment and involvement — this is the special task of the intellectuals now doubling as teachers. Whether it can be done I do not know; but it must be tried.

ERIC SOLOMON

FREE SPEECH AT OHIO STATE

America's giant state universities, dependent upon the good wishes of state legislatures and committed to curricular diversity, are peculiarly vulnerable to the pressures of intellectual narrowness and "superpatriotism." Eric Solomon, who now teaches English at San Francisco State College, describes how such pressures affected his efforts, and those of his colleagues, to preserve academic freedom at Ohio State University.



WHEN you go out into the real world, for God's sake don't start every second sentence with the words, 'At Harvard, we—' I think I did a pretty fair job of attending to this advice from the late Hyder Rollins when I took my first job in 1958, teaching English at the Ohio State University. And ten years of Harvard didn't seem to incapacitate me for teaching in a state university. There were, certainly, some differences in discussing Mark Twain with a class in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and in Columbus, Ohio; in Cambridge, a rhetorical question as to who, in our world, has ever taken a raft down the Mississippi would not bring forth a complacent freshman raising his hand. But I taught my classes, published my articles, drank Jim Beam at faculty cocktail parties, received promotions, raises, tenure, research grants, administrative posts. I liked and admired my colleagues, was satisfied with the library, was more than satisfied with my chairman, lived inexpensively and well in the elm-shaded streets of Columbus. Nevertheless (sorry, Mr. Rollins), at Harvard, we had freedom of speech.

When I left Ohio State after six years, in the wake of almost one third of my department who had, for a variety of reasons, taken other appointments, and after I had helped to initiate a lawsuit against the president and board of trustees, I had

learned that good salaries, light teaching loads, and air-conditioned offices are no substitutes for a full measure of academic freedom. During years of arguments about who should be free to speak on the campus, the university administration defiantly asserted that there existed no interference with an instructor's freedom in the classroom. Yet for me, and for many of my colleagues, what we considered the necessity to spend incredible amounts of time in clandestine meetings, in preparing speeches, in responding to attacks—in politics, actually—meant that our classroom performances, the measure of our preparations, in fact, *were* being interfered with. When a community and a board of trustees seem to be forcing a teacher to his knees, even an English teacher realizes that the metaphor has gone astray: one can pray in that position, but one cannot teach.

I now think that the free speech battles at Ohio State in the early 1960s were, like those at Berkeley, symptoms of a more widespread disease affecting the academic body and the community. The tempests at Ohio State were inevitable, given the nature of the society in which we—those whom Governor DiSalle once told me the university president had described as a "few unfortunate appointments we made from Eastern schools"—found ourselves. First, Columbus is one of the

three most reactionary cities in the United States. The John Birch Society seems middle-of-the-road in Franklin County, far outdistanced to the right by long-entrenched groups such as the Navy League or (my favorite) the Watch Washington Society. Second, Columbus is not really urban. Although it prides itself on its near 100 percent population of native-born Americans, the more than 600,000 citizens of greater Columbus form themselves into loosely connected groups of communities. There is little heavy industry, a weak trade union tradition, a large floating group of indigent Negroes on their way out of the Deep South. Third, Columbus has a very tightly controlled power structure consisting of a few families, a few banks, and one newspaper. Physically, there are two newspapers, the morning Scripps-Howard being the liberal one; its role is compromised by the fact that it uses the evening *Dispatch* advertising and printing departments. Fourth, Columbus is the state capital. And finally, it is the home of one of the largest educational institutions in the world.

When these social ingredients were joined by one new force after World War II, a much larger influx of students and faculty from outside Franklin County, from outside Ohio, even from outside the Midwest, some kind of conflict was preparing. The community was simply the wrong size and nature to assimilate what I think of as "creeping universitism," the quiet and steady arrival of men whose backgrounds were wide-ranging, whose views were varied, and whose commitments were to the general sophisticated intellectual community as well as to the local campus. Had Columbus been as large as Chicago or Los Angeles, say, the university and its doings might have been lost in the multitude of public and private colleges; had the city been as small as Bloomington or Urbana, the university might have been able to dominate the community. But Columbus is in the middle range, and the legislature is directly on the scene.

When intellectuals from Harvard, Berkeley, Michigan, the Sorbonne settled into Franklin County, it was unavoidable that eventually they would question certain local codes and customs. So when I arrived in Columbus in 1958, the ink still wet on my Ph.D., I came to a city complacent in its great agricultural-cum-engineering institution that had turned out crushing Rose Bowl champions with awesome efficiency; but unknown to the bankers and boosters, "their" university had for years been steadily attracting humanists and scientists who did not consider themselves only state employees—similar to elevator operators, as a *Dispatch* editorial once put it. I came to Ohio State to teach; I remained to spend much too much time in politics.

A classic example of how community-university relations worked in Columbus occurred when the faculty council, the elected representative body for the entire faculty, voted not to send the football team to the Rose Bowl even if they won the Big Ten championship as was their wont. The issues involved were complex, but basically, those opposed to the Rose Bowl game argued that it was detrimental to the main job of the university, education, because too many students traveled to California and returned late to classes. Also it was felt that the game was purely a business venture. The main thrust against the Rose Bowl came from arts and sciences faculty plus a few administrators primarily concerned with curriculum. I stress this lineup because during the later troubles, essentially the same lines would be drawn. In favor of the Rose Bowl as a necessary and deserved reward for fine young athletes were the board of trustees, the top administration, including the president, Novice G. Fawcett, and faculty drawn largely from agriculture, medicine, and engineering.

What fascinated those of us new to Ohio State was not the closeness of the vote, or the rioting students who smashed the doors of the faculty club, but the community response, a wild bellow of rage that these upstart employees of the state (the faculty) should presume to attack the city's most beloved and prestigious institution. Those faculty members most prominent as anti-Rose Bowl received the traditional all-night obscene-phone-call treatment. The *Dispatch* assisted in this process by telephoning each member of the council, asking how he voted, and then on the first night after the vote, printing on the front page the name, address, and phone number of all those who had either admitted to voting against the Rose Bowl or who had not informed the newspaper how they voted. On the second evening appeared names, addresses, phone numbers, and salaries. On the third night, names and so forth, plus amount of money spent by each dissenting professor on out-of-state travel—relevant since these men denied the athletes their trip. The frustration of the newspapers was particularly intense because only Big Ten rules regarding faculty control of athletics kept the administration from overturning the vote. It was shortly overturned anyway, but the team has not been winning.

Telephone violence was a fairly normal part of Columbus living. When I was chairman of the Central Ohio chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union (I'd never even heard of the ACLU before coming to Columbus; for me, as for others, the community was a great teacher of civil liberties), I learned to anticipate and hang up on the first curse. To be fair to Columbus, I recall only one genuine threat of violence to a faculty mem-

ber, and this was understandable because his wife had come out publicly in favor of peace and the United Nations. After a group attacked his house, cut his phone wires, and smeared his windows with horse manure (rural values prevail), my colleague was rather disturbed for his family's safety, particularly as one of the right-wing radio stations continued to broadcast his wife's name and address and call her organization "Communist." Because the police were uninterested, for five nights a group of faculty guarded his house armed with baseball bats and cameras. Odd weapons, but our defense was organized by a former Union official who insisted that we get our assailants' photos; fortunately we were disturbed only by a few mysterious cars.

As in the Rose Bowl case, "unfortunate" faculty appointments continued to plague the community and the university in all sorts of unexpected places. A few socialists formed a Dissent Forum; another group sprang up, Students for Liberal Action. The Student Senate Human Relations committee blew the whistle on the university's involvement in segregated off-campus housing; some law school professors joined this one, and the dean of students was outspoken in his opposition to faculty meddling. We were disconcerted by the sense of interlocking directorates: a university president on the same bank board of directors as the newspaper owner and the chairman of the trustees; a dean of students active in the real estate profession.

It was foreseeable, then, that when a major clash came, it would be over the issue of free speech, of the rights of students and faculty to invite into the community, onto the campus — property which is tax-supported by the very people whose values would be threatened — speakers from outside Columbus who might, almost assuredly would, question the accepted local way of life, and by doing so, influence for the worse the receptive, tender minds of the future citizens of the community, the students.

OHIO STATE had an ugly history of free speech contradictions during the 1950s. A notorious "gag rule," which denied access to the campus to any speaker not acceptable to the administration, was finally — or so most faculty and students thought — done away with, and student organizations, with faculty advisers' consent, were given the right to invite a speaker to address a group.

That the rule was still vague, confusing, and open to contradictory interpretations became clear in the spring of 1961, when a California-based scholar of Soviet contemporary history, William Mandel, was barred from the campus. He was

invited to speak by a young faculty member who had enjoyed his refutations of the House Un-American Activities Committee in the film *Operation Abolition*. On a technicality, since the inviter was only an assistant instructor, the invitation was held to be invalid. When a student organization then stepped into the breach and invited Mandel, a monumental brouhaha took place over whether the faculty adviser had to *want* the speaker or simply agree that his talk might be educational.

The rule was sufficiently unclear so that two law professors, of differing political persuasions, could in good faith come up with opposite interpretations. The administration chose the reading it preferred. Mandel spoke in Columbus, but in the muddy backyard of his original sponsor. (An ironic sidelight to this affair was that while Ohio State did not punish the instructor, the receipt of a number of hostile *Dispatch* articles in reference to his activities in this case led a Nebraska state college to revoke his contract for the following year; the AAUP has since blacklisted the college for its conduct. Although there were some objections in high places, Ohio State did give the man an additional year of teaching in place of the withdrawn job.)

The faculty council struggled during the autumn of 1961 to write a clear rule that both faculty and trustees would accept — a task that has not yet been satisfactorily accomplished — and a number of disturbed faculty members took to holding weekly dinners in order to discuss our fears about the direction in which the university seemed to be heading. We were mostly younger men and women, drawn primarily from the departments of English, history, philosophy, and psychology, as well as from the law school. There was no formal organization; we simply invited people worried about academic freedom who would bring their friends, and we exchanged horror stories. These little meetings had two rather important consequences, however. From them sprang the idea that the Student Senate sponsor a symposium on the Idea of a University, in order to persuade the administration that a free society called for an open campus. The students were enthusiastic; four of us wrote personal letters to friends in academic life, who literally fought their way through snowstorms to provide, under Cardinal Newman's title, some brilliant defenses of the historical concepts of the university as an open forum. The administration and trustees managed to ignore the event, despite the contributions of such leaders of American intellectual life as Howard Mumford Jones, Stringfellow Barr, Fred Harvey Harrington, and Henry Steele Commager.

One other result of these dinners was that when the battle really opened in the spring of 1962, we

had a nucleus; we were ready to start instantly the innumerable round of meetings, day and night, lunch and dinner, noon and midnight, at first in private houses, then as more and more senior and respected professors joined us, in empty law school classrooms, always seeking ways out, ways to respond to the encroachments upon our sense of academic freedom without simply withdrawing irresponsibly.

WHAT happened in 1962 was simple. A student group invited three speakers from the Emergency Civil Liberties Union, according to all the rules and with the full support of the faculty adviser. One of these men, a former OSU graduate student named Philip Luce, was particularly obnoxious to the administration, both personally and politically, while the other two, Clark Foreman and an undergraduate from Berkeley active in anti-HUAC activities, were not exactly welcome guests. But the students *had* followed the new rule. And, literally at the eleventh hour, while substantial crowds were milling around a locked law school auditorium, the president, unable to persuade the faculty adviser to rescind the invitation, ordered him to cancel the meeting. This was done; the men spoke in a police-covered backyard, this time the yard of a rooming house, whose boarders had named it Rosa Luxembourg House.

That night our dinner group, expanded by some faculty who had been withdrawn from politics since the McCarthy days, held an emergency meeting. The next day there were speeches and protests all over the campus. With two other professors, I spoke to a crowd of 500 students (off campus, on the steps of the Wesley Foundation). Resolutions were passed; the *Dispatch* hailed the president's action; John Bricker for the board of trustees invited any professor who didn't like the way things were run at Ohio State to move on. The AAUP met and condemned the president's intransigence. One of the most moving aspects of this whole protest was the way more and more senior faculty members, high in rank, prestige, years of service, and love of the university, sprang to the defense of the ideals involved. They were doubly motivated; they sought to defend free speech and, equally important, to preserve Ohio State University, to make it a place where the younger faculty, lacking total commitment to the campus, would want to stay. They deplored, influenced, pressured, and stood up to be counted.

The climax of the faculty unrest was the calling of a faculty meeting, the *whole* faculty in its many (no one was quite sure how many) hundreds. There had been only one such meeting in a dec-

ade, but an antiquated rule, since changed, allowed forty faculty signatures (we gathered over 300) to call such a meeting. A number of students who were eager to demonstrate, picket, riot were restrained by their faculty friends' passionate pleas to leave it in our hands; I shall never be sure whether, if we had not done so, the outcome might have been very different; the sit-in was not yet a commonplace, however. We were convinced that among the teaching faculty, we possessed the votes to censure President Novice G. Fawcett's actions. What we did not know was who made up the official faculty of Ohio State University.

Although the exact figures were often disputed, it turned out that the faculties of arts and sciences, of law, of education, of engineering, and so forth, were in the minority in the university, where nearly 800 agricultural extension workers, county agents, and the like had faculty appointments, where hundreds of private M.D.'s who taught as little as one hour a week in a clinic — often to qualify for football seats, since the 83,000-seat stadium was always sold out — were voting faculty. The word went out; the campus was filled with strangers asking the way to the auditorium.

It was in many ways the most remarkable meeting I have ever attended, with more than 1500 faculty members on the floor, and the gallery packed with noisy students. The president presided, even though his actions were under consideration, and he insisted that each speech or motion be tape-recorded, a rather inhibiting move. (One of my students, majoring in radio-TV, I believe, ran the machine, and later bootlegged me a tape of the meeting in its entirety, the only one in existence outside the administration's hands; I treasure it.) There were speeches in favor of the president's action and attacking the private life of Philip Luce. The president recognized his own supporters first, and a motion to praise his action was on the floor: thus those who wished to censure him had to key their speeches to that motion, for, as we expected, only one vote would occur. A voice vote was taken, clearly in support of the president's position. Out of some kind of hubris, perhaps a confidence that he had the support of the entire faculty and that the volume of the voices against him had come from the students, the president called for a head count.

More than 1000 men stood in favor of the president. But the 500 who stood to oppose his action, while the students cheered, included nearly the entire heart of the teaching faculty, many chairmen, even some deans, and the entire English department, for example. As I watched the smile fade from President Fawcett's face, I realized the meaning of the term "poleaxed" for the first time. The rest of the meeting — of the

year, of the academic-freedom battle, really — was anticlimax. A swift vote to adjourn passed by a similar 2 to 1 margin.

Some of the younger faculty, while disturbed by the rather cynical conduct of the meeting, could accept this as, after all, power politics. But the attitude of a few of our senior colleagues was disheartening. They had been clobbered ruthlessly, and yet they were wildly exultant in the size of the vote against the president. I felt then that these men, some of whom I still admire as much as any in the profession, were punchy from too many defeats over the years; a technical knockout seemed scarcely distinguishable from a victory. Of course, the vote negated any possibility of national AAUP interest, for the faculty will had been heard. The year dribbled to an end with more speeches, consultations, promises of negotiations for a new rule. "Free Speech Now" badges appeared. Some students conceived a fine plan for an airplane to circle around the graduation ceremonies while hauling a free speech banner. Money was raised, the plane hired, and many of us who had never attended a graduation sweated in the hot sun of the stadium, waiting for the plane that never appeared. The speaker was Curtis LeMay; the CAB grounded the airplane.

During the next year, while faculty advisory committees strove to devise a speaker rule that would avoid the administration's new demands that a room be applied for well in advance, that the prospective speaker's name be given, and that he be required to sign a loyalty oath before being officially invited, there were some interesting academic innovations. One event was the formation of a group effort unique, as far as I know, in the history of American education: the Committee for the Study of Alternatives. The inspiration behind this organization came from the same faculty that had ruefully dined out the preceding year, our ranks greatly strengthened by professors appalled by the administration's steamroller tactics. The idea was simple: since Columbus was a one-newspaper town, where even national television programs had to pass through local selectors, since speakers representing alternative viewpoints were to be barred from the campus, and since as busy teachers we could not really start our own newspaper, we would raise money and place a full-page advertisement in the student newspaper regularly every two weeks presenting alternative answers to the questions then being answered in only one manner. Two or three faculty members would prepare an ad, sometimes drawing from the locally feared New York *Times* a reported speech or quoting from a published book, sometimes writing an original statement, in order to present alterna-

tives on various issues: free speech, Columbus' tax structure, or nuclear disarmament, for example. The academic community was pleased or angered, according to its politics, but some discussion seeped onto the campus. The *Dispatch*, in its report on the formation of Alternatives, inadvertently got its front-page typesetting mixed, and ran the story, without even a comma in separation, directly into a report of the Attorney General's calling a New York group a Communist front.

Much time was spent in the search for a formula to knit together a campus becoming progressively split along left-right lines. Lunch at the faculty club was in the nature of a conspiracy, with people looking on, remarking on who sat with whom and why. Some teachers, men prominent enough to receive yearly job offers, were saying to hell with all these activities, who needs Ohio State? And they took Senator Bricker's advice. The administration was bland: thirty or forty professors didn't make much difference to a faculty of nearly 2000. And so President Fawcett barred Frank Wilkinson, a vigorous foe of HUAC, from speaking on the campus — after a good many speakers representing the opposite viewpoint had appeared.

More meetings, protests, wails, and another fascinating novelty, a lawsuit. This suit, which is still in the courts, accuses the president, the board, and a dean of denying the members of the student group who issued the invitation and the barred speaker their constitutional rights under the First Amendment, arguing that freedom of speech involves the right to listen. When finally decided, this case may ensure that state campuses should be as free as is other public property.

For more than four years the question of free speech has been argued at Ohio State. But the administrative line has been held. Last spring, students dramatized the continued restrictions on free speech at Ohio State by inviting the Marxist historian, Herbert Aptheker, to stand *silently* on a stage while a large crowd applauded the nonspeaker whom the university had forbidden to speak. After his departure, a professor read from Aptheker's books, borrowed from the university library. Protest marches and satiric broadsides keep this conflict alive; but even a compromise on this issue cannot relieve the academic community's sense of alienation.

I think I reflect the feelings of many of my former colleagues — now at Duke, Stanford, Riverside, La Jolla, Buffalo, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Indiana — when I express my own sense of loss and nostalgia as well as anger. Certainly, such administrative stupidity still moves me to rage; but I learned a great deal from my years in Columbus, and I know what to look for in a college, and what to fight for.

The PLIGHT of the SMALL COLLEGE

by W. ALLEN WALLIS *An economist who taught at Yale, at Stanford, and at the University of Chicago before assuming the presidency of the University of Rochester, Allen Wallis has decided views about the evolution of the small liberal arts college. He expressed them one evening to the ATLANTIC editor, who is a member of his board, and followed up the discussion with this letter.*

DEAR TED:

To clarify what I was saying the other night, let me repeat that I do not expect small colleges to disappear like the little red schoolhouse. I simply expect them to disappear from the top quality brackets. Over the past century some of the very best undergraduate education available in the country has been at the small liberal arts colleges. My point is that in the future one will not look to a small independent college for a first-rate education, but rather to a college which is an integral part of a strong university.

The best institutions are dealing with a different kind of student today. In the first place, with so many more candidates applying, it has been possible for those colleges which control the growth of their enrollments to specialize in students of high quality. The number of scholarships has noticeably increased with our prosperity, and as a result, not nearly so many students have to confine themselves to institutions near their homes.

Second, the quality of high school graduates has greatly improved as a result of impressive improvement in high school education over the past decade. Today, far more high school graduates come from families with collegiate backgrounds; as children they have been exposed in some degree to books, magazines, the arts, and reasonable conversation. More parents are aware of the importance of education to practical success. All in

all, the incoming students are more highly selected, they come better prepared, and they are more serious about the academic side of college.

The simplest expedient would seem to be the upgrading of what goes on in the best colleges — doing in the freshman year, say, what was formerly done in the junior year, in the sophomore year what was formerly done in the senior year, and so forth. If you look at it this way, you see at once that the junior and senior years would call for what was formerly graduate work, not covered in the liberal arts college.

But in fact, the situation is more complicated than that. When you deal with a top group, you have more diversity within the group than when you deal with a mediocre group. Consider how much more variable the tallest 10 percent of men are than the middle 10 percent. The tallest 10 percent range over a span of more than six inches, from just under six feet to six feet six inches and more. The middle 10 percent, in contrast, cover a span of only about three quarters of an inch, centered at about five feet eight. In fitting trousers, a single length could serve the whole 10 percent of average men quite satisfactorily, but no one length would fit all the upper 10 percent. Similarly with intellectual traits: a great deal of custom tailoring is necessary in educating the top 10 percent.

The result of all these trends is that every year when the new freshmen appear, a number of them

turn out to be qualified for work at the graduate level in at least one subject. By the time they get to be seniors, a majority are prepared, in at least one subject, for work at the graduate level.

I am not talking about geniuses or quiz kids; just bright, normal young adults. The term "well-rounded" comes to mind when you get to know them personally, but in fact it is an inept description because so many of them have some exceptional aptitude, interest, or knowledge projecting way beyond the level of their other personal qualities.

To exemplify the kind of student I am talking about, here are a few case histories selected from records of our College of Arts and Science:

Theodore F. graduated from Medwood High in Brooklyn in 1964. He ranked twelfth in a class of twelve hundred, and was one of seventy outstanding students admitted to the math-science program at Medwood. He elected both biology and chemistry in his sophomore year and physics as a junior. In his senior year he took advanced placement courses in chemistry, mathematics, and European history. During the summer of his junior year he was among twenty-eight outstanding high school students chosen from a group of five hundred applicants for a nine-week laboratory apprenticeship at the Jackson Laboratory in Maine, where he worked on a study of the heritability of early post-natal growth rates in progeny of irradiated mice.

In his college boards Ted ranked in the 99th percentile in both verbal and math tests. Yet — and here is a very important point — Ted ranked only average, high average, and low average respectively, in speed reading, the Iowa English Placement Test, and the Modern Language Aptitude Test. Thus, Ted is not a one-in-a-million genius. He's a bright, imaginative young man with a well-organized mind, a natural grasp of mathematics, and an insatiable curiosity in certain science fields, who had had some excellent advanced education before he came to college. This fall, as he begins his sophomore year at the University of Rochester, he is ready to work at the graduate level in his major area of interest. Ted is no new phenomenon on the American academic scene. We have had similarly equipped students coming to us for several years, though they are now arriving in such rapidly increasing numbers as to be almost typical.

Three years ago Lewis K. graduated from Staten Island's Curtis High. While he was in high school, he attended the Caravan of Chemistry at Yale and the atomic exhibit and symposium at Chicago. He worked on a chemistry project for the Westinghouse Talent Search and made weather forecasts with homemade equipment that duplicated the Weather Bureau forecasts, except for one occasion when it turned out that Lewis' forecast was right

and the Weather Bureau's was wrong. As a senior at Rochester this year, Lewis will be taking at least two courses at the graduate level, and at the same time making an interesting transition, from a major in chemistry to one in political science.

Eric H. audited a course in chemistry at the University of Colorado in 1960 while still in high school. In the summer of 1961, he completed the summer science-training program in geology and chemistry at the Colorado School of Mines under the auspices of the National Science Foundation. Eric is a senior this year, and his program is mainly at the graduate level.

Nina T., a senior, is a history honors major. She graduated fifty-first in her class of one hundred and thirty-six from Hunter College High School in New York City, where she was a well-liked participant in many student activities. Nina has a fine voice and has had special training in dance, guitar, piano, and art. She has a secure multilingual background in English, French, and Russian, speaks German without an accent, and has studied Greek and Latin. As a junior she did excellent work in a graduate course in Russian religious history, and as a senior this year is taking several other graduate courses.

What of the faculty who must cope with such students? No longer is it sufficient for a faculty member to prepare carefully within carefully defined boundaries. In his classes he must be prepared for questions ranging over many topics, and discussion penetrating deeply into some of them. He will have to cope with term papers that sometimes are equivalent to a master's thesis. He must be able to inspire students to investigate for themselves, and he must provide leadership to and criticism of their investigatory efforts. In short, since so many students are prepared for work at the graduate level, the faculty must be prepared to offer commensurate instruction. This means getting a faculty of genuine graduate caliber, with interests, skills, and accomplishments in research and scholarship and with pedagogical ability, not just in making material interesting, but in making the processes of obtaining knowledge a real challenge.

Such a faculty cannot be obtained unless it will have a body of graduate students to work with; ample time and resources for its own research, scholarship, and study; and faculty colleagues with related interests — unless, in other words, it is part of a true university.

Undergraduate college education used to represent pretty much the pinnacle of formal education. Nowadays, holders of bachelors degrees are as common as high school graduates were at the end of World War I. Ph.D.'s are as common as college graduates were at the turn of the century. This great increase in graduate work results partly

from the great increase in income, so that people can use their undergraduate college years for general education and postpone professional preparation. It also results from the much greater earning power produced by graduate work, so that even if students were not better able to afford it, they would still find it more worthwhile than they did earlier.

Colleges which confine their efforts to undergraduates will find themselves relegated, by the end of this century, to the position occupied today by the good preparatory schools. In fact, they will not be in as good a position, for unlike first-rate preparatory schools today, they will not get the best students. The best students will go to universities.

The history of the University of Rochester is relevant in the light of these trends. Although we were called a university from the time we were organized in 1849, we were, in fact, only an undergraduate liberal arts college until 1918. Then we had the charter amended to allow us to undertake other activities. In 1921, classes started in our Eastman School of Music, and in 1925 in our School of Medicine and Dentistry. It was not until the late thirties, however, that doctoral work began to be taken seriously in the College of Arts and Science. In the late thirties, first-class doctoral programs were started in physics under Lee DuBridge, in chemistry under Albert Noyes, in psychology under Leonard Carmichael, in history under Dexter Perkins, in biology under Curt Stern, and in one or two other fields. But beginning in 1951, when my predecessor, C. W. de Kiewiet, took office, major efforts were made to develop doctoral programs and research of high quality in every department of the College of Arts and Science, and we also moved business, education, and engineering into separate colleges.

Rochester had two unusual factors that have made for success in this effort:

First, we inherited a large endowment, mostly from George Eastman, and so we had important funds of our own to do the job with. We committed them primarily to people and programs — to bringing in high quality faculty, which of course meant raising faculty salaries (we are now among the top dozen institutions in the country in faculty salaries), and to introducing new or improved curricula. Very little of our money was put into buildings. We did a lot of building, but mostly by borrowing for dormitories, dining halls, and other facilities

which are self-supporting, by government contracts, by funds from foundations, by capital grants from corporations, and by gifts from individual donors for special buildings.

And second, the medical school was one of the great ones in the world, and this meant that we had close at hand a body of people interested in the university who were qualified to evaluate possible faculty appointments and encourage top people to come to Rochester — the recruiting of DuBridge, Noyes, Carmichael, Stern, and others involved important assistance from members of the medical school faculty. This accounts for beginning our graduate developments in the sciences, where the medical school had the best grounding. That the humanities, which had been the traditional point of focus in the College of Arts and Science at Rochester, did not benefit in the same way from the music school or from the Memorial Art Gallery, can be explained in large part, I suspect, by geography: the medical school adjoins the main campus, whereas the music school and art gallery are ten or fifteen minutes away. Only in the past decade have the humanities and the social sciences been reinvigorated, and this was greatly aided by the very scientists who earlier had been recruited with the help of medical faculty.

Thus, hindsight suggests that our development since 1918 has been characterized by a considerable measure of foresight. And this brings me back to my opening assertion that the liberal arts colleges which today provide much of our best undergraduate education will not do so in the future.

I really expect that the best small colleges will evolve in much the same way that Rochester already has. This, indeed, is not so much an expectation of what they will do as an observation of what they are in fact doing. My information is spotty and casual, but I have heard of movements — not all recent, by any means — in the direction I have indicated: at Reed, at Oberlin, at Amherst, Smith, Mount Holyoke, and the University of Massachusetts cooperatively, at Lawrence, at Dartmouth, at Williams, at Swarthmore, at Bryn Mawr, at Haverford, at the Claremont Colleges cooperatively, and elsewhere. It would be interesting and enlightening to make a survey of trends in liberal arts colleges, to see how generally and how consciously they are recognizing and adjusting to the long-run implications of what we were discussing.

Sincerely yours,
ALLEN WALLIS

Another Plane in Another Sphere

THE COLLEGE DRUG SCENE

by JEREMY LARNER

Jeremy Larner is the author of the novel DRIVE, HE SAID, and co-author of THE ADDICT IN THE STREET. He is currently teaching at the New York State University at Stony Brook, Long Island.

Why do we try drugs? We really feel like we're limited so much. And we want to do so much. And we're always told we should try things and grow. It's part of the liberal arts education. It seems hypocritical of older people to tell us not to try certain things. We feel we can take care of ourselves.

While there are no significant statistics — any more than there are on virginity, and for the same reasons — drug-taking is becoming increasingly popular on American campuses. A variety of drugs can now be easily obtained at any college which draws its students from metropolitan areas — which means that the problem is most acute at the biggest and best universities and at some of the most prestigious small colleges. Marijuana is generally the drug of choice: a young man from an Eastern college claims, "I have yet to see a college party anywhere in the last two years where at least $\frac{1}{3}$ of the kids have not been turned on."

The local marijuana connection is usually a fellow classmate. But if a student wants other drugs, or if he uses marijuana in large quantities, he need not seek further than the circle of hangers-on who live in the university community without attending college. In brief, availability is such that nearly every contemporary student must make up his mind whether or not he wants to try drugs — because he will certainly have the chance.

For most students, marijuana is something to be

tried once or twice, to see what it's like. Those who consider themselves hip will smoke reefers "socially," in the same spirit in which executives drink martinis. Of these social smokers, a few will get to the point where they are turning on every day; and it is these few who will also try other drugs — for example, amphetamine "pep pills" in quantities that can cause psychotic distortions, berserk outbreaks, and even cerebral hemorrhage. Heroin, barbiturates, and other "hard narcotics" are also available for the self-destructive; but as a rule the hip thing is to take drugs for "exploration" rather than escape.

When drug use first comes to light on a given campus, college officials tend to protect the school's reputation by expelling the culprits and even by turning them over to the police. Experienced administrators, however, are learning to make a distinction between trying drugs and selling them, and in the former case are more likely to use probation or a psychiatric referral as a means of correction. The fact that drugs are illegal does not in itself serve as a deterrent. Students of all generations have traditionally sought out forbidden activities as a valuable part of their college education. Thus choosing one's drug, or no drugs, is regarded as a personal decision, like choosing friends, books, or clothes, to be made on personal grounds quite apart from the opinions or threats of authorities.

The modern student will accept responsibility

for the effects his actions have on others, but beyond that he sees all arbitrary limits as impositions of the status quo. Personal responsibility, to him, implies the freedom to take risks that involve only himself and his development. He feels that if parents and school officials really believe in that "free inquiry" which is supposedly the ideal of a liberal education, they must respect his right to conduct his own quest by his own rules.

The drugs most talked about in terms of questing are the powerfully mind-disturbing hallucinogens (peyote, mescaline, psilocybin, LSD). Most of the daily pot-smokers will sooner or later try the hallucinogens. Other students are also curious to try them, partly for "kicks," partly because they feel challenged, and partly because they are attracted by claims of mystic and psychological revelation. The most extravagant of these claims emanate from grown-up enthusiasts who are devoting their careers to popularizing the hallucinogens.

For many young Americans, college represents four years of free experiment between the restrictions of the parental family and the responsibilities of the marital family. The student is aware that every choice he makes — both occupationally and personally — may have a telling effect on the adult he will become. He is under pressure to "find himself" — and quickly.

Like other Americans, the college student may look for his "self" in the products he consumes. Universities that are organized like supermarkets will only encourage such unsatisfying searches. Students, moreover, are susceptible to an existentialist strain of the disease called "conspicuous consumption." Rerouting the pursuit of the material, they seek to consume pure experience. They hope that by choosing the right activities they can create an external confirmation of the power and beauty they would like to feel within.

Drugs, as we shall see, are products that supply the illusion of choice while they simultaneously minister to the anxieties that choosing creates. The increasing use of drugs may be seen as a reflection of an unconscious belief in the commercials that pound home the connection between a judicious drug choice and the relief of any mental or physical "symptom." Such assumptions are not easily overcome by a generation that is, after all, the first whose members are lifelong TV viewers, bombarded from infancy by suggestions of false needs.

MARIJUANA

To us a muggle wasn't any more dangerous or habit-forming than those other great American vices, the five-cent Coke and the ice-cream cone, only it gave you more kicks for your money.

Us vipers began to know that we had a gang of things

in common: we ate like starved cannibals who finally latch on to a missionary, and we laughed a whole lot and lazed around in an easygoing way, and we all decided that the muta had some aphrodisiac qualities too. . . . All the puffed-up strutting little people we saw around, jogging their self-important way along so chesty and chumpy, plotting and scheming and getting more wrinkled and jumpy all the time, made us all howl. . . . We were on another plane in another sphere compared to the musicians who were bottle babies, always hitting the jug and then coming up brawling after they got loaded. We liked things to be easy and relaxed, mellow and mild, not loud or loutish, and the scowling chin-out tension of the lushhounds with their false courage didn't appeal to us.

This classic description — from *Really the Blues* (1946) by Mezz Mezzrow and Bernard Wolfe — will serve to convey the general relaxation of the marijuana high and the good fellowship which prevails in the society of satisfied vipers. "The LaGuardia Report" — published in 1944 and still the standard scientific text on the subject — confirms that marijuana is non-addicting. The Report warns that marijuana taken in excess may produce anxiety as well as pleasant feelings, and that psychotic episodes are not unheard-of when the batch is strong and the smoker sensitive. The pleasurable response to pot is to some extent learned, and an experienced smoker will not continue once he has obtained the desired sensations. To quote The Report: "The description of the 'tea-pad parties' brings out clearly the convivial effect . . . and the absence of any rough or antagonistic behavior."

Obviously college administrators could not sanction pot, even if it were legal, any more than they sanction drinking. But students are contemptuous of the usual line about marijuana leading to heroin addiction. Since heroin is a depressant, its effects are entirely different from those described above, and are sought after by a different kind of person, one who is characteristically dissatisfied with marijuana. Commentators may fasten on the fact that heroin addicts "began" with pot, but it is just as accurate to say that they "began" with liquor. For most heroin addicts have at one time tried liquor as well as pot — and rejected both.

Since pot is outlawed, however, sooner or later a pot-smoker will come in contact with a connection who has other drugs for sale. This, to many students, represents the crucial difference between alcohol and marijuana. One drug is surrounded by accepted rituals, while consumption of the other is ipso facto connected with lawbreaking. Many feel that if marijuana were legalized, society would develop appropriate and enjoyable attitudes toward it. They feel that the comparison with alcohol is all in marijuana's favor. The White House Conference on Narcotic and Drug Abuse referred to

alcohol as "the outstanding addictive drug in the United States." The country's five million alcoholics suffer from cirrhosis, nervous diseases, and even brain damage. Nicotine, too, has addictive properties, and cigarettes made from tobacco can cause lung cancer; whereas the LaGuardia Report tells us that "those who have been smoking marijuana for a period of years showed no mental or physical deterioration which may be attributed to the drug."

The upshot of misinformed fulminations about marijuana is that students in the know feel a certain superiority. They're entitled to smile when subjected to the liquor industry's \$200 million annual barrage of advertising designed to link alcoholic intake with happiness, youth, and social power. They feel their product is better, cheaper, and less dangerous. And once they've tried pot and discovered that official warnings are based more on panic than fact, they are in a position to discredit apprehensions about any drug whatever.

THE HALLUCINOGENS

The hallucinogens — of which the laboratory synthetic LSD is by far the most powerful — produce a stunning impact on the mind. Distortions of time and space, intense color phenomena, and delusions of death and grandeur are commonly experienced. All sorts of thoughts, feelings, memories, fears, dreams, and images are released, often with an overlay of euphoria. Some psychiatrists see the hallucinogens as potentially useful in the treatment of various mental disorders, though most regard the experimental work in this field to date as inconclusive. Psychoanalysts have for years rejected techniques of artificial release — such as hypnotism and "truth serums" — on the grounds that psychoanalysis is not identical with the mere unearthing of material.

LSD cultists feel that under the effect of a hallucinogen, the mind activates in-born knowledge long "repressed" by civilization, knowledge which reveals the mystic "oneness" of the universe. The individual personality is supposedly dissolved in "The Void," where space and time vanish and all is impersonal "ecstasy." This experience, along with the emergence of "repressed" psychic material, is supposed to help the individual gain a transcendent perspective with which to reorient himself to the "illusory" world of earth-bound humanity.

It is claimed that the regular use of LSD increases individual development and lovingness toward others, and that therefore the drug should be freely available. An LSD millennium is seen as inevitable, bringing with it the dissolution of human conflict and the recognition of the cult leaders as

prophets of a scientific, philosophic, and historical "breakthrough."

Most psychiatrists, however, are wary of dangerous reactions to the hallucinogens. There are many verified reports of students in whom a hallucinatory drug touched off a latent psychosis so severe that hospitalization was required. Prolonged psychotic states, depression, recurring hallucinations, and suicide attempts (some successful) have resulted from the use of LSD — in some cases months after the drug was taken. As for the effects of LSD on the personality, medical investigators have noted the following: 1) dissociation and detachment, 2) personal insensitivity, superiority, 3) religious and philosophical solipsism, 4) impulsivity, poor judgment.

These observations, to be sure, depend on the observer's point of view. One of the chief concerns of the dedicated drug-taker is precisely to repudiate the values, judgments, and most basic perceptions of the persons he believes to represent a monolithic and repressive authority. He does his best to perceive school officials, scientists, teachers, psychiatrists, and indeed anyone who does not appreciate "the drug experience," as an organized "Establishment" conspiring to suppress individual "freedom."

THE DEDICATED DRUG-USER

It is now possible for a disaffected youngster to assume a highly developed role as drug-user. He usually begins with the perfection of a "cool" manner. The world is "too much"; his coolness announces that the cool one is invulnerable to involvement. He has taken the cure well in advance of the disease. To put it in consumer terms: desire is a weakness, because it expresses unfulfilled need. The cool one has found and taken the products that he needs.

To blow one's cool, then, is to reveal — to oneself as well as others — an inner lack. To maintain one's cool is to signify, "I've had it." The double meaning is intentional; for the cool one claims no great worldly future. He knows that his gestures are stylized; his pride is the masterly knowledge that in this world of appearances, style is all that matters. Unlike others whom he sees as self-deluded, the cool one suits his actions to his ideas. He has found a philosophy simple enough to live by (almost). In this sense, he alone has achieved the academic ideal.

There is, after all, a twisted idealism involved in submitting oneself to drug experiments. Erik Erikson, in "The Problem of Ego Identity," tells us that some young people respond to environmental pressures by trying to create a "negative identity." According to Erikson, "many a late adolescent, if faced with continuing diffusion, would rather *be*

nobody or somebody bad, or indeed, dead — and this totally, and by free choice — than be not-quite somebody.” (Italics his.) Drugs, in these terms, provide the idealist with a chance to control his own destiny and to go all the way. There is a distorted testing mechanism at work here; Erikson speaks of “a radical search for the rock bottom . . . a deliberate search” — as if the searcher could master a sense of unworthiness by seeking out and inflicting upon himself certain selected dangers. Drugs are like Russian roulette: if you survive, you must have something going for you. It shouldn’t surprise us that one of the most common, popular, and easily induced drug delusions is the fantasy of rebirth.

If one is to be reborn, one needs replacements for the mortal, fallible parents and family whose existence dictates unendurable limitations. Says Erikson, “Young people often indicate in rather pathetic ways a feeling that only a merging with a ‘leader’ could save them. . . . the late adolescent wants to be an apprentice or a disciple, a follower, sex mate, or patient.” The contemporary campus is replete with drug-givers who will gladly initiate the yearningly incomplete student into all of the above roles. The novice is then equipped with drug priests for parents and fellow acolytes for siblings. The members of the drug family are connected not by birth and mortality, but by destiny and salvation. They reinforce their new improved personalities with ceremonial rituals, an in-group language, and — above all — the taking of the sacrament.

Before long the initiate drug-taker is in turn initiating others. Their desire directed toward him helps to confirm him in his role of “holder” and to convince him that he is indeed in possession of something worthwhile. It is to his advantage that expectation and suggestibility play a tremendous role in an individual’s reaction to drugs. He himself is no longer surprised by the sensations produced by powerful drugs; he has learned to enjoy them and to interpret them in accordance with his own desires. Therefore he can guide the initiate who is panicky under his first dose of, say, a hallucinogen, can calm him with lofty wisdom, and help him explain his experience in the language of the drug ideology.

As the drug-taker becomes drug-giver, he cultivates a transcendent personality. He views the world with the secret superiority of one who has access to something better. All of you are playing a game, he says in his every gesture, but you could be saved if you’d follow me. Reality for him is no longer the uncertainty of the ordinary world but the heightened visions he experiences when high. Should his would-be disciples reject their own visions as drug-induced delusions, he informs them that they are tied up in “ego games.” For him, the

only criteria for interpreting drug phenomena are the phenomena themselves.

The transcendent personality is particularly useful for a student supported by his parents or a technician performing a job he despises. Ordinarily such a situation would raise a crisis of identity centered around the problem of achieving independence and self-respect. But for the true holder, serving his drug postpones the questions, Who am I? and What can I do?

Further, those dedicated to drugs have avoided the ambiguities of democratic face-to-face personal relations. Clinging to an in-group solidarity, they divide the world into sages and fools, saints and devils, holders and seekers. Richard Blum, in his book *The Utopiates*, speculates that drug proselytizers are particularly afraid of seeking and being denied. So they reverse the process, becoming tempters and rejecters. For this writer, the essential point is that both seekers and tempters are still caught up in the infantile drama of power-testing. Unable to bear a grown-up world without absolute power, they have invented that power — and invested it both in drugs and in the parental figures who oppose drugs.

GETTING HUNG UP

“David” is a brilliant student at an excellent college, well aware of the advantages he’s had, and aware also that much is expected of him. Here, David tells of a recent experience which caused him to give up drugs entirely:

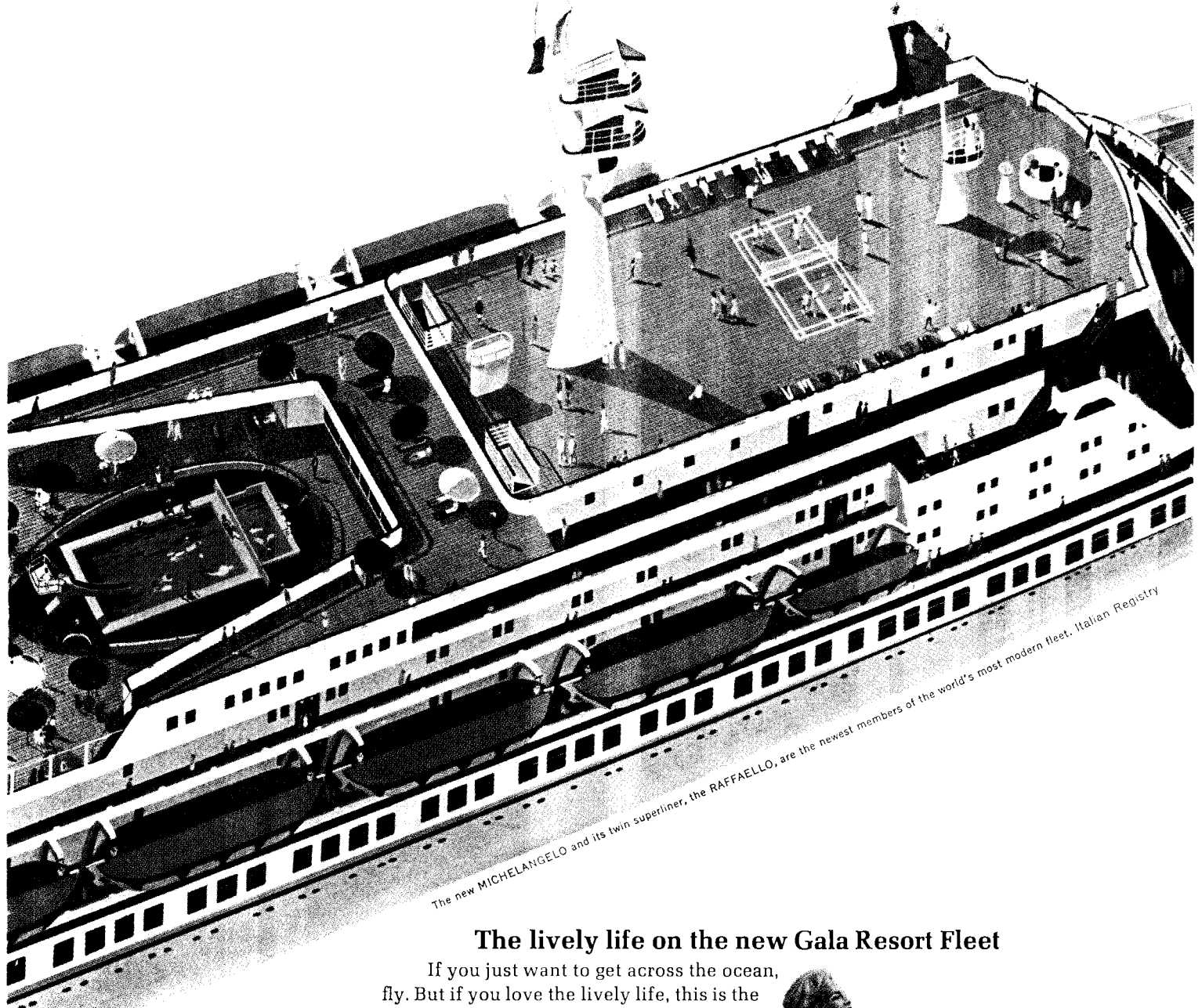
At the beginning of this year, I felt really low, I got completely bored with school, and I felt the teachers weren’t giving me anything. I had been involved with a girl, but it ended at the end of the summer. And that was one of the things that really depressed me, you know, that I couldn’t find anybody. Sex became a real drive, but since none of the chicks meant anything to me, sex itself became meaningless. I just didn’t know what to do with myself. So I started smoking pot every day — to the point where I was high every minute.

Grass had become a crutch all of a sudden. I turned on before I went to class, before dinner, before skiing. I felt that everything could be better. It wasn’t just music and girls; it was everything.

But after a few months, I got so I was tired all the time, my mouth was dry. I wasn’t doing anything but getting high, and I couldn’t get high anymore. I’d been dependent on getting high, and I wanted something to change. There had to be something that would *shake* me. No people were shaking me, no ideas were shaking me, and no course was shaking me. And no experiences were shaking me, so I said, what can shake me? LSD, maybe. So I thought I’d try LSD, to see if it shakes me into something new.

At this point David contacted a disturbed young friend who had been taking drugs heavily since he

Italian Line 1965



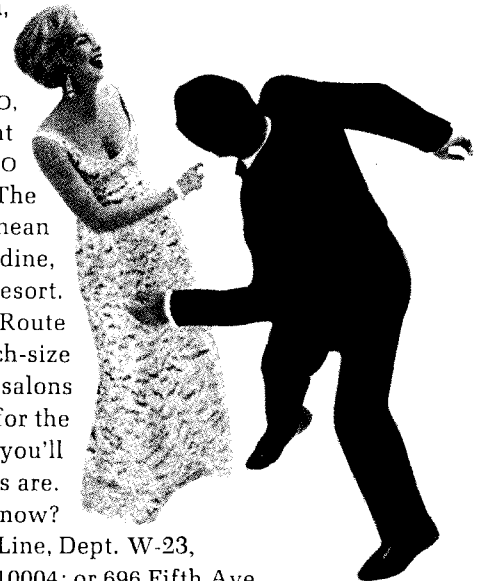
The new MICHELANGELO and its twin superliner, the RAFFAELLO, are the newest members of the world's most modern fleet. Italian Registry

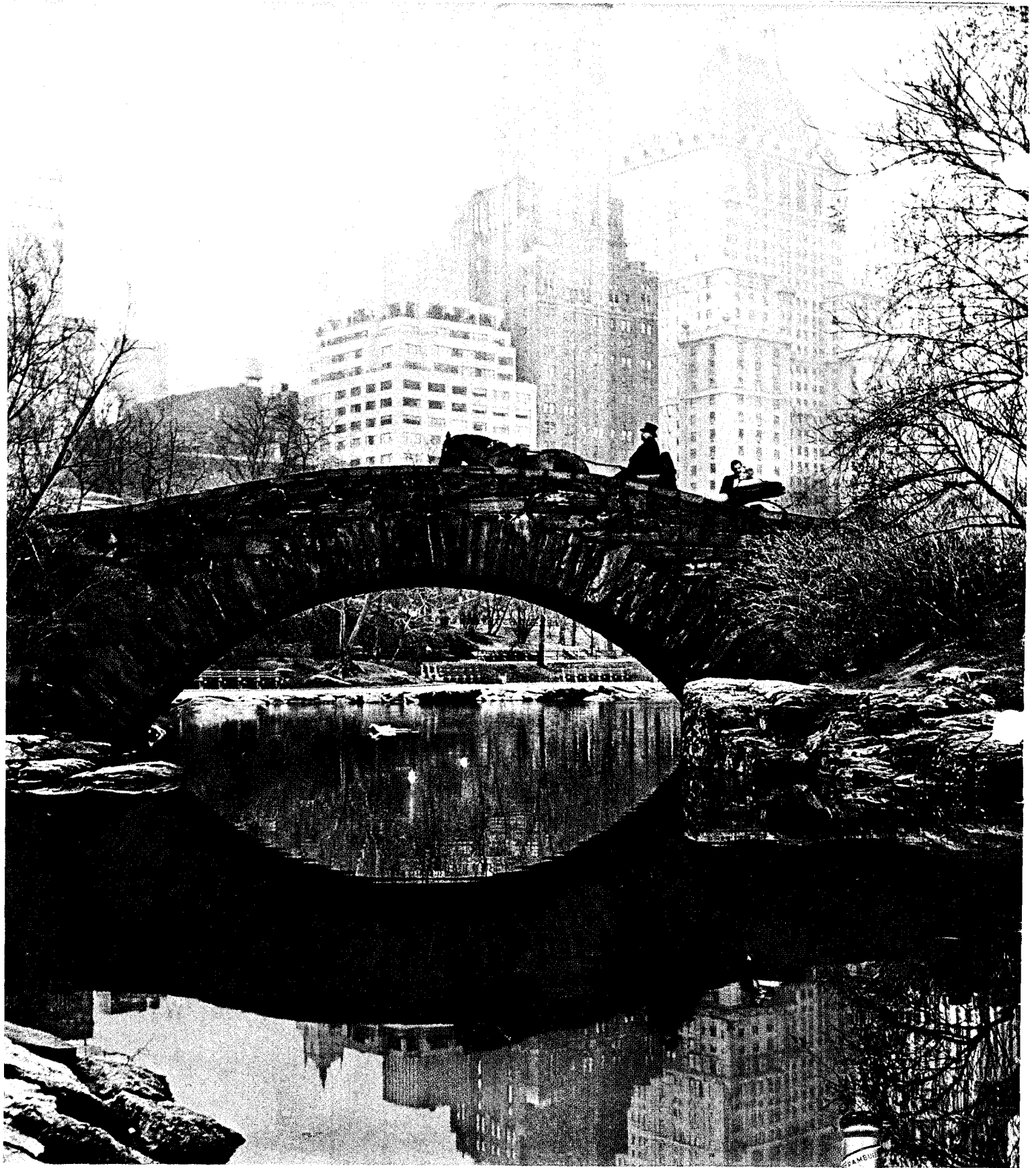
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*Evenings that memories are made of
so often include **DRAMBUIE**
the cordial with the scotch whisky base*



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was fourteen. When David arrived, his friend had taken four times what is considered a heavy dose of LSD and had been hallucinating for five days. He gave David a black market sugar cube and told him it contained a heavy dose of LSD. After swallowing the cube, David found out that it held *twice* a heavy dose. "I think he was so far out of it he knew he wasn't coming back, and he wanted to take me with him."

So I took the cube. For a while it was nice, I'd lie down on the bed, hear some music, the music would sound nice, I'd see pretty colors dancing on the wall. But the fact that new and completely different, if not contradictory, ideas kept popping up in my mind, gradually began to depress me. I kept thinking I had the Answer to Life. I'd jump into one thing, then I'd say No, that's wrong; then another thing, then No, that's wrong . . . and finally I saw that the answers were just as illusory as the colors I saw on the wall.

And when I started to feel my mind flipping out of my body, I thought, Jesus Christ, I don't care how simple the pleasures would be, I'd rather be *back there*. I'd rather be in a boring state than where I am now, because I cannot live this way, I don't want to be like this. I'll commit suicide if necessary. I thought that this was going to go on continually, and I just couldn't cope with it.

Though inside himself David felt desperately hysterical, his outer manner was so remote that he couldn't convince the college doctor he needed help. Finally, after three days of hallucinations, David found a doctor who administered an antidote.

The LSD experience caused David to reconsider his way of using marijuana:

I realized afterwards that, as a result of smoking grass, the things that had been important to me were not only no longer important, I was incapable of doing them. I couldn't write, I couldn't think, I couldn't carry on normal relations with people. I saw how much time I'd been wasting. I mean, I sort of knew it all along. But when I took the LSD I just had three days of intense fear and running around and nervous energy, and when I was brought back to earth, I said, God, your whole last few years have been like this! You haven't been doing anything; you've just been running around — and heading in toward a dead end. I hadn't been developing at all; I was just completely stagnant.

After telling his story, David gets into an argument with his roommate about a mutual friend who was once a brilliant musician but who now does nothing but stay high on pot all day long. David's roommate refers him to a long list of first-rate jazz musicians who are well-known vipers. David is forced to admit that the problem resides not in the marijuana itself but in the immaturity of his friend, who is "a weak, dependent person needing a crutch." The roommate presses further: isn't their

musician friend just as well off staying high all day as he would be playing the piano? As long as he feels good, does it make any difference how he gets that way? David replies with some warmth:

No, my friend does *not* feel good — he could be happier with music than with pot. Because music never ceases to move and develop. Pot, instead of broadening and deepening, just becomes less than it was at the beginning. You could say the same about any drug: it's a dead end.

THE MYSTIQUE OF "THE CREATIVE EXPERIENCE"

Thousands of students would passionately object to David's separation of drugs and art. They would insist that drugs are indispensable for the understanding and creation of modern poetry, painting, music, fiction, and sculpture.

For reasons of social dislocation which the campus only mirrors, masses of the most confused, aimless, and sensitive young people are drawn to the arts and humanities. A common theme in the humanities is reverence for art — a reverence crudely reinforced by a society which has discovered the commodity value of culture. The student finds "great" art painstakingly analyzed by teachers who are masters of academic method. If he is not satisfied with mere learning, the student may be tempted to transcend the analysis and identify with the projected image of the artist. Art raises the possibility that one is possessed of a non-intellectual, unmeasurable, mysterious *something* that defies all academic categories. Under the circumstances, it is natural for the artistic student to be overly impressed with the notion that art is inspired by irrational mental states — even to the point where he regards insanity as a divine visitation.

For the would-be artist, drugs are a magic product advertising the separation of art from talent, time, judgment, and work. One turns on, and one has Visions. One digs music and painting with drug-heightened attention, and one has Revelations. If one tries to paint or write under the influence of drugs, the results are invariably disorganized and disappointing. Still, one has somehow been "creative." All that is necessary to call oneself an artist is to replace palpable creation with the notion of "the creative experience."

The trouble with "the creative experience" is that anyone can have it. But for those who cannot produce art itself, the drug ideology offers membership in an artistic consumer elite.

I recently met a young engineer who feels greater rapport with his girl when both are high. Every night they turn on while watching a TV movie and "really dig it." The engineer feels that everyone should smoke pot. "When I go out in the world looking for friends, the first question I ask myself

is, do they smoke? Because if they don't they look at me like I'm a drug addict."

The engineer insists that he turns on not for escape but for "insight—to learn things about myself." As an example of his insight, he states that "ordinarily I have a masochistic streak: I let people get away with saying things they shouldn't. But when I'm high, I know what to answer."

The engineer's girl friend is an art student who claims she paints better when high. "I can paint and take in everything going on in the room at the same time." She enjoys the fact that so many of her friends use drugs. "You feel you're privileged—you're part of an artists' community."

College drug use reaches a peak at big city art schools. It's worth noting that at the art colleges young people in training to become fashion illustrators and advertising directors are exposed to a highly pretentious milieu. They make contact with future artists—and form an alliance between art and advertising which has proved effective in bringing visual art, more than any other, into the consumer marketplace. To be hip in the art world, one must now consume the newest thing in art in the same way one consumes drugs—for the latest sensation. Like "creative experience," the fabrication of "pop" art is within reach of anyone. And art fashions, like drug fashions, offer their consumers the justification of an in-group ideology.

THE AMERICAN DREAM

Ever since the discovery of the New World and the Frontier, Americans have been looking for an absolute truth. This truth is thought to be natural and good, yet often it is to be attained through technical developments. Our politicians reflect these assumptions whenever they resort to the apocalyptic view of history, in which the United States is to play a divinely ordained dramatic role in directing the "progress" of the rest of the world.

D. H. Lawrence once described Americans as "Some insisting on the plumbing, and some on saving the world: these being the two great Ameri-

can specialties." The LSD missionaries are out to do both at the same time—to save the world by tinkering with the internal plumbing. As in the drug ads, the idea is happiness and fulfillment through the ingestion of a synthesized additive. If drug evangelists combine proselytism with claims of mystic serenity, it's not because of any profound "paradox," but because they are, at bottom, American innocents.

Another American tradition—which can be encountered in any decent course in American literature—is the myth of the New Self. The myth is that a powerful experience can purge a hero of his past and release innate powers which have been hitherto suppressed by an unnatural society. The desire is to rid oneself entirely of fear and guilt. For the American student, drugs are the latest platform from which the New Self may be announced. The young user may rejoice in a mode of being which seems utterly to bypass his everyday problems in coming to terms with the world. He can occupy, for a while, "another plane in another sphere"—where everything depends upon himself and what he puts into his mouth.

Newness, by its nature, is temporary. Before long there may be a letdown, an impingement of the dreary "old" self who has survived somehow after all—then a need, as David puts it, for something to "shake" one. That something, for the modern student, is closer than the campus drug store. It will be ready for him as often as he has to have it.

Eventually he may wonder why. Speaking of "insight"—as young "heads" are so prone to do—the deepest insight one could gain from drugs would be to discover, not one's essential greatness, but the reason one needed to take drugs in the first place. This knowledge comes from life rather than manufactured chemicals. As a matter of fact, there is a tendency for collegiate drug-users, such as David, to reach a peak and then abruptly leave the drug scene. But until an individual can understand his drug need in terms of his own psychology, drug use for him will continue to be one of those symptoms that perpetuates its causes.

People who are attracted to the hallucinogenic drugs are often those most likely to be harmed by them. . . . Latent psychotics are disintegrating under the influence of even single doses. . . . Habitual use of the drugs will lead, in some individuals at least, to looseness in thinking and difficulty in communicating coherently. One individual known to the writer can hallucinate at will, without resorting to the drug.

Our accumulating day-to-day experience with patients suffering the consequences of the hallucinogens demonstrates beyond question that these drugs have the power to damage the individual psyche, indeed, to cripple it for life.

DANA L. FARNSWORTH, M.D.

From the Journal of the American Medical Association
September 14, 1963



ARTHUR MIZENER

THE PATH TO PROMOTION

"The idea that universities select their faculties on some mindless principle of publish or perish is so ludicrously childish that it ought not to take in even a foolish undergraduate." So says Arthur Mizener, biographer of F. Scott Fitzgerald and professor of English at Cornell University, who explores in detail the hiring and firing of university professors.

THE impassioned cry that the referee ought to be shot sent up by students at Yale last spring is only the noisiest illustration of an attitude that is endemic among American undergraduates. Heaven knows it has its occasions. Like all institutions, universities have never been perfect; at the moment they are a good deal less perfect than usual, because they are faced with a nearly impossible situation, an unprecedented increase in enrollment and an unprecedented shortage of experienced or even competent teachers.

The difficulties of the situation are being considerably increased by the unlucky fact that the fashionable posture among students seriously interested in reform is an assertion of their "alienation" from society accompanied by an idea that the way to make a "community," to enforce human warmth and intimacy, is to form a committee and to agitate. Like the Trotskyism of the 1930s this posture has the advantage of allowing its possessor to scorn any-

one responsible for the actual operation of a human institution (a man already committed to an absurdly pointless world and therefore evidently a fool) and thus to free himself for the most seductive of all intellectual self-indulgences, the invention of utopias.

This is in itself a harmless and even stimulating activity. But when the utopian dreams of students are acted on, they involve a serious, sometimes even a disastrous waste of the students' time and, insofar as they have any political effect on the university, an increase in the difficulty of solving the very problems the students are attacking. The pity of all this is that for the first time in decades at least a few American students are interested enough in education to want to do something about it, and they are well on their way to wasting their efforts on ridiculous schemes based on false conceptions of the problems. Perhaps all this waste and confusion is inevitable; if it is, then so are the well-meant efforts of aging rebels of the last generation to prevent its happening once more.

The present agitation over the system of promotion in our universities is a good illustration of what is happening among these contemporary rebels. It is based on a misconception of the actual situation so extravagant that had they not made it as plain as the Madison Avenue art of placards can, it would not have seemed possible among intelligent young people who have been observing a university from inside for three or four years.

Perhaps university faculties are to blame for this situation. It is certainly true that the better they

are, the more intensely they are preoccupied with their scholarship and their teaching and the less patience they have for the purely political aspects of the internal life of their universities. If this were not so, they might well have seen dangerous signs that many undergraduates have little idea of the actual nature of a university in the persistent tendency of students to make superficial courses remarkably popular, to trail about after the showmen of the faculty rather than the teachers, to seek, rather pathetically, dogmas rather than occasions for understanding. These signs, it is now easy to see, ought perhaps to have warned us that many students have a conception of a faculty's uses that is neither possible nor, if it were possible, desirable.

THERE are three easily distinguishable kinds of professors in universities, none of whom performs the functions allotted to him with the utopian perfection that idealistic undergraduates expect. The first kind is the man who provides what everyone in the university, faculty and students alike, depends on. He is the man who has read, in an intellectually tough and disciplined way, all there is to know about his subject and has accomplished, in at least an adequate way, the supremely difficult intellectual task of organizing this body of knowledge in a communicable form. That form does not, theoretically, have to be the written word, but anyone who has ever performed even the most insignificant intellectual task knows that when he tries to write down what he knows and thinks, he discovers the many gaps of knowledge and reason in his understanding of a subject he quite honestly believed he had perfectly under command. There are rare people who can discover these gaps without the discipline of writing, but they are so rare that they are, for all practical purposes, nonexistent.

The men who perform the task I have been describing are the scholars, the real scholars. They may not always be eloquent public speakers, moving preachers, or sympathetic confessors. Thorstein Veblen, for example, was famous for his classroom habit of putting his hand before his mouth and mumbling in a way that made it difficult to hear him at all. One of the distinguished Elizabethan scholars of the last generation, Thomas Marc Parrott of Princeton, always lectured with his eyes closed and with a faraway expression on his face that strongly suggested a considerable lack of personal interest in the students before him. He was in fact a gregarious and genial man among his friends, but I believe he found it absurd — as indeed it is — for a man to pretend that every student who turns up in his classes is a personal friend.

The fact remains that the whole educational

process depends on men like these, because the universities are not just trying to teach students; they are trying to teach students the slowly accumulated knowledge and understanding of a great culture. Their fundamental justification for existence is that they are committed to striving for exact knowledge and just understanding. The tendency of idealistic students to overlook the supreme importance of the scholar's function seems to rest on their flattering but absurd conviction that everyone who is a professor automatically is a learned man and that all anyone needs to worry about is whether he is an interesting teacher.

The second kind of professor is the man who becomes, at any cost, the interesting teacher. He has developed talents as an actor or an orator or a preacher. Consciously or not, he is much more interested in finding an aspect of his subject that will allow him to give an appealing lecture than he is in providing a well-ordered conspectus of it. As a young instructor, I once innocently said to a popular older colleague that I was killing myself trying to reread in too short a time *The Portrait of a Lady* because I was about to teach it. "That's silly," he said. "What you should do is to read it only until you come to some interesting point, one you are prepared to say a good deal about and that you know will remind your students of experiences of their own; then you build your lecture around that. The important thing is to be sure the lecture is interesting."

Not all teachers primarily concerned to fascinate students go that far, but this is the principle on which they select what they will teach, and with beginning students, it may not be a wholly bad one. A real education consists almost entirely in what an individual learns for himself by studying; the function of a formal educational system is somehow or other to get him to do that studying, and certainly one of the ways of persuading beginning students to do it is to make them feel that the personal problems with which they are so deeply preoccupied are reflected in the books they are asked to study — though in fact they never are, at least not in the primitive forms in which they exist in the minds of such students. There is, therefore, an inevitable element of tergiversation in teaching of this kind; but it is difficult not to sympathize with the people for whom education is so important that any method of inducing students to study, however dubious in itself, is justified.

What is more, though it is irrelevant to education, the discussion of the personal problems of young people under the guise of teaching a novel or a period of history or whatnot may well be the best moral and civil training young people get in our society.

To be sure, it can also be made, usually for the

most high-minded reasons, destructive of the students' sense of reality. I once knew an eloquent and personable young teacher who was an earnest Zen Buddhist. No matter what subject he was asked to teach, his course always ended up as a series of sermons in Zen. A certain number of students found that young man all too fascinating; he was a successful teacher in the sense that he interested these students. But he did not at all interest them in the subject he was supposedly teaching; he simply did not teach it. And however much may be said for everyone's understanding Zen Buddhism, it is doubtful that it provides a satisfactory faith for anyone but the odd eccentric in our society, even if one should grant that the function of the university teacher is to inculcate a religion.

The third kind of professor in our universities is the man who has done a good deal of moderately serious reading and thinking, or, alternatively, a small amount of severely disciplined reading. Such men are the useful men of the profession. They know from experience what knowledge and understanding are; they can use the work of real scholars responsibly. They are, in short, the teachers who, though they usually have not studied systematically the subject they are teaching, can work out at second hand an undistorted and lucid view of it. They are usually men with the natural equipment to become scholars who have been diverted partway through their careers, by their personal popularity or perhaps the accidental success of a book, into devoting most of their time to teaching, and at worst, "administration" — the name universities give to the endless hours that someone must spend over the humanly fascinating trivialities that preoccupy students not much interested in learning and faculty members too much interested in the internal politics of the university. Such men sometimes even end up in business or government service, where their careers are sighed over by their erstwhile colleagues, with the comic myopia of all professions, as further instances of promising scholars lost to the profession.

But when such men stay in the university they constitute the backbone of the faculty. It is this kind of man that universities are trying to identify among the young teachers whom they are more often than not forced by circumstances either to promote to tenure or to fire before enough evidence has accumulated to allow even the wisest judge to guess what kind of professors they are going to make. Even under ideal circumstances, the decision about promotion would be pretty much of a gamble, since human beings are too unpredictable for anyone to guess what they may become during the thirty-odd years they will be tenure members of a faculty. In actual practice the guessing is done according to a few not very obscure and not very

reliable rules of thumb that most sensible people can probably imagine for themselves.

The young man who spends long, long hours in his office discussing with students, not their work, but their personal problems is often a gentle and kindly person; sometimes, too, he enjoys playing the sage, a great temptation for teachers that few are wholly immune to. Either way, he is all too likely to find less time for the study of his subject than he needs to understand it, however popular his activities may make him with certain students. The young man who falls in love with pedagogy itself and assures himself enthusiastically that he has found, in some special method of teaching, a way to revolutionize education is likely insensibly to come to care less for what he is teaching than for the amount of responsive enthusiasm he can generate in his students. The young man who thinks that in some quasi-analytical, quasi-religious, or political theory about his subject he has found an important secret long concealed from the world can quite easily become a popular teacher by his advocacy of this revelation and is often a facile writer who awes people unacquainted with his subject by the sheer bulk of his publication. The young man who has fallen deeply in love with his subject and is easily excited over the minute particulars of it is also often a great publisher, usually of articles that give every promise of his turning into a hopelessly narrow pedant. Such young men may be kind and considerate human beings; they are often much loved by the students who have come to know them intimately. But they raise serious doubts about their capacities to become or to remain good teachers in the full sense of the term.

PROFESSORS, unbelievable as it apparently is to reforming undergraduates, are merely men; very few of them are filled with motiveless malignity or straw, but they are, like most men, frequently willful, jealous, vain. Perhaps they are a little less so than most groups of men, because though devotion to learning does not influence their characters as much as naïve people expect it to, it does influence them a little. Devotion to learning is an impersonal love, and insofar as it exists in a man, he will rise above merely selfish feelings. Nevertheless, professors make plenty of mistakes in deciding about promotions, both theoretically avoidable and unavoidable ones. The only practical question which that fact raises is whether any other system of making these decisions would ensure fewer mistakes.

It is all too natural that young people, facing in classrooms the human evidence of the mistakes that have been made in the past about promotions, should be tempted to believe in the superiority of

their own judgments, and that some undergraduates (and all instructors) go about suffering from the frustrated conviction that they could choose a faculty far more skillfully than the tired old crocks who actually have the responsibility of doing so. Even if this were true, there would be no way of discovering what the students' judgment really is, since no student can know what he thinks about all the teachers from whom those to be promoted must be chosen; at best he will have studied with one or two of them. The vociferous minorities that march about with placards are even less useful, generous though the impulse to march about in support of some young teacher may in itself be.

But even if the difficulties in the way of discovering an informed student opinion could somehow be eliminated, the judgment of students would not be adequate to the occasion; they are wholly unequipped to judge a teacher's knowledge of his subject, and they have a perfectly natural but distorting vested interest in his talents for keeping them interested in the classroom. It would be too much to ask of human nature to expect students to recognize that, as a great professor once said, it is the duty of every teacher to bore his students at regular intervals, since there are necessary aspects of every subject that are not in the least interesting.

This is not intended to suggest that a teacher's senior colleagues are able to judge his worth very precisely either. The longer and the more effectively a man has taught, the more highly developed his own personal method of teaching will have become and the less free he will be to judge someone else's. Moreover, there are irritatingly unavoidable practical difficulties in the way of finding out how a man does teach. Let another teacher — especially an older one — visit a class, and both the teacher and the students freeze up in a way that makes the occasion hopelessly unrepresentative.

It is perfectly possible to make reliable gross distinctions about teachers, of course. When a man is ignorant or incoherent, it will become evident to students and colleagues alike; the same thing is true of the informed and lucid teacher. But it would make the whole discussion of how to select teachers for promotion a good deal more useful if everyone would honestly admit that no one has yet discovered a way to make fine distinctions in this area, even if everyone could agree about the criteria to be used in making them.

Moreover, it seems not to have been considered by those who are overwrought about the universities' inability to make their methods of promotion infallible that this may actually be an advantage to American higher education as a whole. When Harvard or Yale makes the mistake of failing to

promote a potentially fine teacher, the man does not stop teaching; he goes to another university or college, where he teaches students every bit as deserving as those at the institution he has left. American education as a whole is no worse off for that. In fact, it may be a good deal better off, since the mistakes of Harvard and Yale send to less famous institutions teachers they might not otherwise be able to get.

Furthermore, the men themselves are often better off for having been driven out of institutions to which they have frequently become attached in detrimental ways. A surprisingly large number of the most successful teachers began their careers by being fired from the institution at which they started. With rare exceptions they themselves will bear unembittered and convincing testimony that it was the best thing that ever happened to them. On the other hand, every famous university will have on its faculty a certain number of people who were reluctantly promoted when they were young because they were popular with the students and emotionally committed to the university; they are the embarrassing tenure members of the university for whom some administrative make-work or some insignificant teaching has to be invented.

None of this is intended to suggest that the present system of selecting teachers for promotion is faultless, or even very successful if measured against the ideal system we can all so easily imagine. It is intended only to suggest that the reforms so far proposed have little bearing on the actual situation, and that if they were put into practice, they would make the selections worse rather than better.

If it is not impertinent of a professor to say so, I believe that there would be much to be gained if students were to direct their attention to the factors in our situation that are really frightening — the shortage of scholarly teachers and the crude mass-production methods that are being suggested to increase the supply. These things are lowering the quality of both the scholarship and the teaching in our universities right now and show every sign of doing so even more in the near future. They are also setting up a competition for teachers among leading universities that is wasteful in itself and conducive to the spread of all sorts of shoddy tricks, like the bait of no-teaching programs offered by universities anxious to buy distinguished men.

The idea that there is something patently vicious and easily curable about the process by which men are chosen for promotion in our universities is, however, an illusion, and the idea that universities select their faculties on some mindless principle of publish or perish is so ludicrously childish that it ought not to take in even a foolish undergraduate.

Higher Education for the Negro

by Bernard W. Harleston

A graduate of Howard University, with a Ph.D. from the University of Rochester, Bernard Harleston is an associate professor of psychology at Tufts University. He is chairman of the faculty committee on Negro education, and last summer served as director of the Pre-College Center at Tufts, where eleven Negroes from Mississippi and twelve Negroes and sixteen white high school seniors from Massachusetts lived and studied together.

FOR the large majority of college-bound Negro students, the procedures and decisions in making applications to colleges are in certain respects relatively simple. In the first place, they are spared the anguish over whether to apply to a Big Ten school, an Ivy League college, a Seven Sisters college, a small New England college, or a somewhat larger private university on the West Coast. Such choices simply do not exist for these students. Second, Negro students escape the trauma of college boards and selection by college-board scores. In general, the colleges which at present exist as real alternatives for them either do not require college boards or do not use them as a final selection device.

But the Negro students have to struggle with a more fundamental problem: they have to gain confidence — in the face of considerable evidence to the contrary — that higher education will open up for them economic opportunities which will provide security, social mobility, and a greater sense of personal worth. Some of the most promising Negro students decide quite early in their schooling that such a belief is without validity and reject completely the idea of continuing their education. For many of those who enter college, this struggle with self-doubt accounts in part for the fact that seven

out of ten Negro students who enroll in Negro institutions drop out before graduation.

Negro institutions educate the majority of Negro students who go to college. Of the 123 Negro colleges and universities in the United States, 119 are located in the 17 Southeastern states and the District of Columbia. Thus, most Negro students pursue their higher education in what is geographically a very narrow area of the country, an area that has not been noted for intellectual enlightenment or educational innovations. There is both irony and tragedy in this situation. The irony is that the doors to higher education for Negroes should swing open most widely in states with the greatest prejudice toward the Negro and with a strong belief that Negroes cannot profit from higher education. The tragedy is that the educational opportunities which many of these institutions offer are so limited in range and depth that what they call higher education is at best a cruel hoax, a hoax that really was started long before, in the segregated kindergartens of our towns and cities. The origins of inferior education — poor and inexperienced teaching, insufficient books, and inadequate facilities — have their roots there.

Few of the Negro institutions have reached or can hope to reach full educational maturity. I mean by

maturity an able and intellectually curious faculty and student body, adequate library resources and laboratory and classroom facilities, and an intellectual climate committed to academic freedom and intellectual integrity. Many Negro institutions lack the facilities and budget for an ambitious curriculum. The curricula lack diversity and show an imbalance in favor of the humanities over the natural and social sciences, since the cost of maintaining laboratory facilities for natural science courses far exceeds the financial resources of many of these institutions. Finally, there is little evidence of a healthy respect for academic freedom. In many Negro institutions the abilities of both students and faculty members are circumvented, and in effect, unchallenged, by an incentive system in which conformity is rewarded and individualism is rejected or punished.

Few of these Negro educators ever achieve publication. In part, this is due to the lack of research facilities and the absence of institutional support for creative work; in part, it is due to the lack of preparation by many of the faculty for independent and original work. But there are other considerations also. These institutions have no traditions that encourage involvement in scholarly activities. Since one's peers are not involved in research, there is neither motivation to engage in scholarly effort nor observable rewards for so engaging. Further, there is little intellectual gratification from sharing one's ideas or views. Thus, despite the intensive and dedicated teaching in Negro institutions — and there is considerable evidence of both — the majority of them impose, directly and indirectly, constraints and limitations on their teachers which become insurmountable barriers in the pursuit of academic and intellectual excellence.

FROM the point of view of the needs of the students, the educational opportunities in most Negro institutions are at best limited. To be fair, many students in these institutions are stimulated and even strained by the demands and challenges which confront them. There is, also, a long list of distinguished Negro Americans, not to mention the African leaders, whose liberal arts education was obtained at one of the Negro institutions. But the fact that the large majority of Negro students have to attend Negro institutions is significant in itself and raises serious questions about the implications of the limited educational opportunities.

In the first place, intellectual talent is wasted by a program of protracted mediocrity in which ordinary college-level study is impossible. Many of the male students who drop out of Negro institutions cite the lack of challenge as one of their reasons for

leaving. Again, the range of available models with whom the student can identify, and whose intellectual behavior and commitment can serve as a guide, is narrow and lacks diversity. Many of the great and distinguished teachers in the colleges and universities of this country have been judged to be great because they were inspiring teachers and because they had attributes that caused them to be appreciated as models. But as the *Carnegie Corporation Quarterly* recently observed, "Negro academics have been cut off from the opportunity to develop a strong sense of professionalism, of kinship with their colleagues in their own disciplines, of being effective participants in the entire academic adventure — of seeing themselves as biologists or historians or physicists rather than solely as teachers."

The effects of the relative absence of models in Negro institutions are evident in the occupational and professional choices of the students. In 1962–1963, more than half of all the degrees granted by eighty-five Negro institutions were degrees in education. Very few degrees were taken in the arts, philosophy, English, business, and engineering. This heavy disproportion occurs not only because Negroes are attracted to teaching *per se*; it also reflects the employment opportunities — the kind of security — that have been available to the college-educated Negro. Many companies and businesses which are now eager to add Negro personnel to their staffs are surprised indeed to discover that there are few Negroes who are qualified and who do not need intensive on-the-job training. There have been no models to support and reinforce certain occupational aspirations; furthermore, many occupational choices simply have not been open to Negroes. Whitney M. Young, Jr., of the National Urban League, recently observed that "when job opportunities in some fields are opened, everybody wants the superior Negro. We get calls for accountants who should have the qualifications of Ralph Bunche and for secretaries who can type 180 words a minute and look like Lena Horne. We run out of such people pretty rapidly."

This interdependence of educational experience and job opportunity accounts in large measure for the current widespread concern about the inequality of educational opportunities for Negroes. It is a concern driven to the surface by the explosive protests over job discrimination, and to a lesser degree, by the racial imbalance in the elementary schools. At the psychological level these protest demonstrations have dramatized the frustration and the despair that second-class education and constricted and limited employment opportunities produce. Insistently they raise the question, Can our society continue to lose a significant amount of

creative, intellectual, and productive talent because a sizable segment of the population is forced to reach maturity under conditions of cultural deprivation?

In response to this question, a number of colleges have rapidly developed programs to improve and increase educational opportunities for Negro students. Oberlin, Yale, Hampton, Berkeley, Tufts, Wisconsin, Howard, Carnegie Tech, Brown, Michigan, Reed, Cornell, and Dartmouth are only a few of the colleges that are engaged in specific efforts. The programs are directed to one of three goals: strengthening Negro institutions, identifying and supporting promising Negro candidates for college admission, and strengthening the pre-college background of potentially able students.

In an effort to strengthen Negro institutions, several Northern universities — Brown, Cornell, Michigan, and Wisconsin — have “adopted” or formed “sister” relationships with Negro institutions. Brown’s relationship is with Tougaloo College in Tougaloo, Mississippi. Cornell’s is with Hampton Institute in Virginia. Michigan’s is with Tuskegee Institute in Alabama. Wisconsin has a multiple relationship involving Texas Southern, North Carolina Agricultural and Technical, and North Carolina College. The development of these formal relationships is an outgrowth of the far older tradition of student exchanges between white and Negro institutions. For some time past, colleges like Wellesley, Yale, Denison, and Smith have participated in student exchanges with Negro institutions such as Howard University and Fisk University. The new programs, however, are more ambitious: they provide for faculty and student exchanges, consultations on curriculum development, advisory conferences on administrative procedures, and the possibility of joint participation in research projects. In addition, there is the opportunity for faculty members from the Negro institutions to take refresher courses or participate in short-term institutes and workshops of a professional nature at the sister university.

The attractive features in such arrangements are obvious: the wide variety of people participating and encouraging interaction at all levels, the increasing depth of the students’ experiences, and the conscious effort to upgrade the faculty. The University of Wisconsin stated it fairly when it said that “this exchange will benefit both the southern institutions and the University of Wisconsin. Fresh viewpoints will be brought to our campus, as well as good doctoral candidates. The education of our own faculty and student body through exposure to a completely new set of problems will be of lasting effect.”

Yet, there are serious limitations which are equally obvious. The faculty and student ex-

changes are episodic, providing only short-term and intermittent contact. In addition, there is the very real danger that a superior-subordinate relationship will develop between the Northern and Southern institution. For example, if the participants from the Negro institution take undergraduate and graduate courses at the Northern university while the Northern participants at the Negro institution engage primarily in teaching, then a superior-subordinate relationship will have been established. There are other more tenuous aspects. For example, Brown University recently announced that a pilot effort would be undertaken at Tougaloo College in which the students would be taught Standard American English as if it were a foreign language. Brown officials explained that “the language problem is central to the academic deficiencies of many college students,” and that regional language habits that vary significantly from standard English impose severe social and classroom handicaps. But the Negro students involved are aware of a difference and a condescension which breeds resentment.

Without setting up formal relationships, several colleges have held summer institutes for teachers from Negro colleges to give them an opportunity to study the latest developments in their fields and new methods of teaching them. During the summer of 1964, Indiana University offered an institute in English. Carnegie Tech, Princeton, North Carolina College, and the University of Wisconsin offered institutes in history, physics, biology, and mathematics, respectively. Ten institutes were offered in the summer of 1965, including one in business administration at New York University, one in economics at Wayne State, and one in psychology at the University of Michigan.

A SECOND major approach has concentrated on seeking out and admitting promising Negro students to predominantly non-Negro institutions. With the cooperation of groups like the National Merit Scholarship Corporation and the National Scholarship Service and Fund for Negro Students (NSSFNS), several colleges, among them Amherst, Williams, Vassar, Harvard, Radcliffe, and Roosevelt College, are admitting and offering financial support to more Negro candidates. Also, some colleges have made tours of Negro institutions in search of promising students.

These efforts of non-Negro colleges to enroll more Negro students have been bitterly criticized by some Negro educators. In the first place, most of the universities have been seeking out only those Negro students for whom the probability of success is quite good. These institutions

operate under the paternalistic shibboleth that it is unfair to encourage Negroes to enroll unless we know they can make it, for a failure would be psychologically harmful and would do them a grave disservice.

In addition to being unduly protective, this view virtually guarantees that only a very small percentage of Negro students will be admitted, for they have to be selected on the basis of test scores, rank in class, and other criteria that have been correlated with success in college. Unfortunately, these criteria are prescribed for a middle-class urban population. It is doubtful that they apply in the same way to applicants from other cultural backgrounds. In a recent study of the performance by Negro students who were aided by NSSFNS in their efforts to enter non-Negro colleges, Professors Kenneth Clarke and Laurence Plotkin found that the dropout rate was less than one quarter the national average dropout rate. While the academic performance of these students was not exceptional, their achievements were far greater than what would have been predicted by such indices as college-board scores, family income, and educational background. The authors concluded that their determination to graduate and to achieve a measure of economic success accounted for their successful performance. Our present selection tests do not measure these motivational forces.

A second criticism, in truth a corollary of the first, is that universities and colleges have been raiding the Negro institutions of their most outstanding students. In a candid denunciation of such tactics, Dr. Rufus Clement, president of Atlanta University, recently said that when these universities take the best students, they leave the Negro institutions without an academic cream of the crop and without able and effective leaders for the student body.

The real challenge that confronts the non-Negro universities is to seek out and invest in risk students, students who show promise and potential but whose academic background and cultural experiences do not fit within the middle-class pattern of most undergraduates. The present conservative and selective course that most institutions are following will not meet this challenge. Our colleges and universities must develop long-range programs of

financial, academic, and consultative support for large numbers of these students so that many more Negroes can have access to first-class liberal arts education.

THE most recently developed support for higher education for Negroes is the pre-college study program. These programs, as they have been developed by schools like Tufts, Oberlin, Princeton, and Dartmouth, have two aims: to strengthen the academic background for college, and to motivate students to aspire to a college education. The details of the programs vary with the participating schools, but in general, the programs of summer study focus on all aspects of English and mathematics. In most instances the emphasis is on both remedial work and

new explorations in these disciplines. In addition to the academic work, the students participate in cultural and athletic activities.

The participating students come from the eighth to the twelfth grade, in most cases from local schools. Thus in the Princeton Summer Study Program of 1964, forty boys (thirty-three of them Negroes) who lived within a seventy-five-mile radius of Princeton University were selected. Programs sponsored the same sum-

mer by Oberlin, Berkeley, and Carnegie Tech similarly drew from local residents.

On the other hand, some colleges have developed their programs so that students from diverse geographical, cultural, and racial backgrounds can be brought together. In the Summer Study Center which Tufts University sponsored this year, thirty-nine students who had just completed the eleventh grade spent six weeks on the Tufts campus at no personal expense in a program of academic, cultural, and social activities. Eleven Negro students in the program came from Mississippi, and twelve Negro students and sixteen white students came from the Greater Boston area. The academic program consisted of an intense course in mathematics; an intense course in English, including writing, literature, and rhetoric; a seminar titled "Man's Expanding Perimeter," in which the students examined the meaning of man in contemporary society; and visits to the various departments and laboratories of the university. Students attended four theater presentations, made trips and tours in and

"At my high school we thought you either had to be a genius or a millionaire to go to an Ivy League college. So that when I first came to Columbia, I felt insecure. Every time I saw a Negro face, I automatically introduced myself. Now I have a lot of friends at the College, and many of my white friends are as close as the Negro ones. I do worry about what role I should play in the civil rights movement. I have to work long hours to keep up with my courses, so there's no time left to picket and get locked up in jail. But then we see white students who do these things for us. This is not entirely a good thing; for no matter how well whites express our ideas, we want to — and should — say it ourselves."

JAMES ALEXANDER, '67
Columbia College Today, Spring, 1965

around Boston, had a weekend at a camp in western Massachusetts, participated in organized sports, and went on weekly picnics. Each student was selected because he showed ability to do college work. The long-term effects and the contributions of this experience to the success of these students in college remain to be revealed. But it is certainly clear that programs like this can both strengthen educational backgrounds and devise methods for identifying promising students.

Dartmouth has developed a pre-college program which is unique in its emphasis on preparing boys for preparatory school. The rationale is that academic and cultural enrichment come only when the disadvantaged youth is removed from his usual environment. The Dartmouth program, called A Better Chance (ABC), was started in the summer of 1964 and consists of eight weeks of study in English and communications and mathematics. Emphasis is also placed upon social learning, athletics, and cultural events. In the first year of the program, fifty-five disadvantaged ninth- and tenth-grade boys participated (forty-four of them Negroes). Forty-nine entered a preparatory school in the fall. Project ABC is administered in association with the Independent Schools Talent Search Program, which selects the boys and obtains the necessary

contingent admission to one of the sixty-three participating preparatory schools. In 1965 Mount Holyoke introduced a comparable program for girls.

The development of pre-college programs has not been limited to non-Negro institutions. Hampton Institute has sponsored a pre-college program whose goal is to reduce the percentage of failures among college freshmen and to help students toward a successful transition from high school to college. The Hampton program is well attended by Negroes from many states, only a few of whom then enroll at Hampton. However, this program is not designed for, nor does it tend to attract, culturally or economically disadvantaged students.

Perhaps the most ambitious program of pre-college study has been developed by Educational Services, Incorporated, with the support of the Carnegie Corporation. Under the direction of Dr. Herman Branson, chairman of the department of physics at Howard University, ESI has set up pre-college campuses in six cities: Howard University (Washington, D.C.), Texas Southern University

(Houston), Morehouse College (Atlanta), Fisk University (Nashville), Dillard University (New Orleans), and Webster College (St. Louis). Each center enrolled two hundred high school seniors from low-income families, both Negro and white, for Saturday classes in English and mathematics and an intensive eight-week summer session, plus programs of cultural and athletic events. ESI has developed special curriculum materials for strengthening the verbal and quantitative skills of the students.

While all these efforts have opened up new avenues, they seem unlikely to affect much more than the surface aspects of the basic problem of disparities in access to higher education. None of the programs gets directly at the risk student, or involves the colleges in investments in students for whom the prognosis is in fact quite poor. Many of the pre-college programs select their students on the basis

of test scores and other traditional indices of ability. Yet the largest pool of Negro students consists of youths, and in particular, male youths, who are of average or better IQ but who do not excel on any of the traditional selection devices. To reach these students and hold out to them the promise of an opportunity to continue their education requires a more extensive commitment of energy, money, and other resources than the colleges

have been willing to make. And it also is likely to involve far more frustration, for many of these students will fail to respond successfully. But education has in the past traditionally involved, and even courted, risks of various sorts. Many of these risks — such as the experimental programs at Antioch and Goddard — have become the basis for outstanding educational advances. We all know individuals who as beginning students were slow starters but who blossomed into distinguished scholars and statesmen.

In business, in politics, in the professions, in the technological fields, and even in the military services, the college degree is essential, and colleges prepare the manpower for the large majority of the vital tasks in our society. But they have been unable or unwilling to exercise boldly and creatively the power and influence on our social systems that would match their responsibility. There are some indications that this is changing. For example, the president of Yale University recently proposed that colleges like Yale develop training programs for the

"An interesting thing happens to Negroes at the College. As freshmen we avoid associating at first with other Negroes so that we can benefit from new experiences, but gradually we drift together. Most of us are torn by the civil rights demonstrations. I can't just sit back and watch the Negroes become weaker economically, but I also can't stand to see talent go to waste. To my way of thinking, the good I can do picketing seems small beside what I could do with a full education behind me. I like to think that I could be most effective in the Negro cause after I finish my education. Also, I wouldn't like to be pulled back into a rat trap like Harlem."

FITZGERALD BRAMWELL, '66
Columbia College Today, Spring, 1965

Peace Corps that would be available to the student during his undergraduate career.

In that same spirit I should like to propose that colleges and universities sponsor the operation of an Educational Service Training Corps, a formal program of training for service to primary and secondary education. The Educational Service Training Corps would be to education what the Reserve Officers Training Corps is to the military services. The Educational Service Training Corps would not train professional teachers or interfere with an undergraduate majoring in education or preparing for teaching. Rather, the Educational Service Training Corps would create a corps of aides who would work in deprived areas. Through lectures, field trips, and seminars, the program of the Educational Service Training Corps would give training that would permit the students after graduation to take college-sponsored and supervised jobs in these areas. They would work for the kind of educational and social reform which would bring to an end the social, political, and cultural alienation so evident in our major cities.

As we reach for more and more Negro students, the question of what will happen to Negro institutions will become critical. As I see it, the concept of the Negro institution is an anachronism which today lacks validity and social relevance. As centers of learning, Negro institutions, like Negro education itself, must be integrated into the larger context of higher education. They must be representative of the full range of educational experiences, opportunities, and commitments.

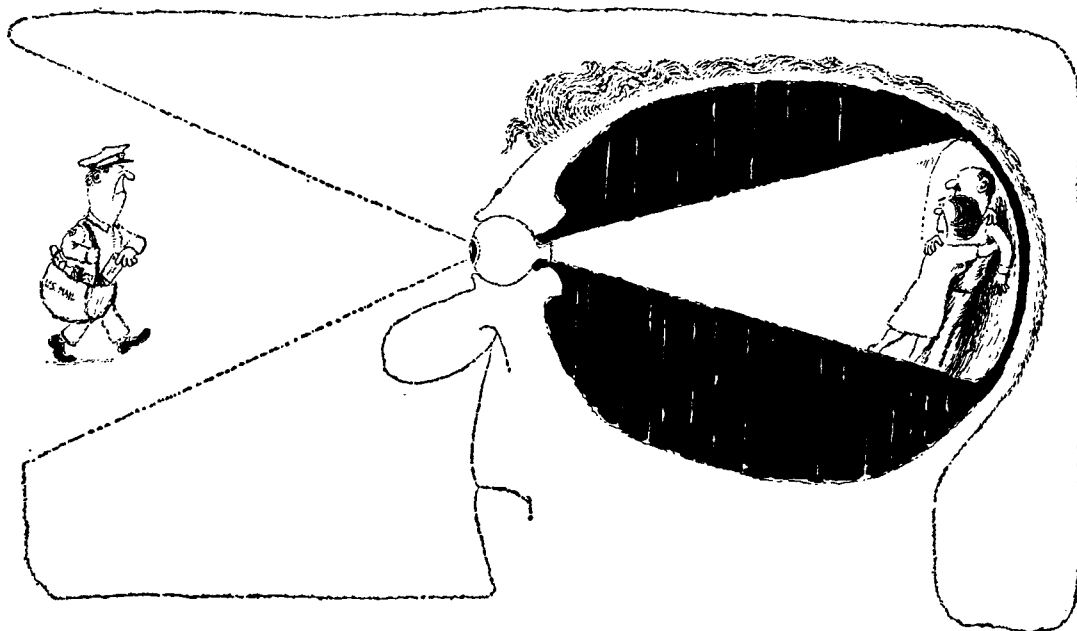
Clearly, not all the existing Negro institutions can hope to meet these criteria. Many should be vigorously assisted in their efforts to attract able students of *all races*. Howard University in Washington, D.C., a distinguished university which is rapidly becoming truly integrated, is perhaps the most outstanding example of this kind of development. Other former Negro institutions, such as Bluefield State College and West Virginia State, have already been transformed into interracial colleges. Schools like Hampton Institute and Lincoln University are actively seeking out non-Negro students. Certain other institutions should be either closed or radically changed. In supporting them, state and local officials effectively cut the Negro student off from access to the more mature and sophisticated white institutions.

Some of the present four-year Negro colleges should be converted to strong integrated junior colleges. In many respects the junior college is a brilliant feature of American higher education. It nurtures the late bloomer who in a four-year lib-

eral arts college might well be destroyed by the experiences of the first two years. Further, it helps many students to find themselves — to experiment with course offerings and the processes of learning without the pressure of having to decide immediately on an area of concentration. The junior college frequently attracts as teachers able people who are interested only in teaching and wish to avoid the pressures of research and publishing. Finally, the junior college offers an opportunity for older people to resume their education in a challenging setting.

Still others of the existing Negro institutions should be converted to pre-college centers which are sponsored by established white and Negro institutions and perhaps supported by federal funds. For a long time to come young men and women will show the scars of cultural deprivation, social and economic impoverishment, and racial imbalance. At present we deny these individuals an adequate chance to catch up and move on to a college education. Yet many white students whose parents can afford it are sent to select schools where they “bone up” on how to get into college and how to survive in the classroom. Should not all students have the opportunity of college-oriented preparation? The widespread development of pre-college centers would offer to the deserving Negro student a similar opportunity to prepare and compete for college admission and to hold his own in any course of study.

To a far greater extent than ever before, the problems and issues in Negro education bear directly upon the fate of higher education in general. The pressures for greater access by Negroes to higher education will rapidly increase as the squeeze resulting from economic barriers to mobility and social improvement increases. The response of the white institutions to these pressures will have to be decisive, for a considerably larger number of Negroes — not all of them potential Phi Beta Kappa students — will be demanding a college education. Boldness rather than caution and conservatism must guide the policies of non-Negro institutions in providing education for more Negro students. For example, they will have to go far beyond their current, no-risk policy of seeking out the top 12 percent of the Negro candidates for admission. They should admit candidates from the top 35 percent or 40 percent of Negro students. To do this is to accept the risk of academic failure on the part of some of these students. But with that hazard comes a challenge — to bend the resources of a university to the needs and aspirations of Negro students who have not been (and often cannot be) adequately prepared for a college education. To ignore the Negro's inequality of condition is to make meaningless his equality of opportunity.



THE RACE TO COLLEGE

BY ROBERT P. WOLFF The frantic race for admission to college has its counterpart in the frantic race for admission to graduate school. And in both cases, says Columbia University philosophy professor Robert Wolff, the fulfillment of intellectual potential has been sacrificed to the narrow ends of competitive achievement.

IN AMERICA today, the pursuit of knowledge has turned into a frenzied race. The origin of the problem is the spectacular rise in the number of students going to college since World War II. In 1950, 2,214,000 students were enrolled in American colleges and universities, and by 1963 the total had risen to 4,207,000. Projections for 1970 range as high as 7,000,000. Before the war, colleges set admissions *requirements*; now they must think in terms of an admissions *policy* by which to choose from among the excess of well-qualified applicants.

The applicants fall readily into three groups: the clear admits, the clear rejects, and a large middle group of "possibles." In this third segment are to be found the students with strengths and weaknesses which must be weighed against one another and translated into a one-dimensional scale of preference. Should the college admit a boy with strong but not spectacular grades and little evidence of independence, or the boy whose relatively weaker but not disastrous grades are balanced by signs of creativity and ambition? Should the admissions committee deliberately strive for a heterogeneous freshman class, or judge each case purely on its merits without reference to the character of the other applicants already admitted?

The situation is aggravated by a number of interactions between the colleges and the high schools. Students, aware of the increasing difficulty of obtaining admission to their chosen colleges, begin to make multiple applications in order to protect themselves. The result is an inflation of applications to the best colleges, forcing them to estimate the percentage of freshmen who will actually show up in September.

Simultaneously, the "college advisers" in high schools and preparatory schools discourage students from applying to schools to which they have little chance of being admitted. This entirely laudatory move merely worsens the problems for the colleges, for it reduces the number of "clear rejects" in the file of applications, leaving a still more unwieldy group of "possible admits" from which to select a freshman class. The colleges also experience some misgiving at the thought of gifted students being discouraged by uninformed college advisers.

Meanwhile, the colleges have been making their task still more difficult by their attempts to adopt objective nonparochial criteria of admission. It is true that athletic ability, the right prep school tie, or an alumnus father will better a student's chance to get into many colleges. But as applications mount

and colleges strive to improve their student bodies, these factors have a decreasing pressure on admission decisions. By and large, the men who run the admissions offices of the top colleges are dedicated to the principles of fairness and equality of opportunity.

It is no wonder, then, that colleges have turned more and more to the multiple-choice aptitude and achievement tests developed by Educational Testing Service (ETS), and in particular, to the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT). The college boards have come under severe attack, both on educational grounds and as inadequate predictors of success in college. Nevertheless, they continue to grow in importance as a major tool of admissions procedures. The reasons are not difficult to discern.

First, and by far the most important, is the admissions officer's need for some way of comparing the cases in his burgeoning file of "possible admits." Fairness and the bureaucratic strictures of committee work require him to produce reasons for favoring one candidate over another. The SAT serves as just such a measure. Closely related to this is the desire of admissions officers to reduce the percentage of admits who may flunk out later on. The SAT claims to predict college success; deans are haunted by the possibility that a good and potentially successful student will be turned down in favor of one who eventually fails to complete the college course. A low percentage of dropouts is considered a sign of a good admissions program.

Finally, as the average SAT scores of incoming freshman classes rise at the elite schools, ambitious colleges begin to treat the scores as a sign and measure of their own place in the educational system. A rise of fifty points in the freshman average is used by recruiters as an additional inducement for prospective students and their parents. What began as a means of handling a swollen tide of applications becomes in the end a measure of educational status.

Here, as with the pressure of admissions itself, there is feedback to the secondary school level. Parents quickly become informed (and misinformed) about the importance of college boards. Pressure is put on high schools to coach the college-bound seniors in the mysteries of multiple-choice tests. Despite ETS's insistence that careful research reveals the futility of such preparations, classes in SAT-taking sprout. Soon, high school juniors are submitting to "preliminary SAT's," whose purely tentative results are then used to guide the students in their college choices.

The ever earlier testing is merely the most striking element in the hectic business of college preparations. Students are exhorted by parents and teachers to raise their grades. The colleges, which have never based their decisions solely on academic achievement, begin to emphasize extracurricular

activities, and as the news filters back to the high schools, teen-agers are hastily enrolled in dance classes, music lessons, outing clubs, and intramural sports. The colleges counter with a search for signs of individuality and originality; desperately teen-agers are pushed into beekeeping and piccolo playing. And so it goes, on and on — colleges searching for ways to sort the applicants and predict their college careers, students desperately twisting themselves into what they hope will be appealing shapes.

What has been the effect of the endless testing and evaluating on our high school boys and girls? First of all, the ever present imperative to "do well" in an objective and measurable way is intensified, to the detriment of real education, or even of noneducational growth experiences. Americans have come to treat education as a process of homogeneous, crisis-free absorption of information and development of skills. The irregular, the irrational, the unconforming, the random, is seen as a *failure* of education. The only difference between the traditional and progressive attitudes is that the first blames these aberrations on the student while the second blames them on the school. That they are undesirable is never questioned.

But as so many perceptive observers of adolescents have pointed out, growth from childhood to maturity is necessarily ungainly. It is the trying on of ideals and life styles, the committing of newfound emotional energies. The "identity crisis" of late adolescence or early adulthood is positively creative, and certainly not an embarrassing misfortune to be excused and quickly suppressed.

Unfortunately, the college race has just this repressive effect on many of the most intelligent and sensitive — hence vulnerable — youngsters. Experiment and commitment require a willingness to accept the possibility of failure. They demand an incautious, even imprudent singleness of purpose. But the wise counseling and anxious hectoring of the college-mongers are death to experiment.

In his junior year in high school, John, an A student, becomes fascinated by boats. He spends hours at the docks, quizzing sailors about their tasks, cadging rides on tugboats, dreaming of distant places. For a year he is completely wrapped up in the sea. Then, abruptly, the passion leaves him, and he puts behind him as childish the dream of becoming a sailor. He has tentatively tried on a role, given himself up to it, and found that it does not answer his needs. The year has been immensely valuable to him as a stage in his growing up, but he has had scant time for history, French, math, and physics. In his school record there is no indication of the milestone which this year has marked in his life; only the low grades, dropping his cumulative average below the "top college" level. Discouraged

by the unaccountable slump of a promising student, John's college adviser directs him to a solid local state college.

John has been hurt by the system, for the education available to him at the top schools really is superior to that offered by the local college. But at least he has had his junior year, and he will be a better man for it. Far worse off are the other young men and women who have been cajoled or harassed away from creative adolescent commitments by their parents and teachers. Thus, in the name of a "good education" in the future, well-meaning adults stifle the exploratory education which can be so exciting in adolescence. The energies which should be used for growth are instead diverted to deadening "college preparation."

Aware of the tragedies of secondary education, many colleges have begun to make room in their admissions policies for a controlled measure of irrationality. Each year, a school will accept a certain number of applicants who defy all objective criteria but simply "smell right." Admirable as such risk-taking is, it has no effect on the high school student, for he cannot be sure that he will be one of the mavericks who is saved by an intuitive dean. If the internal dynamic of his growth carries him outside the limits of secondary school acceptability, he must be prepared to forfeit the race to college.

WHAT does the successful applicant find when he finally enrolls at the college of his choice? No simple description can be given, any more than for the high school, but again trends are visible which are deeply disturbing. Until a very few years ago, the entering freshman at any of a number of top colleges would have been confronted with a mixed program of broad survey courses designed to make him "liberally" or "generally" educated, specialized courses from among which he could select a sample, and in his last year or two, a departmental major requiring him to concentrate on a single discipline. In addition, he would have had the opportunity to do independent research, usually as a means to a degree with honors. The premises of this sort of undergraduate program were two: first, that the typical freshman had not yet had a chance to roam at will in the realm of ideas, acquainting himself with the excitements and potentialities of the intellectual life (I remember my astonishment when, as a freshman, I discovered that there was a field of knowledge — sociology — which I had not even known to *exist!*); and second, that several years should be given over to relatively uncontrolled experimentation before a young man or woman was required to decide about a career.

In the past decade, however, both of these prem-

ises have been yielding to pressures from below and from above. The general education movement is under severe attack at Columbia, Chicago, and Harvard, the three schools which have done most to foster it. The causes are complex, involving problems of personnel and administration as well as of educational principle. One reason is that good high schools have instituted advanced placement college level courses using many of the same books which appear on the general education reading lists. Consequently, more and more students have had the material by the time they reach college. Now, just what it means to have "had" Dostoevsky or Freud or Marx is, of course, problematical. It may mean that the student has read works by the author, brooded over the ideas, and grown through his struggle to understand them. It may also mean that he has been intellectually immunized by being inoculated with small, weakened dosages of the author. At any rate, the well-prepared student can pick the right answer out of five choices an adequate number of times, and so he is assumed to be generally educated.

In response to the improved preparation of the freshman (which manifests itself in better language, math, and English composition training as well as in advanced placement courses), the colleges decide to "enrich" the undergraduate curriculum. The job is turned over to the departments, or at universities, to the graduate faculties, whose general view of undergraduate education is that it is a watered-down version of graduate education. Everywhere the same solution is hit upon: give the bright, able, well-prepared undergraduates a first-rate training in some graduate department. Administratively, this amounts to listing graduate courses in the undergraduate catalogue and requiring the concentrator to take baby generals and write baby dissertations. At a school like Harvard, for example, a senior honors thesis in history may be a 150-page research monograph, and the honors generals in English demand a mastery of large segments of the literature of the last millennium.

At the same time, pressures of military service, postgraduate professional training, and the rapid growth of specialized knowledge place a premium on choosing a career early. The sciences have long insisted that they cannot give adequate graduate training to the college graduate who has not already tucked some of the requisite material into his mind, and medical schools, of course, set pre-med requirements. But now the same song is sung by economists, psychologists, philosophers, and historians. As the undergraduate population swells, the admissions squeeze reappears at the best medical, law, and graduate schools. Once more, the education of the present, for which the student gave up so much in high school, is sacrificed to the demands of the

future. Eager to relax and reap the fruits of his race to college, the student must instead climb onto the treadmill to graduate school.

But here the race for education ends. Upon entering graduate school, the student, now an adult, is told that his education lies behind him. From this point on, his intellectual and spiritual maturity is taken for granted. Graduate schools do not educate the whole man; they train the specialist. So it seems that somewhere, somehow, the successful student has lost an education. Always it was before him, over the next exam, beyond the next degree. Now suddenly it is behind him, and that unique moment of potentiality in the growth of the soul is gone.

What has gone wrong? The answer is simple: Each present was sacrificed to the future, until the presents were all past, and the future an empty present. It is a familiar enough story in our society. We call it *prudence*, or *deferral of gratification*, depending on our tastes in moral discourse.

What can be done? Alas, the answer is not so simple. It won't help to administer the system with more intelligence, awareness, compassion, and imagination. These qualities are already in surprising abundance among the educators of our country. The solution, if there is one, must cut to the root of the problem. It must reverse the order of priority, and at every stage subordinate the education of the future to that of the present. A good high school experience must count for more than admission to a great college. An exciting college education must in turn take precedence over pre-professional preparation for postgraduate training. How can this be done?

First of all, there is no point in demanding that college admission procedures be made *fairer*. The harm they inflict on high school students does not flow from their imperfections. It flows from their very existence. So long as the education in our colleges varies widely in quality, and admission to college is based on an evaluation of pre-college performance, parents and teachers will push students into a competition for admission. Nor should we issue pious warnings to high school students about the dangers of listening to their elders. They do not yet have the inner resources to withstand the threats and seductions of the adult world. Indeed, their spiritual growth demands identification with precisely those individuals who are encouraging them to compete. The adolescent student is faced with an impossible dilemma. If he accepts the values of his elders, he loses his chance for real growth and instead climbs on the treadmill. But if he shies away from the grade race, where else will he find the adult figures through identification with whom he can realize himself?

Why do students struggle so desperately to get into the best colleges? There is no absolute shortage of places in the system as a whole. Quite the contrary, each year a number of perfectly respectable institutions open their doors to a freshman class only partially filled. One reason, of course, is that the education available at the top schools is significantly better than that offered even by the solid second-run institutions. But it is surely not cynical to insist that superiority of education alone does not begin to explain the intensity of the admissions race. The primary reason is simply that for millions of American boys and girls, higher education is the gateway to the middle classes, and a diploma from the best schools is a passport to the upper middle classes. An Ivy League tie is a head start on the road to a corporate vice presidency or a partnership in a bank. It is much easier to get into a good medical school from a top college, easier even to gain admission to a first-rate business school, from which one is almost assured a start up the executive ladder. In short, the race for college is a crucial lap in the great race for wealth, position, and power in American society.

America used to be very largely a collection of local societies centered in the major cities scattered across the continent. A young man in, say, Columbus, Ohio, might get his start as a student at Ohio State University, and then go on to a good job with a local manufacturing company. The graduate of the Ivy League school back East was at a positive disadvantage in seeking the same job because of the ties of loyalty between the hometown school and the neighboring firms. But once that company is bought up by a national corporation with offices in Chicago or New York, the young man from Columbus is thrown into a nationwide competition against countless other ambitious young men. The hiring policies of the corporation are geared to a nationwide standard of values, and the Eastern schools have the advantage. The result is that hundreds of thousands of high school seniors are aiming at the small number of nationally known colleges and universities.

The increasing competitiveness of our system of higher education thus reflects the breakdown of regionalism in American society. So long as we use our schools in this large, impersonal system as an instrument by which we sort, prepare, and grade our young people, in order then to distribute them among the different and extremely unequal positions in our society, education will inevitably be a race for achievement rather than a fulfillment of intellectual and spiritual potentialities. As Socrates said, the unexamined life is not worth living; today, we seem more concerned with the grade than with the examination.

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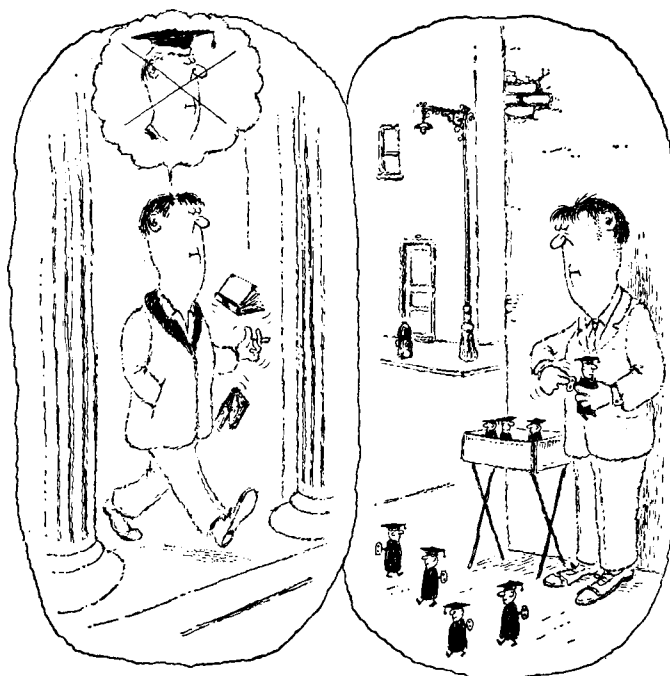
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SO YOU WANT TO BE A DROPOUT

BY TOM MAYER *Roughly half of this year's entering freshman class will become dropouts during the next four years. For some, it will be an intellectual and economic disaster. For others, like New Mexico's Tom Mayer, who left Harvard after two years, it will mean time for writing, self-education, and re-evaluation of the university experience. Mr. Mayer's first volume of short stories, BUBBLE GUM AND KIPLING, was published last fall.*

You are in the middle of a pre-exam-period dead week frantically studying rocks for the imminent five-hour identification final in elementary geology, when suddenly you decide you don't give a damn anymore. It simply isn't worth the effort; you're going to fail no matter what you do. You haven't studied all term because the course was dull and the professor a fraud, and now it's too late.

But geology isn't your only problem. Recently you've decided that your friends are shallow, juvenile, and phony; your roommate snores, steals your razor blades, and leaves his dirty underwear on the armchair; and to cap it all, your girlfriend, Cynthia, has been seen repeatedly necking in a red Mustang with a lacrosse player from a rival fraternity. You feel hemmed in, harried, harassed; you haven't shaved for a month, bathed for ten days, eaten anything but Dexamil since day before yesterday, or slept in a week. You need peace and quiet and lots of it. If you look at five more rocks, you'll snap. They'll put you in the nut house, but you'll be so far gone they'll never be able to put you back together. You've got to get out. Out, out, OUT.

But how? Your mind churns wildly. Then, in a moment of revelation, you remember that the mechanics of dropping out are simple. Nothing to it. Most colleges are glad to be rid of you. Overcrowded classes, lack of dormitory space, not enough laboratory equipment. At the big state universities you're nothing but a number anyway. All you have to do is tell your adviser you want to take some time off to think it over. But tell him you're going to be gone only a year, or a semester, even though at the moment you're planning to emigrate to Zululand. Never burn bridges.

If your grades are in shape, there shouldn't be any problem. The worst that could happen is that you'd have to talk to a junior dean, explain to him that classwork has lost its kinetic excitement, that you feel under intense pressure and want your life to be inner-directed. You don't feel that you're doing the college experience justice, so you want to take some time out to re-examine your values.

The dean brushes a graying but boyish shock of hair off his forehead, taps his mahogany desk top with his fingernails, fills his pipe, sucks on it a few times, lights it, and tells you that your problem is

fairly common. Many students suffer from your brand of malaise; it's become an integral aspect of higher education; the university understands and sympathizes. You're welcome to take off as much time as you want; the only things you should do are tell your draft board and let the university know when you want to come back. You thank the dean, shake his hand, and leave his office dwelling happily on your forthcoming year in Europe, African safari, beach shack at Malibu, or muscle-building job among the colorful he-men on a pulling unit in the West Texas oil fields.

The real problems of dropping out are not, you reflect, connected with university rules or administration attitudes. As a matter of fact, the university has been surprisingly understanding. Perhaps you've been doing it an injustice all along. But your parents are going to be quite something else. If they're liberal, urban, well educated, psychiatry-oriented, reasonably hip, relatively modern types — people who read the *New Republic*, have a family psychoanalyst, and worked as volunteers for Adlai Stevenson — the chances are you won't have much trouble when you break the news. A sigh from Mother, a suppressed grunt from Dad. They want you to be sure you know what you're doing, in much the same way that they wanted you to be sure you knew what you were doing last summer when you went to Mississippi, but once you convince them your head's screwed on right, that you merely want some time to find yourself, Dad says he's with you all the way and Mother nods agreement.

But God help you if Dad's a dirt farmer, insurance salesman, bean picker, truck driver, Republican, corporation executive, or mechanical engineer. He'll probably hit the ceiling. He's been spending a lot of money, maybe as much as three thousand dollars a year, to keep you in school; he's given you every opportunity, and you turn around and throw it in his face. You try to reason with him by saying that you only want some time to think. That, he replies, is what you go to college for. But, you say, I couldn't do any constructive thinking at college because there were too many pressures. I want to be inner-directed. Pressures, says your father. You think a corporation executive doesn't have pressures? Hell, yes, he has pressures. You gotta *live* with pressures.

Or Dad and Mother may be deeply hurt. They genuinely don't understand. They both came from poor families; they never went to college themselves: it's been a financial handicap all their lives. They've worked so desperately to put you in a position where you'll have some choice in life. They can't understand what went wrong. They drink nothing stronger than beer; they took you to church when you were young; Dad spent all his

spare time with you — remember that fishing trip to Lake Chicahoocha when you were eight? — they've loved you more than anything else in the world: where did they make their mistake? But, you say, I'm only planning to take a year off, not turn Communist or something. But why?, cries your mother. Yes, says your father, why? Don't we have a right to know?

So you try to explain that at college you were spinning your wheels. College ought to be a place where you do creative things with your abilities, not just dreary routines. There wasn't time to think or pursue your own interests.

Your father says he doesn't know anything about dreary routines, only that when he was a kid growing up back in the thirties, when things were really tough, a kid was lucky to be in college at all. A college kid had a job, a good job, waiting for him when he got out. Aha, you say. But not anymore. Now you've got to go on to graduate school, to business school, or medical school, or law school, or veterinary school. You've got to have an M.A. or a Ph.D. to teach even. You have to be sure before you get in so deeply. Your father says he hadn't thought of it that way, and you think maybe you're getting somewhere; however, your mother begins to cry hysterically, and that ends the conversation.

As always, arguing with your parents leaves you in a state of fist-clenched frustration. You are never able to express yourself fully to them. How do you explain motivations that are so subtle and deeply rooted that often you are not clearly aware of them yourself?

DROPPING out probably reflects a good deal more than mere distaste for routines, slovenly roommates, and elementary geology; in reality, it may be a manifestation of some such psychological problem as a lifelong struggle to break out of a family pattern — perhaps you were forced to go to Dad's prep school, and Dad's college, and the prospect of graduation and living at home and going into the family investment firm or dry-goods business or grocery-store chain or optical company is more than you can stand. Possibly you went to an inadequate public high school, and in your freshman year at an Ivy League college you found yourself so ill prepared, overworked, socially inept, and plain scared that you developed a serious sense of inferiority. Everyone seemed wittier and more intelligent and better adjusted than you, so that life at college devolved into an infinite series of real and imagined humiliations. Or perhaps you came to college after four or more years at prep school and found that nothing stimulated you, that on the whole your college teachers were in-

ferior to prep school masters, and that since college courses tended to be dull and superficial, the excitement and purpose had gone out of learning. Or you might be in love and get married, but either because you are poor or because your parents refuse to support you, you have to leave school and begin to earn a living. Or, sadly, you may have gotten a girl pregnant. Or perhaps you are dead earnest about pursuing a career in which a college education is of no substantial value. Professional athletes, entertainers, actors, musicians might fall into this category.

The point is that beneath your irritation with the surfaces of college life, you suspect some flaw in your own personality or background, or else you feel that attending college is essentially a frivolous and time-wasting undertaking. For you, even if you don't plan to depart college permanently, dropping out is a serious business; it seems a sharp and fateful departure from the norm of your generation, and it involves a major decision, arrived at by you, and by you alone, after a great deal of self-examination.

Finally, however, no matter why you left, or say you left, you get settled into your new job or apartment or marriage and begin life on the outside. Your parents have been reconciled to the inevitable or have disowned you; the draft board is breathing down your neck, but you're stalling them; in short, you ought to be happier than ever before. No papers, no classes, no pressures. Time to think. Time to set your life in order, decide what you really think about Zen, what ought to be done in Vietnam, how to handle De Gaulle, how to stop police brutality in New York.

You sink into a pattern of sleep and independent study, or travel, or begin an exciting relevant job, and everything ought to be fine, but predictably enough, it isn't. Roughnecking turns out to be much harder than studying rocks, your African safari didn't pan out, or your year in Europe is off because your father won't finance it. He says he'll be glad to teach you the glue business from the bottom up, but he'll be damned if he'll ante up good dollars for you to waste playing around with a bunch of screwballs and perverts in a lousy city like Paris. He's only been to Europe once, as a guest of the goddamn government, but you can take it from him, there's nothing there but a bunch of perverts and bedbugs.

Even your social life is awful. You've been away from home for a while; you've lost contact with most of your old friends from high school, and those you still know seem changed. Or maybe you've changed, but anyway, there's nobody to talk to, you never have interesting discussions, and the girls are strictly bad news. They wear too much makeup, and most of the good-looking ones

are married or have moved away or are in college. You remember faithless Cynthia longingly.

Time drags. You are not so innocent as to think that college will be a bed of roses when you get back, but at least things happened there. Or perhaps you've become intrigued with the glue business but realize you need more chemistry before you can come up with any significant innovations. Several nights you've stayed late down in the vat room fooling around with a new formula for heat-resistant, cold-resistant, spit-resistant, sweet-and-sour-tasting, water-repellent stamp stickum, but after several explosions and one fire, you're modest enough and sufficiently objective to admit that you simply haven't got the background.

Of course there's always the possibility that you'll be one of the dropouts who stays out, in which case you may become a plumber or electrician or mechanic or brush salesman, or you might join the Army, or start a window-washing service. You might even make good. Perhaps you'll be like Dr. Edwin Land, who left Harvard, invented the Polaroid camera, and made about forty million dollars in the process. Or Sandy Koufax, who left the University of Cincinnati, went into the major leagues, and improved the curve ball. Or perhaps you'll be a writer or a painter. You always thought you were deeper, more talented, more given to reflection and philosophy than your contemporaries, and when you write your first short story — a delicate and melancholy tale about the time your great-aunt Gertrude had hepatitis — and sell it to the *New Yorker* for \$462.15, you feel that truly you have a future in the arts. The social stigma attached to spending your life without a degree is something you are sure you can overcome; in fact, if you are at all successful, being a dropout has considerable reverse snob appeal.

But the chances are that out of boredom or fresh enthusiasm or new interests or the blunt realization that degrees mean more money, you'll return to college willingly. You'll go back with reservations and misgivings: you'll know that college hasn't changed, and perhaps in your heart of hearts you'll still believe that you could and should be doing something better, something less nebulous and more important — but you will go back. Your friends will be pleased, your parents will be ecstatic. Soon you'll be settled back in the old groove: classes, labs, fraternity parties, exams, rushing, football games, quizzes, papers, and Cynthia, or someone like her. It will be almost as if you'd never been away, except that late in those all-night bull sessions, when the jocks have gone to bed and you're tired of talking girls and the conversation turns to serious topics like values and meaning and significance, you'll be a man of experience, an intellect to be reckoned with.

A WOMAN'S VIEW

BY JULIE HAYDEN

Women should have the same opportunities and same sorts of education as men, and there is no good reason for separating the two, argues Julie Hayden, Radcliffe '61, sometime advertising woman and teacher, now on the staff of the NEW YORKER. The Group, she says, are willing and able to learn with the men.

FOUR years to read, discuss, shut yourself away in your room, start a coffeehouse or a left-wing movement, stay up all night writing a paper, fall in love, eat sandwiches by the river, have mononucleosis, act, date, write, study, rebel, talk, talk, talk — and suddenly you're educated. "Another batch coming out of the oven," announces the head of the English department at the senior class luncheon, and somebody whispers, "Oh, I hope they put me in the window *right away!*"

But which window? Are you marketable? What makes you think you're up to sample? In fact, what makes you think you're done at all?

I started asking myself these questions the first time I was turned away from a job for being "overqualified." Very gently the personnel manager at Hook and Swindle, the advertising agency where I'd applied for a secretarial position, indicated that they didn't — well, didn't believe I'd find life in the office pool sufficiently stimulating, with my knowledge of Greek and all (an achievement I subsequently learned to conceal). It gave me pause. Could being able to read Sophocles in the original (albeit with frequent recourse to a translation) really not be in my favor? After all, I demonstrably knew how to type and was proud of my ability to transcribe dictation at nearly 100 words a minute. This feat, I should add, made me practically unique among my classmates, many of whom had mastered

old German script or Italic cursive, but few of whom knew, or cared to know, the difference between an invoice and a PBX machine.

Naïvely, I'd considered myself to be practical and worldly-wise in acquiring these skills. Friends and advisers had warned me that an A.B. was not a magic carpet to a heady editorial career. And I'd listened. Many of my peers were less fortunate, or even more naïve. They soon discovered they weren't even *overqualified*. "I graduated *cum laude!*" wailed my sister. "I was a Wellesley Scholar! I'm unemployable!"

One year away from college, for a woman with a good liberal arts education, it is impossible not to feel a sense of injury, directed either against the institution that gave you so false an idea of your own importance or a world that doesn't quite seem to know what to do with you.

During those four years you didn't ask yourself what you could *do*. You were in a state of becoming — becoming the books, the plays, the discussions, the iconoclasm, the idealism, the courses, the friends, and the mysterious inner quest for "identity" that surrounded you. I carried much the same attitude into my postgraduate life. My trade was learning, and I thought I could learn anything. Exaggerative by temperament, I managed to exaggerate one *Wanderjahr* into almost three, during which I was self-supporting but little else. Yet I haven't fingers enough to enumerate friends of mine who, equally bewildered, made just as many false starts, half commitments. Some drifted from job to job, others from country to country. Many, of course, are in graduate school, and many more are married; but graduate school is often just a way of postponing decisions, while marriage — well, nobody can spend all day cleaning a three-room apartment, and most couples need the extra salary check a wife brings home, small as it's likely to be.

I speak, naturally, of the ones I know. If I learned anything at Radcliffe, it ought to have been to shun the generalization as I would the Jabber-

work. Still — and here's the point — education is inextricably bound up with the institution that traffics in it. If I believed (as I think I did) that I could outgrow Radcliffe, I soon found that my education dangled from my neck like an albatross whenever I tried to forget about it.

Oh, yes, we stick together; we're a kind of Group. Shamefacedly we'll turn up, if not at our fifth, then at our tenth or twentieth reunion, to keep a suspicious and loving eye on our contemporaries. Each of us may be a different shape, but we were all baked in the same oven. How many of us keep suitcases under our beds (in a small apartment you're always pressed for space) to pack for week-ends away? In whose bookcase don't the paperbacks and textbooks acquired in college outmass the ones bought since?

The patterns, the ideals and values, the expectations of college are for most of us impossible to discard. And for a very good reason: A good college is a kind of model society where the educative process is both formal and intrinsic. People come to college from unequal scholastic backgrounds. For many the first year is traumatic — far more so than the first year out; and some give up the fight then or later. We're all familiar with the syndrome called sophomore slump. Emotional problems rear their ugly heads. The food is terrible. Courses are dull, and so are deans.

Nevertheless, Harvard was a world in miniature, one just a little too good to be true. That is the problem, of course, for those who must leave it or any place where they were happy. A model environment is necessarily an artificial one.

Yet some are more artificial than others. At Harvard you could lead a fully integrated life, where you passed easily from classes to the dramatic club to a study date at Widener Library followed by discussions over coffee, and there was no disparity between the activity in your head and your emotional reactions to those around you. All were part of one context. Such is not the case at most colleges for women (nor, I suppose, at colleges for men, but I am not concerned with those now). An institution that excludes the opposite sex creates a separation between the life of the intellect and the rest of the world that can seriously interfere with its educational function. At a nearby college for women which I had some acquaintance with, this separation was so strictly enforced as to create a desperate dichotomy — study, study, study all week and play, play, play over the weekend.

Colleges for women exist only because when the idea of higher education for them gained favor, no men's colleges were willing to take them in. I can see no other reason for their existence. How can a woman learn to enjoy the company of the opposite sex if she must forever be competing for it? Who

really prefers to spend all day listening to other women? Finally, a woman had better learn sooner than later that if she seeks any sort of life outside her home, she will be working with and competing with men. Thus, while to some extent all competition at college is unrealistic because it's based strictly on merit, at least a woman in a coeducational institution doesn't have to graduate absolutely uncertain of how well she can acquit herself in a working world that's unfairly weighted anyway. She has some guide to her own capacities.

THERE are other flies in Arcadia. Take the burden of curfew hours and dormitory rules which most college women chafe under. I still can't understand why young women should not be as free as men to decide their own hours. If after graduation you can stay out as late and often as you please, why not before? I realize that such rules exist not so much for the protection of the students as to placate the girls' parents and relieve the college of responsibility. But that is a risk I feel colleges should be prepared to take. To have to sign in or out at ten o'clock, or (at some places) to have to introduce your escort to your housemother to prove you'll be safe, imposes an arbitrary and humiliating fetter on a girl's independence. You may have the mind of an adult, it says, but you are not capable of making decisions about your own welfare.

I have spoken as though I believed women should have exactly the same sort of education as their brothers. I do. Ideally you have four years to see the light, to hypothesize your own values, which list in favor of broad-mindedness, taking the large view, and the unflinching pursuit of excellence. Material rewards, except in the form of scholarships and grants, are absent. Your youth inclines you to idealism, and you can afford to indulge it. You rebel against the values of your parents, the family business, the DAR.

Now, all along you have been dimly aware that the study of the early Jacobean theater, your thesis topic, has really only equipped you to laugh in the right places at a production of *Bartholomew Fair*. You don't want to sit on a veranda for the rest of your life chuckling over *The Alchemist*; you want to contribute, you want, possibly, to create. Not only that, you have a very natural instinct to shine.

I know somebody who, filling out an application inquiring about his educational background, answered the question Why did you major in your chosen field? (philosophy): "Sheer greed." If you really want to continue in such a field, you have only one choice — teach it. Your reward will be in heaven. But surely all philosophy (English, history, classics) majors will not become teachers.

What will be their occupation and their reward?

For men, the reward of an A.B. can be measured these days in cash. They can go to business school, medical school, law school, enter a management-training program, and be assured of a commendable starting salary whenever they do decide to start. Working in advertising or public relations they can console themselves for their lost idealism with the delicious fruits of capitalism. Getting rich is, for men, a not unrespectable occupation. But who ever heard a woman say that her greatest ambition was to make a lot of money?

President Bunting of Radcliffe has spoken of a prevailing climate of low expectations among women college graduates and students. She did not, I think, refer to their financial expectations, and that tells more about the situation than not. Little girls may grow up admiring the things that money can buy, but not the money itself. If they aspire to success, their models must be women in fields other than moneymaking: social workers, scientists, and, of course, teachers. The monetary double standard is so formidably entrenched that women have fought it only halfheartedly, the more so because everything in their upbringing inclines against it. Thus there is an air of extreme high-mindedness about many presidents and deans of colleges for women. Their graduates are urged to be "useful," partly because they will never be rich, and partly because there is something faintly nasty about seeking material rewards anyway. Whatever "usefulness" is, it isn't lucrative.

So many girls, married and unmarried, find themselves in the marketplace with neither the rewards of idealism nor the rewards of cash. They are the Kafka readers in the typists' pool, the seekers after truth making coffee. Their lights are hidden under a bushel. Was their education then worthwhile?

I SHOULD like to call attention to the other side of the coin for a minute: a woman doesn't have to make money; she can marry it. Therefore she is really more free than a man to choose an occupation whose reward is intrinsic. She can be a social worker, teach English, work for a magazine (a field that pays so poorly that it is said one must have either a husband or a private income). She can volunteer her services to a charitable organization, work for a poor but promising political candidate, man the barricades for peace, write a book.

But that doesn't mean more women shouldn't apply to law school, medical school, business school than do now, if such is their inclination. (It doesn't mean, either, that they should be paid less for doing a man's job, but that is a social problem and outside the scope of this essay.) It is the duty of

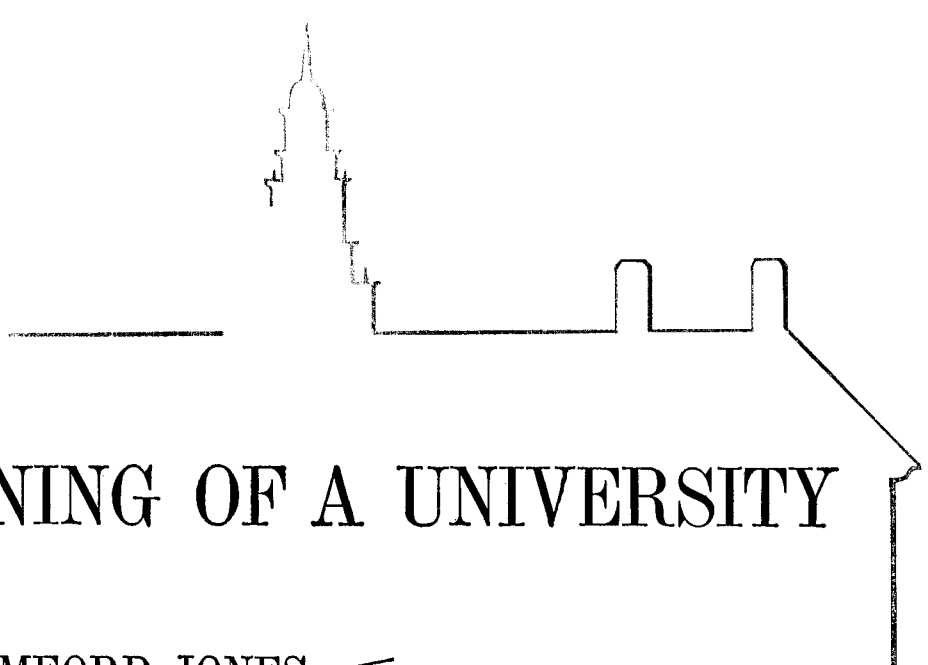
all those who advise women students to make these options clear. Girls should not, on the other hand, be encouraged to learn shorthand well, or to expect that being a secretary can be in any way intellectually satisfying. It is a means, not an end, and an uncertain one at that. As for juggling marriage and a career, most people seem to manage.

In the final analysis, what you do is merely an aspect and expression of what you are. What you are depends to a large extent on the kind of education you had and your reactions to the particular form your education took — the place that educated you. It is folly to imagine that the world beyond the groves of academe can ever fully resemble them, but it is insanity to turn your back on them and pretend they don't exist.

I have learned, too, that there is no such thing as education; only educations, one per person. Therefore it is futile to talk about education as a thing to be used. You use your mind, your talents. Did anyone ever learn anything in a college course without which she could not have been hired for a job? Who even remembers most of the facts and theories with which she filled her blue books? (A well-known professor of history told us about an alumnus who greeted him effusively at a Harvard reunion. "I've never forgotten your History 186, professor," he said. "It was the best course I ever took." Feeling a bit contrary, perhaps from the punch, the professor challenged his ex-student to recall a single fact from History 186. The alumnus searched the depths of his memory. "Well," he blurted after an embarrassing pause, "I remember that there was a French king who could curl his feet all the way around his stirrups.")

If education is anything, it is a process, one that is far from terminated after four years. The rigor of mind you brought to your college life will be carried into everything you do afterward. You may miss the perfection and pleasure of your academic days, but you will never cease to learn.

The question of the benefits of higher education for women has been shelved, at least temporarily. Whether it makes us more or less contented I leave to the Friedmans and McGinleys. The by-products of education ought to be clear-sightedness and compassion, the ability to recognize another's pain, and the determination to do something about it. Its formal content — all those liberal arts courses — has no real benefit except to the takers. Whatever drives men and women to unearth facts and formulate theories about their surroundings, it is not the expectation that they will somehow make them happy. It is homo sapiens' inquisitive itch, the desire to leave no stone unturned. That knows no distinction of sex, and is the only reason cities of learning are built in the first place. But isn't it enough?



THE MEANING OF A UNIVERSITY

BY HOWARD MUMFORD JONES

"Goodwill is one of the obscuring forces in academic life," says Howard Mumford Jones, distinguished critic and literary historian, and in the name of goodwill the American university has assumed such a variety of responsibilities and peripheral services that its energies and attention have been diverted from its proper function, the critical examination of ideas.

THE Americans have never quite understood the theory of a university. The first source of ambiguity is that since the seventeenth century we have seldom or never used the word "university" in any consistent sense. Thus Harvard College, oldest of all American academic institutions, was through the Colonial period and into the nineteenth century referred to as Harvard College or as the university in Cambridge. Ambitious makers of state constitutions in new commonwealths or of new pieces of legislation designed to bring a state swiftly into cultural maturity bestowed the word "university" upon a paper organization or upon actual institutions that were often no more than indifferent high schools or academies. The term is still so loosely employed that I have heard of a university of cosmetology.

One might think that with the maturing of the nation, the creation of the Johns Hopkins University in 1876 and the University of Chicago in 1893, the word would have been clearly understood. Not at all. The semantic confusion is now worse than ever. A common verbal syndrome follows this pat-

tern: a normal school sheds that name and becomes a teachers college; the teachers college sheds that name and becomes a state college; the state college sheds that name and becomes a state university without making any perceptible attempt to discover what the proper function and necessary equipment of a university should be. A parallel case is the present tendency to turn honest agricultural schools or some agricultural and mechanical colleges, titles that indicate honorable functions, into state universities. Thus there are both the University of Kansas and Kansas State University; both the University of Colorado and Colorado State University. Or a complex of colleges, as in the state of New York, is transformed without any clear central purpose into a "university" supported by the state, and the four city colleges in New York City sprout an indeterminate something called the University of the City of New York. Confusion is increased by the existence of New York University, a privately endowed institution, and the Regents of the University of the State of New York, which is simply the state board of education. Transformation in most cases has been dictated by a desire for status to impress the legislature, the alumni, donors, and the community. The great schools of technology are among the few institutions that have resisted this facile renaming.

A second source of confusion is historical. American universities, however defined, differ from Old World universities in being the creation of the state, not of the church or of a guild of learned men. This has been true since the Great and General Court of Massachusetts Bay granted a charter creating Harvard College. Creation may be by

charter or by organic law. The charter, without which no college or university can grant degrees, is (or was) a grant of power by the sovereignty of the colony, the state, or the federal government. Charters were necessary for private institutions. State colleges or universities were created by the state constitution or by public law. In any case, the legislature also created a small body of men charged with the duty of bringing a university into being.

In the first case, this body is commonly called the board of trustees; in the second, the board of regents; in almost every case it is either self-perpetuating or appointed by the governor or constituted of members *ex officio*, together with appointed or (more rarely) elected members. In Europe, universities often preceded the state, at least in modern terms; in America, the state precedes the university. In point of law, therefore, the trustees or the regents *are* the university. Seldom chosen for learning, these boards usually begin by securing real estate. Then they hire as their agent a president, whose duty it is to devise a curriculum and find a faculty to teach it.

In other cultures universities are self-governing bodies with a minimum of state supervision except in fascist or Communist countries. If by a university one means primarily a group of scholarly experts, no American university is self-governing. The faculty are employees. Few boards of trustees or regents admit a representative or representatives of the faculty regularly as members of the board, and many do not admit a representative of the faculty to be present at their meetings except in unusual circumstances. Few include the president as a member. The president is usually the agent of the board as well as the only agent of lawful communication between the body of scholars and the nonacademic board. The situation is further complicated by the fact that nowadays the American university president is usually chosen either for his name value or his presumed managerial potentiality. If he has been a scholar, he gives up that profession.

No American university faculty is empowered either to choose a president or to depose him; and though faculty members may be formally or informally consulted by members of the board when a new president is to be chosen, the board is under no obligation to accept the recommendation of the faculty or a committee thereof, these recommendations being in fact often ignored or overruled. Most of the nineteenth century and much of the twentieth has been spent in working out a proper *modus vivendi* between a nonprofessional board, members of which incline to look upon the university as an odd sort of baffling business enterprise, and the body of professional scholars, who,

unlike their European counterparts, have little or no responsibility for the financing of the university.

In older American institutions, public or private, a long record of trial and error has resulted in rough definitions and limitations of responsibility. In such universities the board is now commonly content to leave the courses, the modes of teaching, the direction to be taken by research, and the granting of degrees to the president, his academic aides (the deans of the several faculties or colleges making up the university), and the faculty. The vexed question of university finance, which necessarily determines academic policies, lies in a sort of undistributed middle that involves investments, appropriations, salaries, government contracts, fees, fellowships, promotions, and so on. Obviously the financial situation profoundly affects the nature of any university. Obviously the faculty has, at best, only an indirect, sometimes only a remote, relation to financial policy. A board may be so negligent as to permit a university president to bankrupt his institution; or it may be so fussily intrusive as to enforce standards and values that have more relation to popular trends than to the pursuit of truth and excellence.

Since all legal authority rests in the board, its members may abolish or alter parts of a university or invent new ones with or without the knowledge or consent of the faculty. With or without the advice of the faculty the board may also promulgate rules governing the lives of students and of faculty members that may or may not be consonant with the real purpose of the institution. Of course, with experience, boards tend to leave this sort of thing more and more to the "administration," but the recent turmoil at Berkeley illustrates the confusion that results when the distribution of responsibility among the board, the administration, the faculty, and the students is not clear.

THE American university is further distinguished from its Old World counterpart by a confusion of aims and responsibility between undergraduate (and vocational) and graduate (and professional) education. The American college of arts and sciences is unique in the world. American graduate schools developed out of existing colleges of arts and sciences in this country late in our educational history. The graduate school of arts and sciences therefore did not, like a law school or a medical school, come into being for a unitary purpose. Indeed, in one sense there is no graduate school of arts and sciences but only departments that offer graduate work. The common denominator that makes the concept of a graduate school of arts and sciences possible is a mild uniformity in entrance

requirements for graduate work (the entrant must have a bachelor's degree) and an equally mild uniformity about the mode of granting advanced degrees — the M.A. and the Ph.D. A dean of a law school heads a professional body devoted to teaching law; a dean of a graduate school of arts and sciences heads ten, twenty, thirty, forty separate professional units, part of whose time is devoted to teaching students not in the graduate school and part of whose time is devoted to teaching graduate courses. Without a graduate school there can be no university, but the graduate school of arts and sciences rests upon the unstable foundation of shifting departmental interests as the school of medicine does not.

In creating Cornell University, the founder said he wanted to establish an institution in which anybody could study anything. This dictum has been widely accepted as a sound definition of university work. Consequently, television programs sending out news broadcasts, information, and domestic science courses for future housewives, the teaching of advertising layouts and the training of future football coaches, "short course" instruction in agriculture, and adult education classes for retired businessmen are offered by the "university" along with advanced research in atomic physics, abstruse work in higher mathematics, chemical studies of the sun's corona, metaphysical speculation about the nature of metaphysical speculation, and a seminar in the economic background of the First Crusade. This need not obscure, but in most cases it certainly straitens, the pure idea of a university as a house of intellect. Goodwill is one of the obscuring forces in academic life.

The American university is also expected to assume responsibility for the housing, feeding, medical and psychiatric care, amusement, and in some cases religious instruction of youngsters just out of the secondary school, and has permitted itself to be surrounded by an amiable jungle of fraternity and sorority houses, religious institutions especially directed to keeping student faith alive, student journalism, intercollegiate athletics, intercollegiate debating, student dramatics, ROTC units, musical enterprises ranging from jazz to Beethoven, cooperative housing, bookstores, alumni offices and organizations, responsibility for extension courses, responsibility for nonacademic conferences on business, social, sociological, political, or international problems, alumni reunions at commencement, and so on, until the original aim of the university has disappeared.

One of the latest, most praised, and in some ways most disastrous new functions assumed by the university is the encouragement of "creativity." Creativity is not scholarship and not science, but a surrogate for them. Creativity is not research,

which is an act of the controlled intellect, but as practiced on most American campuses, an emotional outlet. Courses in creative writing, creative dancing, creative painting, creative music, creative play-making, and creative folk singing abound. In the nature of the case, these activities cannot be judged by the severe intellectual standards basic to research, nor can they be judged by the harsh, if differing, standards of professional excellence. They lie in a kind of no-man's-land more distinguished for sentiment than for severity, and the existence of this no-man's-land is one of the principal reasons for our current confusion between the "creative" arts and humane learning. If these activities are proper to college instruction, they should remain collegiate. If the intent is to be professional, they should be referred to such professional institutions as a conservatory of music. As universities are lauded for supporting a quartet in residence, a tame painter, a writers' conference, a school of the theater, or a studio for dancing or painting or sculpture, the original concept of the university becomes more and more blurred, and the public comes more and more to believe that a university fails of its true purpose (the frayed phrase about an "ivory tower" commonly appears at this point) if it does not nourish the arts.

WHAT, then, is a university? In the Continental sense it is a collection of professional faculties — the faculty of the humanities, the faculty of science, the faculty of law, the faculty of medicine, the faculty of theology, for examples — empowered to offer mature instruction in their several professions and to grant "advanced" degrees when the student has demonstrated his ability to go it alone. In the British sense a traditional university is a collection of colleges that, taken separately, house and teach students, and taken collectively, offer general advanced instruction (the lectures) and grant degrees. In the American sense, at least as defined by the Office of Education, a university is an institution of higher learning comprising a college of arts and sciences or its equivalent, a graduate school of arts and sciences, and one or more professional schools — for example, law, medicine, or theology. A college of liberal arts and sciences may grant a bachelor's or a master's degree. Only a university can grant a Ph.D. degree, though in certain cases (again the confusion of American nomenclature!) established colleges grant the doctor's degree and so-called universities do not, the reason being that they do not have either the proper faculty or the proper facilities for advanced professional work.

I trust I shall not be considered mystical if I put the matter another way. A college is, or should be,

concerned with the elements of knowledge, a university with bringing these elements into professional fruition. In this sense, therefore, a university is more especially an act or product of intellect. It is an institution created for the critical examination by professional minds of tenets, principles, laws, dogmas, and ideas that make up the ever varying body of truth. It preserves truth by perpetually subjecting conventional assumptions to critical analysis, discarding fallacies, and retaining as valid only the information or the general statements that pass severe, impersonal, and professional testing; and it extends truth by pushing forward, into the unknown, task forces of professionally trained persons who are skilled in distinguishing fact from assumption. The university climate of opinion is therefore critical. When a given group of professionally competent scholars approve of something they have thoroughly examined, be it a biblical text or a new discovery about the chemistry of meteorites, their findings circulate freely among other professional men all over the world.

The faculty of a university, however organized into schools or colleges, is a group of men and women dedicated to the assumption that there is an intellectual order in life, that they participate, however imperfectly, in that order, and that they can make this intellectual order clear, whether it be in literary history or non-Euclidean geometry, to younger scholars who can carry on learning and research in a particular field. The faculty of a university is the only body competent to determine what general knowledge and what specialized education are necessary for a continuation of professional knowledge and professional skill.

The university may develop other functions, many of them laudable in themselves, and in America they have done so, but if these other functions are not kept subordinate to the central idea of university education and university work, they can overwhelm the university idea by their very multitudinousness. The university then disappears in a smog of sentimentality, "school spirit," vocationalism, pseudo-parental responsibility, experiments in living, and fallacious political activity.

THREE observations seem to me pertinent. The first is that the present amiable tendency to confuse college with university, "creativity" with scholarship, vocational training with professional education, and extension courses for high school teachers with a mature philosophy of education must somehow be subdued or clarified. We need universities as universities. The necessity for a clear definition of university work is evident in the fact that whereas fifty years ago a Ph.D. was the mark

of professional education, those in charge of research in many fields are now, in despair, talking about the need of postdoctoral education to accomplish what the university was originally established to do. There is nothing shameful about being an excellent teachers college or a good agricultural school, but the highest needs of the nation are in a sense betrayed when the teachers college or the agricultural school becomes a pseudo-university granting a third-rate Ph.D.

The second is our need for a stern insistence upon the truth that university education is a privilege for the competent, not a right to be claimed by the many. American parents seem to feel that some "university" somewhere somehow should be required to accept their children upon demand. Legislatures sometimes pass laws requiring a state university to admit virtually any high school graduate. The result is general confusion, waste of funds, futile teaching, and the creation of special undergraduate "colleges" for the mentally indigent. Why do mediocre high school graduates have to go to universities? Our need, as John Gardner has said, is for excellence, not for mediocrity. If universities are overcrowded, this is only in part a result of population pressures. A more disturbing reason is the incapacity of boards and presidents to insist that a university is, precisely, *not* an institution in which anybody can study anything, but an institution for mature professional education.

Finally, the student being admitted to the high privilege of a university must be taught, if he does not know them (commonly he does not), his rights, duties, and responsibilities as a member of the great traditional republic of learning. Much has been talked about the indifference of one student generation to political issues and about the rebellion of another student generation against university regulations. No one questions the idealism of young men and women who go to Selma or Bogalusa or join the Peace Corps. No one wants to deny the student the right to express his political opinion. But the student, by becoming a student, has lost something and gained something. He has lost the opportunity of embracing anarchy, and he has gained the more durable possibility of becoming a mature citizen in both the political republic and the republic of learning. If more and more students spend more and more time in public demonstrations against this and that, they inevitably spend less and less time in scholarly pursuits, their avowed purpose in asking to be admitted to the university. In other countries the university function of an institution of higher learning was destroyed when the campus became an arena for political action as the principal manifestation of intellectual life. The American problem has not yet been thought carefully through.

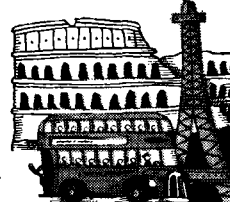
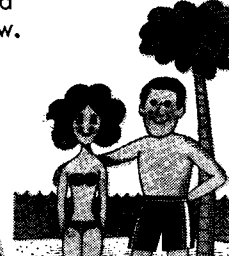


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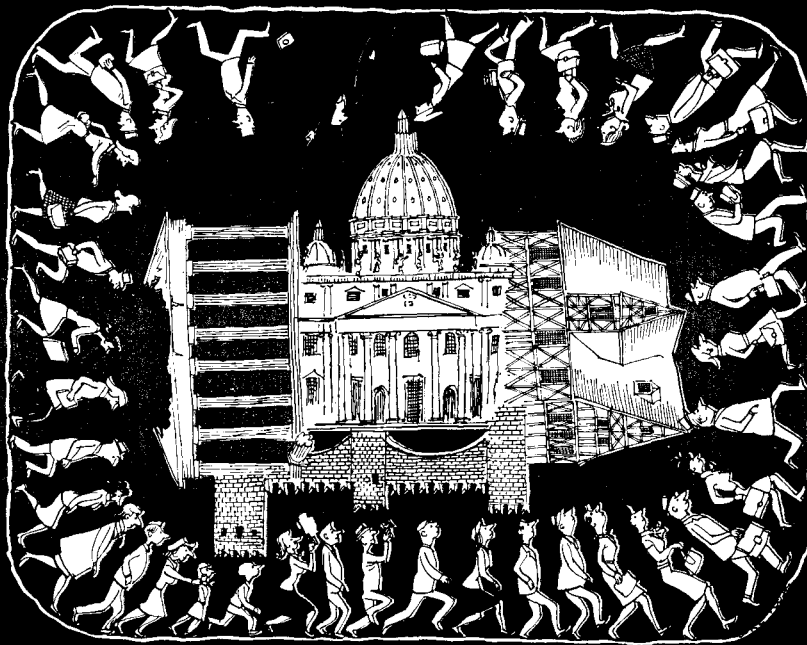
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TRAVELER'S CHOICE

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

One sees little in the United States of the Conducted Tour as it is practiced in Europe. In this country, the American's vacation travel is usually an extension of the love affair with his automobile which he carries on throughout the rest of the year. His schedule calls for spending the most possible time in the car itself, checking briskly out of his motel around 8 A.M., snatching the standardized Interstate Highway version of the breakfast he eats at home, and setting forth on another 475-mile day, leaving just enough time at its end to give the glorious vehicle a rubdown and good-night pat before sitting down to Interstate Highway Dinner No. 3 (pot roast and noodles) or No. 4 (Salisbury steak and baked potato), preceded by a sumptuous jumbo shrimp cocktail (three huge, defrosted, and genuinely deflavored shrimp with a dab of chili sauce). This is a self-conducted tour, each for himself, even though the same people—or at any rate what look like the very same people—turn up at the next motel every night. This is purely an I've-been-there

tour, undertaking to cover the most miles through the most regions in the shortest possible time.

The conducted tour, on the other hand, supplies the maximum of cultural detail for a given investment of time. It is like the eight-course dinner in which the drinking water counts as one course, the salt and pepper as another, and so on. It reminds one of the forty-two-piece bedroom set once analyzed by, I believe, Dr. Rockwell which reckoned the casters for the bed as twelve of the forty-two pieces in the following breakdown: four frames for casters, four wheels for same, four axles for the wheels.

So, on the conducted tour, if the only entrance to some historic place is through a certain gate, the gate is duly listed, with a paragraph all to itself, as one of the attractions of the stop, and the conductor of the tour convokes his charges and points it out to them. There it is, and let there be no niggling questions later on about whether or not they had seen it or skipped it. The gate that we promised you, ladies and gentlemen—mark it well. A similar tendency is to be noted in the literature of the cruise ships, where the very existence of a principal street, or the lighthouse passed at

the harbor's entrance on the way in, received special mention, even though the passengers could not help seeing both phenomena, free-for-nothing, under their own steam in any sort of visit to the port, conducted or not.

Sympathies of any onlooker are bound to be centered not so much on the tourists as on the conductor or director or chief tutor of the conducted tour as he is seen, for instance, in St. George's Chapel at Windsor of a summer Sunday. The crush here is about equal to that on a New York rush-hour subway platform. At times the flow of sightseers through the aisles reaches a dead stop, parents become separated from children, husbands from wives.

In these circumstances, the tour director must bring together his pupils anew and examine for them in some foreign tongue such as Flemish, Italian, or German, decorously and in low tones as is fitting in a house of worship, the history of the place and the nuances of British character. His first great problem is how to attract their attention, noiselessly and without blowing a whistle; he does this by a frantic pantomime and by raising and lowering on the end of a stick a sign bearing his own name or perhaps the



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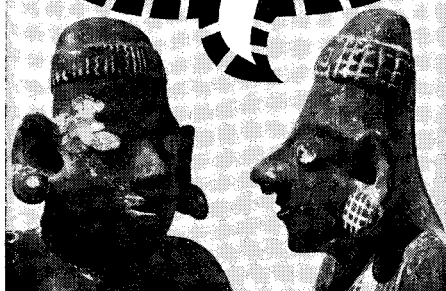
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nationality of the tour. He is just about to identify, *sotto voce*, the banner bearing the arms of Sir Winston Churchill when the conductor of a different tour shoulders his way through the crowd, raising and lowering his sign. Meanwhile, all sorts of self-conducting tourists, speaking still other languages, start bucking their way out of it all.

I have only a few words of advice for the traveler who will decide for himself where he wants to go and how to get there: he should bear in mind that the fact that a port is duty-free does not necessarily mean low prices, and he should never travel without his own supply of his own liquor and his own flyswatter.

Vertical Drinking in the Soviet Union

BY HANNAH LEES

HANNAH LEES, author of many light articles,
lives with her physician husband in Philadelphia.

The weather was balmy in southerly Kiev and Yalta when we were in the Soviet Union last summer, so my husband and I looked for a sidewalk café where we could sit with a beer or vermouth as in France, Germany, or Italy and watch the world go by. It got very frustrating, for we kept sighting clutches of bright umbrellas in the distance and coming up to tables full of animated people, only to find everyone eating ice cream, delicious ice cream with a variety of delicious sauces, but ice cream is not really very conducive to people-watching.

This is not to imply that the Russians are antiliquor. They simply do their drinking standing up, it turned out. On every other street corner you see barrels turned on their sides and mounted on wheels, with a long line of men standing waiting their turn. Some of these barrels dispense beer. Others dispense a slightly alcoholic drink called kvass, made of fermented brown bread and molasses and, I'm afraid, tasting it. Little corner stand-up booths, like our orange juice and ice cream stands, dispense wine by the glass both in the big cities and at the seashore. These quick drinks — beer, kvass, and wine — are all cheap, around 15 kopeks a glass, and a kopek is just a little more than a penny. But there is absolutely no other place where you can pay more to sit down to a drink than in the big tourist hotels, which I'll come to.

At Yalta, that big Black Sea summer resort, liquor stores also sell drinks by the glass. At one store bottled liquor was available at a counter in the back. Wine, vodka, and brandy — called cognac by every English-speaking Russian we talked to, though I doubt it — were dispensed from a bar on the left. And on the right, behind a highly varnished counter, was a hard-working milk shake machine. A Soviet milk shake, however, has the following ingredients: eighty-five carefully weighed grams of ice cream, three ounces of wine, quite as carefully measured, and one ounce of brandy. Electrically whipped together, it is probably as close to nectar as a milk shake will ever be, though I, in my stuffy American way, felt it was rather strong nectar for all the small children I watched drinking it with their mothers.

GUM, that big department store in Moscow right across from the Kremlin, also dispenses drink from little antiseptic-looking stands scattered among its arcades, and the drink it dispenses is champagne. Anytime the store is open you can buy a small glass of champagne for 40 kopeks (about 44 cents) and a large glass for 75 kopeks (83 cents). We watched laborers in coveralls and mothers with children standing drinking champagne at eleven in the morning, which turns out not to be a bad time at all for champagne.

There is a good deal of drinking,

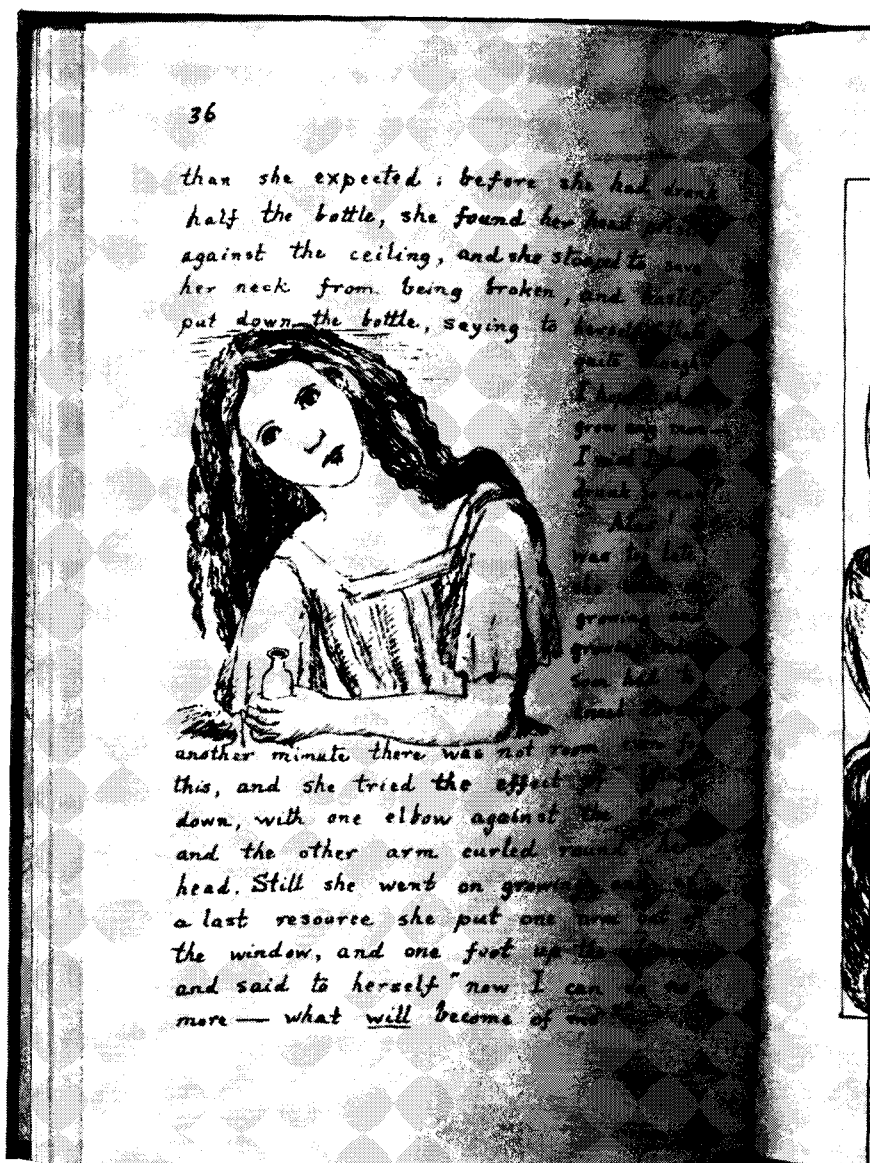
As for the bars in the tourist hotels, we never found one with any resemblance whatever to the luxuriously cushioned, seductively lighted ones we are used to here at home. The one attached to our first-class hotel in Yalta, for instance, was on the second floor, with an outside entrance that looked like a fire



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And there was us. We ordered a "cognac" apiece (50 kopeks); then after a while we both ordered a beer as a chaser, but we were the only ones there living it up even that much.

Yalta is in the center of the Ukrainian wine-growing district and has a cellar where for a ruble and a half (\$1.65) you can take part in a wine-tasting ceremony at stated times during the day. For your ruble and a half you may sit at one of two long tables in a chair made out of a varnished barrel and taste ten different wines. You start with the driest and cheapest (alcohol 17 percent, sugar 4 percent) and end with the sweetest and most expensive (alcohol 14 percent, sugar 22 percent). Ten glasses of wine for a ruble and a half sounds like quite a bargain, and is, except that first you have to listen to a grim lady commissar give a twenty-minute lecture in Russian on the fine art of winemaking (an Indian sitting next to me interpreted slightly), after which the ten glasses of wine are brought around in such rapid succession that life becomes a series of toss-offs, and you stagger out feeling as if you had been guzzling maple syrup.

Drinking is slightly more what we might call civilized in the bigger cities such as Kiev and Moscow. We found the bar of our hotel in Kiev, again on the second floor, fairly full of people, most of whom seemed to be Russian. Every table was occupied, and knowing it was quite customary for strangers to sit down together, we chose a handsome blond couple with the idea that not knowing each other's language we wouldn't bother each

other. In a moment of wild optimism I suggested to my husband that he try asking for a vodka martini. The young man at the table seemed much interested, and when the barmaid looked blank, he laughed.

"She doesn't understand," he said; "better try something else." It turned out he was studying to be an interpreter. So much for their privacy and ours, but we had a good time. The young man, however, made a terrible face when we asked for vodka.

"You like it?" he asked.

We said we found it smooth as cream, which we did. But tastes do vary. He and his girl were drinking something that looked like a whiskey sour with a black olive in the bottom. Minding my tourist manners, I did not make a face.

The only really civilized drinking — using as a measure of civilization the relaxation and gaiety that go with the alcohol — was in the hotel dining rooms. There, from eight thirty to eleven thirty, a band usually plays and plays with spirit, and everyone — Russian, French, Belgian, Scandinavian, and American — dances. Between dances they drink champagne, vodka with beer, or (far more chic) "cognac."

There is said to be a great deal of drunkenness in Russia, but the only drunks we recognized as such in our two weeks there were three men in the dining room of our hotel in Kiev who loudly applauded my husband and me when we came off the dance floor after an animated dance. They got up and bowed and clapped and beamed, and I was so flattered I didn't recognize their condition until it was pointed out to me.

Lay Lobotomy —Go Slow

BY JOHN H. SLATE

JOHN H. SLATE is a New York lawyer and author who believes that the shotgun may not, in every case, be the answer to melancholy.

Over the past several years, in many conversations and writings, I have repeatedly decried the growing excesses of impromptu medicine. Yet it has recently been brought to my attention that these warnings have gone unheeded, that I have, so to speak, simply been wasting my sweetness on the deserted air.

Late in the forenoon of October —, 19 —, a despondent pensioner, whom I shall call Major E—— C—— (Irish Rifles, ret.), deliberately discharged a firearm through the roof of his own mouth. By some incalculable chance the projectile detached the cervical cortex from the cortical cervix, incised the *glans glandularii* (the gland of glands), and emerged briskly through the top of the skull.

Although a regime of this sort is ordinarily fatal, in this case the actual clinical effects approximated those of a prefrontal lobotomy, the neurosurgical procedure found so useful in the relief of melancholia, or *espiritu dejectu*.

Today Major E—— C—— (Swiss Rifles, ret.) is hale and hearty. Doubtless we should all join in congratulating him on this account. However, I, for one, cannot do so. For the success of the colonel's technique has, regrettably, inflamed the extremists among the advocates of Home Surgery. Thus, in *Suture Self!* (Congo Press), "Dr." Sawyer Headoff has written: "Sterile fields? Micrometric control? Paf!! Just whang away and hope for the best."

In main part the Home Surgery movement rests on an emotional appeal to the pioneer way of life. It is emphasized that our forebears rarely summoned professional aid, whether the point at issue was a problem in catering or the more troublesome Indian attacks and earthquakes. This may be granted, at least in principle. Yet a careful reading of the early chronicles also suggests that if more expeditious means of communication had been

WHIPPOORWILL

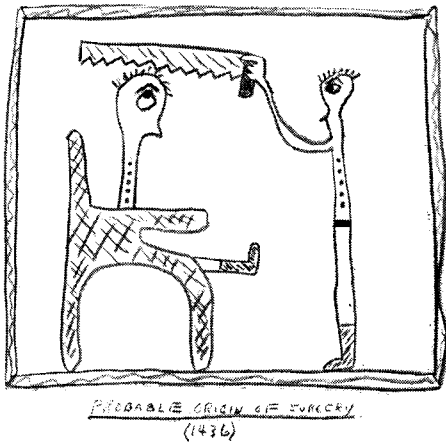
BY JOHN CLARKE

Dead leaf or whippoorwill? In a wood
You can never tell them apart unless, stepping
Too closely, you scare the bird up. Then you'll
See him, an ungainly clutch of buff and brown
Lumbering off, doing what he does most poorly,
Till he turns farther on into a leaf again.
Better to pick some night when the moon's gone
Wholly bald. Walk to the wood border. You'll hear
So many leaves turning into whippoorwills
They'll keep you standing there half the night.

at hand, few forebears exposed to these inconveniences would have scrupled to send out for assistance. In actual fact, the word Help! itself is *known* to be of Anglo-Saxon origin.

Be that as it may, it is hoped that one more word of caution about the *practical* limitations of random surgery will not be considered out of place.

Surgery is commonly (and rightly) regarded as the primary domain of the professional. Although the barber's chair was the original seat of surgical learning, the tonsorial factor is no longer crucial even in the



simplest appendectomy. Nor is this due entirely to the inconvenience of sitting up during the operation. Rather, the technological displacement of the barber reflects the forces of specialization rooted in the industrial revolution as well as in the preceding and succeeding periods.

Divisive as these forces may be, we must learn to live with them. For if contemporary barbers are maladroit at surgery, it is at least equally true that a modish haircut is not to be obtained at the hands of the surgeons.

In undertaking any orthopedic work on the head, it is therefore essential to make a rigorous distinction between the inside and the outside of the skull as the *locus operandi*. Yet the partisans of lay lobotomy evidently find it convenient to ignore this important point, and continue to lay about them with rather more zeal than finesse. Suffice it to say that *unbridled enthusiasm, however sincere, is a poor substitute for the precise control that is advisable in this most delicate of operations.*

Although it cannot be gainsaid that Commander E—— C—— (ret.)'s method was crowned with

success, this cannot be recommended for general application. Apart from the expense of securing a hunting license, there is the matter of noise. Unless the shooting were done in a soundproofed room, an unfavorable public impression would unquestionably result. While a silencer can be fitted to the gun, these devices often leave an unpleasantly oily aftertaste. It would also be necessary to carry out this procedure bare-headed, unless the patient was reconciled to the loss of his hat. However, these aspects of the matter involve merely architectural, ballistic, or sartorial considerations, as the case may be.

From the *neurological* standpoint, it is felt that gratuitous interference with the central nervous system, at least on any very large scale, is inadvisable. Certainly the human brain should not be molested simply (in George Leigh-Mallory's celebrated phrase) because it is there. As a minimum, calculations should be made of muzzle velocity and the optimum angle of attack determined by test shots with volunteer subjects. It is unfortunate that the Captain neglected to make any notes on these technical but nonetheless important details. Although one is understandably reluctant to expose another to obloquy, one cannot help observing that this was hardly in the best military tradition.

Despite the groundswell of public opinion favoring a relaxation of surgical standards, it thus appears that some restraint is needed against the use of slapdash methods in specialties that are beyond the capacity of the untrained. Yet the energetic amateur need not stand idly by, for he can usefully be assigned to the simpler cases, relieving the licensed practitioner for concentration on the advanced problems.

In much the same way, the younger mathematicians are permitted to

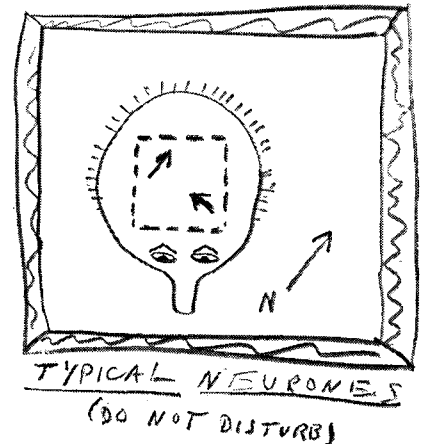
OUTER SPACE

BY LIONEL WIGGAM

I could have told them what they'd find on Mars,
Having inhabited the place since birth:
Another unmysterious, lunar lump,
Another Earth,
With all those delicate scrawls disclosed as Jersey,
That pale and promising patch resolved to Rye,
Those lyrical canals, routes 1 and 7,
The lower forms they longed for, I.

carry out operations involving only the lower numbers, reserving the manipulation of those above 1385 (as well as all long division) to the better qualified. In ancient Egypt, too, it was the lower orders who built the bottoms of the Pyramids, and it was not until this had been done that Cheops and the other top brass took a hand.

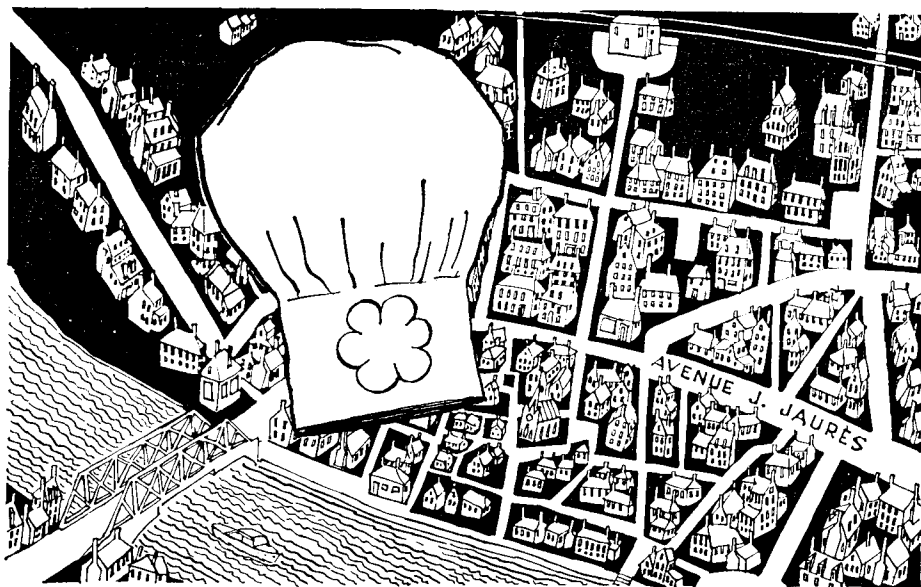
While some attrition would doubtless result from the implementation of this "scheme" in surgery, there is no reason to suppose that it would greatly exceed the highway death toll. In any case, the risk will have to be faced. For a policy that both



encourages and interdicts the increasingly popular popular movement in this important field plainly cannot be sustained. Surely the collapse of the Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere has already laid bare the folly of the doctrine that everything which is not prohibited is compulsory.

Although it is still early days, it seems clear that since Nature abhors going up without coming down, the rise of lay lobotomy must be succeeded by its fall. Indeed, this should be a source of the liveliest satisfaction. For the unchecked rise of *anything* would ultimately result in its disappearance from view.

pleasures and places



CHABERT OF TAIN L'HERMITAGE

BY CURTIS CATE

My first encounter with Chabert, or more exactly, Madame Chabert, produced one of the most embarrassing moments of my life. It was a hot August night, and though the windows were open and the three fans were whirring in the long mustard-colored dining room, there was no escape from the sultry Provençal heat which had dogged me relentlessly up Route Nationale 7, the Lyons-Marseilles highway, which is with little doubt the most unpleasant and lethal in all of France. Letting my tired eyes skim down the menu handed me by Madame Chabert, an imperious hawk-nosed lady with a dowagerial mole on her left cheek, I came upon an entry for orange sherbet, which I decided was the end of the menu. Just above was a dish temptingly advertised as "Filet Saint-Pierre." There was a solid ring to the name, with a robust promise of good red meat, which struck me as ideally suited to restore my frazzled nerves. I ordered the filet and with it a bottle of red Hermitage, the local wine to whose noble name the little town of Tain has been immemorably wedded. The look on Madame Chabert's face was something to behold. "Comment, Monsieur, du vin rouge avec du poisson?" The sherbet which I had taken for a dessert was, in fact, a

mere *entr'acte* or culinary hyphen between the fish course and the meat, the filet Saint-Pierre being not of beef but of John Dory, a small golden-scaled fish much prized by the fishermen of Honfleur and other Channel ports.

The practice of serving sherbet in the middle of a meal has disappeared from most French restaurants, though it was once an integral part of *la grande cuisine*. A hundred years ago, when the French ate more copiously than they do today and when a respectable girth was measured in meters rather than in centimeters, sherbets used to be served not once, but twice and even three times during a meal — between the fish and the *entrée*, between the *entrée* and the roast, between the roast and the game. No chef's cookbook, even today, is complete without a section devoted to the *granités* or *granolates*, which include *spooms* as well as *sorbets*. By definition, they must not contain milk, cream, or eggs; they are water ices and are meant to settle the stomach, which is to say, prepare it to absorb another gargantuan portion. Chabert's orange *sorbet* is made of tangerine syrup flavored with a touch of kirsch. It is a great stomach settler, allowing one to move with a minimum of abdom-

inal exertion from an *écrevisse* (crayfish) *flambée au Noilly-Prat* or a *truite à l'estragon avec riz de pilaf* to a noble cut of Charollais beef or that Chabert specialty, a *pintadeau* (small chicken) served in a cream sauce with a roast banana.

Toward the end of the meal the *patron* himself is wont to sally forth from his kitchen — a small balding figure whose arms hang limply from his shoulders like a Watteau clown's and whose eyebrows, implausibly brown in contrast to the gray-white hair, seem stuck on above the sparklingly brown eyes and traditional red cheeks, like a Fifth Avenue Santa Claus's. This habit of mingling with the diners, as though they were guests even more than clients, has always struck me as one of France's great gifts to civilization. Like a triumphant general, the chef can at this point leave the routine mopping-up operations to the lieutenants of his brigade, as his kitchen team is called, and go out to receive the compliments or complaints of those who have been busy savoring the fruits of victory. But it is more than a mere chef who makes the rounds; it is a sage, a homespun philosopher, ready at the drop of a *toque* to offer a philosophical commentary on the state of the world or to share out a few gems from the treasure chest of a lifetime's exposure to the great.

Chabert's impressive fund of stories begins, appropriately enough, with one about how he came to be a chef in the first place. "It was all a dreadful accident," he likes to recall, his rosy face lighting up in a smile. "I was brought up in Marseilles at a time when there was no nonsense about excess education. When I was twelve years old my father called me in one day and said, 'Alexandre, *mon petit*, the time has come for you to make a decision. Your school days are over. You are not a rich man's son. You cannot loaf through life. *Il faut choisir un métier*. Now, what do you want to be, butcher, baker, carpenter, *charcutier*, mechanic?' To his surprise I answered 'cook.' The day before, I happened to be walking up a back street, and I'd seen a number of kitchen apprentices sitting out on the back steps in their white aprons and *toques* laughing their heads off. They seemed to be having a great time. 'Very well,' my father said. 'If you want to be a cook, a cook you'll become.' I was hired out as an apprentice, made to

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by Captain Tom Jones,
Deputy Director of Operations, EL AL

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get up at five every morning, and had to work like a Turk. A dog's life. A week later I was already regretting my choice, but it was too late."

From then on it was a slow but inexorable progression. Born in 1900, Chabert was too young to serve in the First World War, just as he was too old to serve in the Second. Or, rather, he served in the kitchen instead of the trenches. One of his more vivid memories is of the year 1917, when he put in a stint at the Metropole in Dieppe, which a Lady MacLean had converted into a convalescent home for wounded officers. "There were more than two hundred of them. *Service grand luxe*. Eighteen *ouvriers* ("workmen," which is to say, cooks, as opposed to apprentices). My job was to get the breakfast ready. Twelve hundred eggs each morning, along with kippers, grilled tomatoes, and a caldron full of porridge. No bugles, but you had to be up by four."

The year 1918 saw him in Paris, where he worked for Noël Peters at Le Passage des Princes, before moving on to Ciro's, which in those days ranked with the Café de Paris and Larue as one of the three great restaurants of the capital. At Ciro's there were thirty-two *ouvriers* for ninety clients, or roughly, one cook for every three clients.



In 1925 he was appointed chef at the Palace Hotel in Monte Carlo. It was quite a place. One of its most picturesque clients was a nephew of King Fuad, a learned gentleman with the appetite of an ogre. He took all his meals in his room, where he always kept a case or two of champagne to kill the recurrent thirst. Each morning he would call Chabert up to his room and order two kilos of lamb, a pound or two of potatoes, enough *haricots verts* for a family of eight, and would polish them off at a

single sitting. But his great passion was garlic, which he simply ate, like onions, by the head. "Put two heads of garlic in that *ailolée* sauce," he would command the startled chef. One day the hotel manager asked him why he entertained such a fancy for garlic. "It's like this," Fuad's nephew explained. "When I go to the Casino, which I do almost every day, I always find the game tables crowded with old Englishwomen who waste their time playing five- and ten-franc chips. All I have to do is walk up to one of those tables, and *avec l'atmosphère que je dégage*, I can clear the place in a minute and have it all to myself."

Chabert has preserved a photograph from these well-heeled days which shows him, proudly surrounded by his brigade of twenty cooks with white tunics and hats, sporting a flamboyant Alexandre Dumas mustache. "*Il fallait vieillir*," he explains with a disarming twinkle of the eye. He was only twenty-five, rather young to be a full-fledged chef, even for one who began at twelve. Today, having reached the venerable age of sixty-four, he has removed the deceitful bush, and his baroque contours of yesterday have given way to a trim, almost ascetic silhouette.

In 1931, after marrying the daughter of the local (Tain) pharmacist — the same Madame Chabert who so impressively advises clients on what they should order and keeps ignoramuses from mixing red wine with fish — he moved to Tain l'Hermitage, 250 miles from the Côte d'Azur, 50 miles south of Lyons, and 350 miles from Paris. The traffic in those days was more leisurely than at present; it was only an occasional truck which shattered the stillness of the night as it growled through the town's main street, where Chabert's "*hôtel de négociants*" still advertises its blue awnings and buff shields. The six bedrooms which constitute the hotel are still there, right above the mustard-colored dining rooms with the fans and the green saucer-shaped glass lamps, along with a sign at the foot of the stairs informing the weary that only those who eat at Chabert's may bed there; but, in fact, the rooms are now almost never occupied, and Chabert prefers to send all prospective lodgers to the Hôtel des Deux Côteaux. There the ceaseless roar of truck traffic is replaced by the stillness of the quietly

flowing Rhône and a view across the river to the linden trees and Castle of Tournon, which in the summer months is floodlit every night.

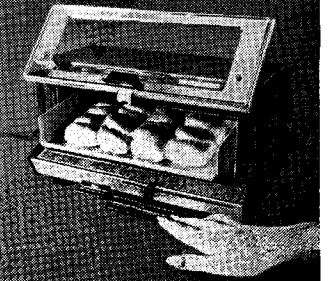
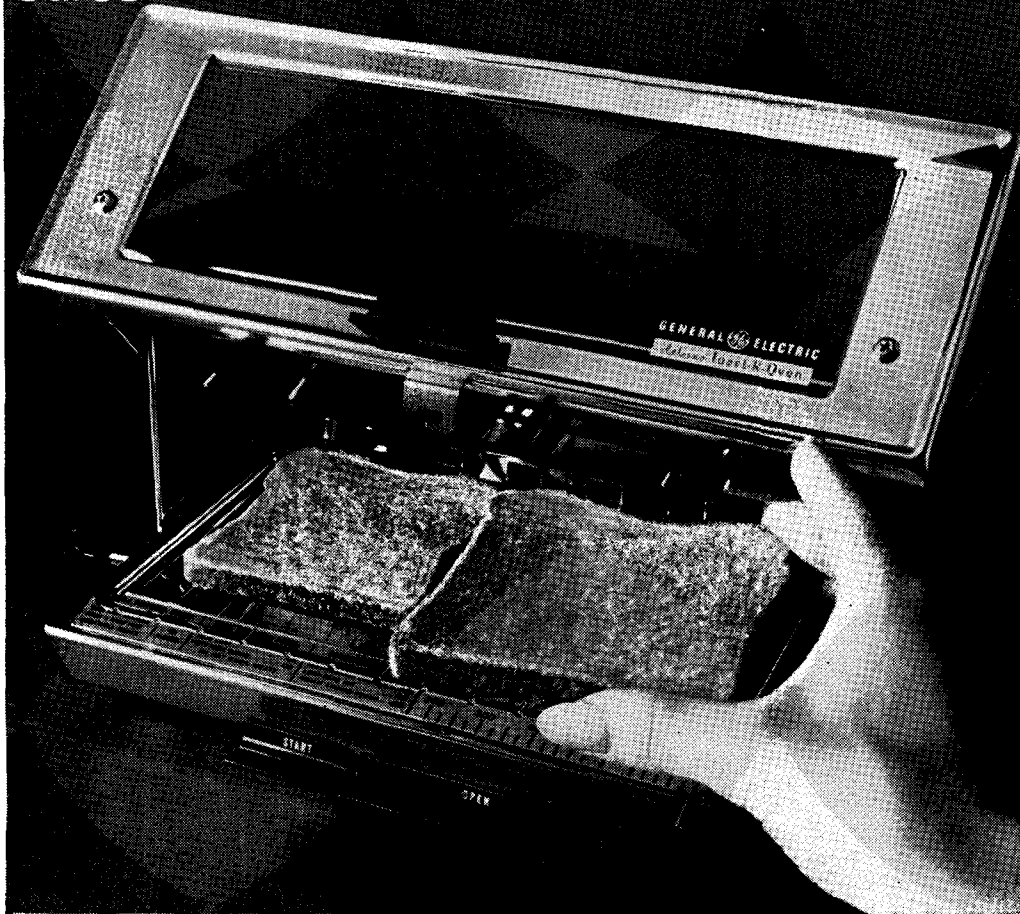
It is strange that this part of the Rhône valley should never have achieved a fame remotely comparable to that of the Rhine's scenic stretch between Koblenz and Mainz. For from Givors south to Valence, where the ruined tower of the Châteaude Crussol looks southward like a sentinel toward the misty amethyst horizons, the sandy escarpments, and the silver-gray olive trees of Corot's Provence, the hills are dotted with ruined battlements and jagged walls. The same robber barons built the same castles here with the same fixed intent of milking the river traffic; the only difference is that the Rhône is a more unpredictable river, given to extreme low ebbs and sudden floods which impede and sometimes imperil navigation.

The river barons, like their cousins along the Rhine, eventually found vine-tending as profitable as plundering transient traders. One of them, a certain Gaspard de Sterimberg, is even credited with having given Tain l'Hermitage its name, the story being that on his disillusioned return from the Crusades and the Albigensian wars, he got the permission of Queen Blanche of Castille to set himself up as a hermit on one of the river's western slopes. From his sojourn in the Holy Land he brought back a grape known as *sirrah*, the ancestor of the species which today provides the noble vintages of Hermitage, Côte-Rotie (the Roasted Hillside), Saint-Joseph, and what may well be the loveliest name in all French vineyardry, Chante-Alouette (Sing Skylark). All this, I have been assured on good authority, is legend, fabricated a century or two ago by a family which wanted to prove that its patents of nobility went back to the Crusades — the *sine qua non* criterion of acceptability for any French aristocratic lineage worth a brace or two of quarters. The sober truth of the matter is that the grape has been cultivated on the hillsides of the Rhône ever since the Greeks founded Marseilles (the Massilia of the ancients) five centuries before the birth of Christ.

The wine-growing barons, of course, have long since been replaced by vine-tending commoners, some of whom now sport the trappings of

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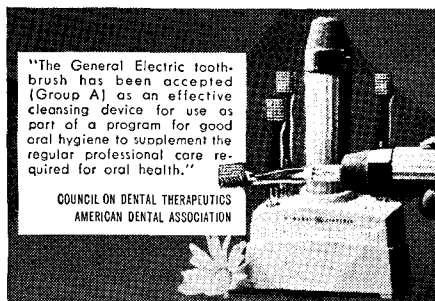
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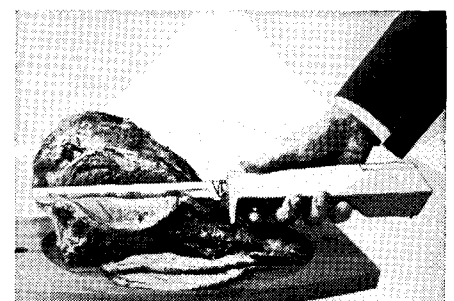
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nobility in their turn. Their leading representative today is a Monsieur Chapoutier, who is to be seen in the autumn — the best time of year for visiting Tain — striding around like a country squire in corduroy britches, knee-high woolen socks, and an Austrian hunting cap. The Chapoutiers, father and son, are far and away the biggest wine dealers in the region, and three quarters of the Châteauneuf-du-Pape and the Tavel rosé consumed at American dinner tables is fermented and processed, prior to being bottled for export, in their huge vats and deep, dank cellars at Tain.

Max Chapoutier, the thirty-year-old heir, even told me that “it’s America which keeps us alive.” After a morning spent clambering around the terraced vineyard slopes, which are as steep here as they are in Switzerland, he invited me into his office and thrust a brandy glass full of liquid gold into my hand. “What do you think of it?” I took a sip and felt a warm Provençal glow light up within me, a feeling as smooth and velvety as gently warmed honey. I was ready to sing like a thirteenth-century troubadour, but it would have been off-key and an insult to the superlative nectar I had before me. It was a fifteen-year-old marc, distilled from grape-skin residue, a drink which in most French cafés or bistros has the raw taste of firewater laced with kerosene. Chapoutier refuses to sell his marc until it has aged for at least fifteen years, which is one reason it can stand comparison with the finest cognacs.

The Chapoutier vineyards also offer a splendid view of the steep hills which converge on the Rhône to form a kind of natural gateway at Tain, which is appropriately linked with its twin town, Tournon, across the river by the oldest suspension bridge in France (built in 1825). The eastern bank of the Rhône, being less exposed to the sun, is given over to peach and apricot growing and pastures as green as those in Normandy. This is the department of the Ardèche, itself part of the mountainous Auvergne, probably the most backward and for that reason the most unspoiled region in all of France.

The department of the Drôme, on the western bank, has remained almost as unspoiled, and its numerous streams are a treat for trout fishermen. Half a dozen miles south of

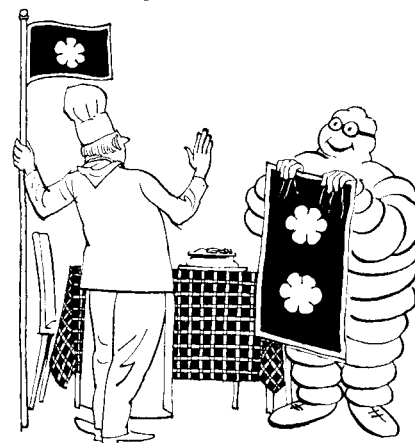
Tain, the beautiful Isère River joins the Rhône, turning its meandering pebble-girded channel into a mighty flood. I know of no more breathtaking landscape in France than that offered by a drive up the Isère. The mistral, the fierce north wind which periodically blusters down the Rhône valley, here blows the poplars into shapes as twisted as gnarled old vines, and in the autumn, when they turn a brilliant yellow, they look like fiery torches, with the flames blowing south. The golden sycamores and lindens, alternating with the rust red and faded crimson of the apricot and peach leaves wilting on the trees, stand out against the gentle green of the pastures, dotted with the square-towered campaniles of the villages, which fade away and merge into the deep blue-green haze of the pine-covered mountains. Village follows shuttered village, each more ochre-hued than the next; the stained old walls drop straight into the Isère, in whose green waters the red-stone cliffs and balconied facades form a shimmering spectrum of iridescent bands.

Yes, Alexandre Chabert certainly knew what he was doing when he set himself up here in 1931 in what was then a humble *restaurant de paysans*. To be sure, he failed to anticipate what the truck traffic along Route Nationale 7 would do to Tain’s main street, on which his hostelry is located; or perhaps one should say that he was simply twenty-five years ahead of events; for the new Lyons-Valence turnpike, cutting through the hills behind Vienne and Tain, diverts all truck traffic from this stretch of the Rhône, permitting it to revert to its predestined condition, one of the loveliest touristic promenades that France has to offer.

The turnpike, even so, has come a dozen years too late. For in the early nineteen fifties, the department of the Drôme bought up the eighteenth-century château, belonging to the de Sizeranne family, which once stood at the northern entrance to the town. The château was torn down so that Route Nationale 7 could be broadened — a shortsighted piece of vandalism which Chabert has not ceased to regret. One day he asked one of the de Sizeranne heirs how much they had sold their château for. “Seven million” (about fourteen thousand dollars), he answered. “Heavens,” said Chabert, “if I’d known you

were letting it go for that I’d have scraped up the money and bought it myself. Just think of the *hôtel première classe* I could have made of it — something to rival Poing’s place up the road at Vienne” (a reference to the famous Hôtel des Pyramides, the only three-star eating place on the Lyons-Marseilles road). “*Mais que voulez-vous? C’est le destin.*”

Chabert’s own destiny, as far as he is concerned, is to rest content with a single star. Not because



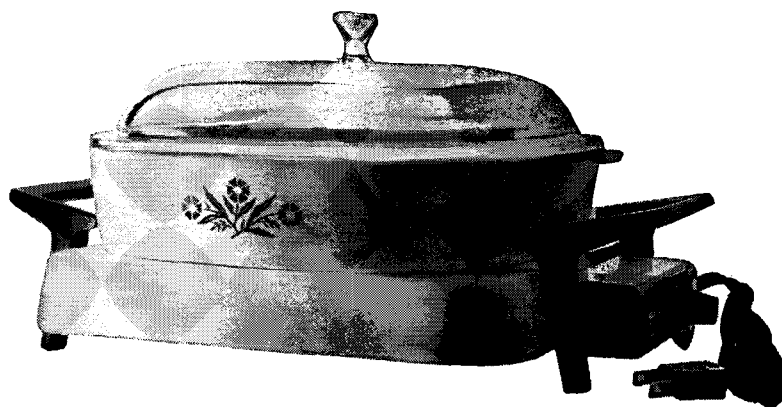
Michelin willed it, but because that is the way he wants it. “You know,” he said, “one evening a few years ago a young man came in here and asked if he could still get something to eat. It was already pretty late, but I told him that if he didn’t mind sitting in the bar and taking potluck, I’d see what I could do for him. ‘I’ve got a banquet next door for sixty people, but there should be a few scraps left in the kitchen.’ ‘I’ll take whatever you have,’ he told me. The waiters were so busy with the crowd next door that I had to take the dishes out to him myself, though I’m no maître d’hôtel. ‘*Entre nous,*’ I said to him, ‘I think you’re better off here in the bar than in the dining room with that mob. If I’d put you in there, you’d have found yourself in pretty bad company, and it might have put you off your meal.’ ‘Why bad company?’ he asked. ‘Because it’s a *dîner de représentation* in there,’ I said, ‘you know, financial officialdom, fiscal experts, tax collectors, that kind of thing.’ ‘God forbid,’ he said. ‘I’ll stay here.’

“Later he ordered some coffee and a glass of my best brandy and then asked me to sit down. ‘I’m a Michelin inspector,’ he said, pulling out a card. ‘I stopped by here because so many people have written in to say you deserve two stars. They’re quite right. We want to give you two stars.’ ‘You can keep

them," said Chabert. "You see, Monsieur," he explained to me, "if you move from the first- to the second-star category, all you do is bring a heap of worries down on your head. You have to lay on more staff, spruce the place up, go in for all sorts of chichi." He waved his soft, steam-reddened hand around at the walls, decorated with a few framed adages like "*On naît gourmand, on devient gourmet*," "*On voit plus de vieux gourmets que de vieux médecins*," "*Le soleil à Tain donne son Hermitage; l'Hermitage à l'homme donne son teint*." "And then, instead of the old clients — people who want good honest food without the artificial trimmings — you attract all the *enmerdeurs* in the business — traveling salesmen in a rush, pampered film stars, Teddy boys in Jaguars, and millionaires in Cadillacs who're never satisfied and who start pounding the table if they're not served in five minutes and can't bolt the meal in half an hour. God bless them! They can exercise their haste on others. I'll stick with my old clients."

At that moment the door opened, and one of the old clients walked in. He was not smoking a cigar, he was too old to be a Teddy boy, his shabby tweed jacket and dust-colored cardigan were not those of a millionaire, but he could do Brigitte Bardot one better. For his initials turned out to be B.B.B., Baron Borel du Bez. "The Baron can tell you a lot about Tain," said the imperious Madame Chabert, quietly fingering her necklace beads. He did. He showed me the eighteenth-century house where Lieutenant Napoleon Bonaparte once spent a night, the house with the bright red window flowers where Châteaubriand wrote a great page on the French Revolution for his *Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe*, even a windowed arch spanning a tiny dark street which he humorously dubbed "Tain's Bridge of Sighs." It was a brisk October night, full of stars and flurries of wind, and our voices in the narrow street aroused a neighbor, who opened her door and told us that "that obstruction" had to go. "Why?" I asked the Baron as we walked away. "For the same reason they tore down that Sizeranne mansion," he replied. "You see, the man who lives next door has just acquired a Citroën DS. He wants the house opposite torn down so that he can maneuver it into his garage."

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THE BSO PLAYS LOHENGRIN

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Some time next fall RCA Victor will send forth into a curious and possibly skeptical music world a new recording of Wagner's opera *Lohengrin*. It will be a *Lohengrin* like none other, with a passage in it that even Wagner never heard, with a leading soprano completely new to her role, with an oversized chorus of 169, and with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, which has never before been involved in a complete opera recording.

Even now, with the actual recording sessions over, no one is quite sure of who thought of having the Boston do *Lohengrin* in the first place. George R. Marek, general manager of the RCA Victor Record Division, says that the Boston Symphony wanted to do it, and adds: "We seldom argue." Erich Leinsdorf, the Boston's conductor, remembers the original suggestion as coming from another RCA Victor executive, although he himself, he says, eagerly accepted the idea.

Whoever originated the project, it quickly ran into complications. The first, and perhaps most serious, occurred when Leontyne Price, after being announced to star in the role of Elsa, withdrew for reasons which were never specified. "First she said she would, then she said she wouldn't," explains Mr. Marek, in

as succinct a summation as has ever been uttered of the vagaries of sopranos and the frustrations of recording executives.

Lucine Amara, another Metropolitan Opera soprano, was quickly engaged to replace Miss Price. Miss Amara had never sung the part of Elsa on the stage (neither had Miss Price, for that matter), and although she is a soprano held in wide respect, she is not known as one whose name "sells" operatic recordings. Nevertheless, her rather distinctive vocal quality of pristine innocence was deemed just right for Wagner's aloof and maidenly heroine. Besides, the main sales push is expected to come from the presence of the Boston and Mr. Leinsdorf, who was renowned as a Wagnerian conductor in his years at the Metropolitan Opera. "We're thinking of calling it 'The Boston Symphony Plays *Lohengrin*' or something like that," says one RCA Victor executive, only half jokingly.

With its personnel problems settled, the Victor *Lohengrin* then proceeded to cast a long Wagnerian shadow over the Berkshire Music Festival. Usually the Boston Symphony's summers in the Tanglewood shed are devoted to symphonic music. This year, however, the final weekend in late August was given

over to a concert version of *Lohengrin* in what was obviously a preliminary, not to say a rehearsal, for the recording sessions just ahead. Furthermore, instead of presenting the opera intact, the Tanglewood authorities put on one act a night, a procedure which led to the suggestion that the successive presentations be called "Low," "Hen," and "Grin." With a \$6.50 nightly top, the cost of attending the complete opera came to \$19.50, making it one of the most expensive *Lohengrins* on record. Attendance, not surprisingly, was noticeably below normal for Tanglewood's final weekend of the summer.

Nevertheless, when Mr. Leinsdorf and his performers, along with a large delegation of RCA engineers and executives, gathered the next day in Symphony Hall, Boston, all was serenity and confidence. In fact, it seemed almost as natural for the Boston to be recording *Lohengrin* in Symphony Hall as for the swan boats to be gliding across the lake in the not-too-distant Public Gardens. Mr. Leinsdorf, nattily clad in dark trousers and a white long-sleeved polo shirt, began the first of what was to prove a solid week of sessions by thanking the orchestra for its work at Tanglewood. "By your great skill and flexibility you liberated me to concentrate on the people who really needed me," he said, in an allusion to the singers and choristers especially imported for the production.

Symphony Hall had undergone changes for the recording session that made it almost unrecognizable. The front half of the orchestra floor had been cleared by ripping out the seats from rows A to W. Rows X to SS were left in place, but a giant curtain had been draped across the hall in front of them. Other drapes and wood panels had been arranged along the sides of the hall in patterns determined by the sound engineers. Temporary air-conditioning units had been installed, and their ducts protruded from the balconies. An array of microphones hung over the performers from booms that resembled gigantic fishing-yacht poles.

The Boston Symphony was on the cleared orchestra floor, seated in rising semicircular tiers around Mr. Leinsdorf, who stood on an elevated platform. On the stage at the orchestra's rear were the solo singers and the huge Chorus Pro Musica.



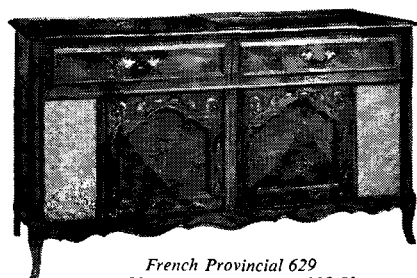
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The chorus plays a more vital role in *Lohengrin* than in most of Wagner's operas, and Mr. Marek wanted its impact to be even greater than in a live performance. The orchestra, too, was at more than full strength, for to the normal complement of 104 had been added 25 supplementary players, most of them to participate in the offstage fanfares and other special effects in which *Lohengrin* abounds.

His introductory speech over, Mr. Leinsdorf called out in a businesslike voice: "We begin Act Two, Scene One." A voice from the control booth echoed from a loudspeaker: "Opening of Act Two. Stand by. Take number one"; the tape machines began to turn, and the sessions were officially under way. It is almost axiomatic that operatic recordings nowadays are never made straight through, beginning with the overture and ending with the finale. Instead, the sessions are planned to conform to singers' schedules and engineering requirements.

Sandor Konya, the Hungarian tenor who sings the title role in the recording, was nowhere on the scene when the sessions began. His turn would come later in the week, and an unprecedented turn it would be, for no *Lohengrin* before has ever been recorded completely uncut. Among the passages restored are a fifty-six bar addition to *Lohengrin*'s narrative, "*In fernem Land*," which Wagner, in a rare burst of self-discipline, permitted to be excised to shorten the first production in 1850.

Without Konya, the stage was left to Miss Amara as Elsa, and the two villains of the piece, Ortrud, sung by the Belgian mezzo Rita Gorr, and Frederick of Telramund, sung by the young American baritone William Dooley. It seemed a long way from Symphony Hall, Boston, with its battery of electronic equipment and its casually clad singers and musicians, to the citadel of Antwerp, with its armored knights and regally garbed ladies, but Wagner's orchestral colors and motives gradually began to work the transformation. The voices of Ortrud and Telramund blended in their sinister duet of intrigue, vengefulness, and evil.

Mr. Leinsdorf played the scene almost to the end, but there were a few interruptions. Once he had to stop when the power momentarily failed; another time it was decided to defer temporarily a passage Miss

Gorr was having trouble with. But a good twenty minutes of the act had been consigned to tape when the conductor announced a half-hour intermission. With Mr. Marek, the solo singers, and recording director Richard Mohr, he went upstairs to hear a playback on tape equipment which had been set up, of all places, in Symphony Hall's Ancient Instruments Room. All listened, following the score as intently as if they had never seen it before. When it was over, Mr. Marek was asked how much of the "take" he expected to use in the final recording. "None of it," he replied. "Not a bar."

"Why not?" the startled questioner asked.

"Because it's no good," said Mr. Marek firmly. "It's not a performance. There's no menace, no emotion, no contrast, no pronouncing of the text. They're not *performing* it."

Not everybody had repaired to the playback room. During the recess a pinochle game—a musicians' specialty—quickly started backstage. Several orchestra members began planning a golfing weekend after the recording sessions. Others wandered about, instruments in hand. Joseph Silverstein, who became concertmaster of the Boston three years ago, soon after Leinsdorf succeeded Charles Munch as conductor, was encountered in a corridor. He was wearing a horizontally striped sport shirt and was playing violin figurations. He stopped to talk about *Lohengrin* and the problems of recording it.

"We'll develop drive and excitement as we get going," he said. "A recording is always harder to play than an actual concert. The singers are a distance from the conductor; there's also a space between the orchestra and the conductor. It takes time to get acclimated; you find the balances as you go along. There's a kind of antiseptic atmosphere at a recording, with less excitement and less emotional involvement. Leinsdorf is very good at maintaining concert-hall tension. That's why he tries to record in long segments. Otherwise you record a lab specimen, not a performance."

The problem of distance was demonstrated as soon as the chorus joined in the recording session. Seated on the stage, perhaps seventy-five feet from the conductor and with the full orchestra interposed

between them, the choristers kept lagging behind Leinsdorf's beat. Rather, they were following the sound of the orchestra as it reached their ears. Leinsdorf kept chiding them with growing impatience. Finally he put aside his baton and said sharply, "Light is faster than sound. Sound gets delayed. Watch me, please, for the beat, ladies and gentlemen. Don't believe your ear, believe your eye."

There were other increasingly testy exchanges as the day wore on and the afternoon proceedings gave way to a night session. The control room reported that the F-sharp on the kettledrums at the start of the scene was coming through as "a low rumble," and adjustments were made. "Drums, make the *diminuendo* longer," said Leinsdorf, calling out a moment afterward: "Horns, take more time for the grace notes." Later on, after slight lapses of intonation in the orchestra had occasioned several repetitions, Leinsdorf told his men: "With singers you can't repeat it five times because of these little inattentions. Now, this time is for keeps."

And so the music-making grew serious and the interruptions fewer. Scenes began to build, personalities to emerge, and the musical contours of the opera to take shape. However it had sounded in Tanglewood the day before, however it might sound in the finished recording a year hence, in Symphony Hall that day *Lohengrin* seemed to fill the empty auditorium with lyric radiance, making the early difficulties, the casting crisis, the Tanglewood controversy all seem remote and unimportant.

"Now that you're really under way, is there anything you would like to say?" Mr. Leinsdorf was asked.

"Well, yes," he said. "Listen to it." It seemed a reasonable request.

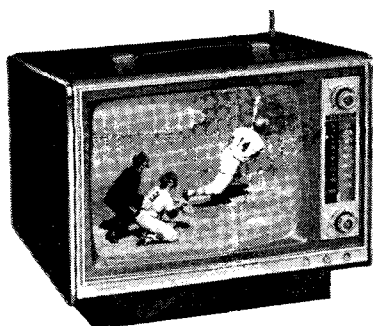
Record Reviews

Dvořák: Serenade for Strings in E, Opus 22; Mozart: Divertimento in D, K.136

Nicholas Harsanyi conducting Princeton Chamber Orchestra; Decca DL-710109 (stereo) and DL-10109

Dvořák's Serenade for Strings is a distillation of bittersweet romanticism, and Mozart's Divertimento an

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expression of sheer musical joy. And yet it is possible to pass a concert-going lifetime without encountering either one. On this recording they make an admirable pair, especially in the clean, precise, and sunny performances by the Princeton Chamber Orchestra, a new organization that makes a fine first impression. Doubtless there are recordings of more important works to be heard, but few that are such delight to listen to or that linger as agreeably in the memory.

Esplá: Don Quixote velando las armas; Albéniz-Halfiter: Rapsodia Española

Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos conducting Orquesta Nacional España, with Gonzalo Soriano, pianist; London CS-6423 (stereo) and CM-9423

Oscar Esplá is a Spanish composer born in 1886, the first president of the Junta Nacional de Música under the Spanish republic, the former director of the Madrid Conservatory, and the writer of operas, ballets, and orchestral works, several of the latter being staples of the symphonic repertory in Spain. *Don Quixote Watching Over His Arms* was written in 1926; it is a poetic and evocative piece, with a Spanish folk spirit pervading its musical atmosphere. The reminiscences of other composers are mostly a matter of the rhythms and flourishes common to almost all Spanish orchestral music; there is individuality of approach as well as deftness of instrumentation in Esplá's portrayal of the "meditations and hopes of Don Quixote on the vigil of his armour during the night," to quote the description written by the composer on the cover of the score. The work on the reverse of the record is an arrangement for piano and orchestra by Cristóbal Halffter of an early piano rhapsody by Albéniz. It makes a fine effect in the elegant performance by Gonzalo Soriano, the pianist, and the National Orchestra of Spain led by Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, who at twenty-seven is becoming one of his country's most active and incisive conductors.

Ives: Symphony No. 4

Leopold Stokowski conducting American Symphony Orchestra and Schola Cantorum of New York, with David Katz and José Serebrier, associate conductors; Columbia MS-6775 (stereo) and ML-6175

Charles Ives, the Connecticut insur-

ance executive and spare-time composer, once said, "It is my impression that there is more open-mindedness and willingness to examine carefully the premises underlying a new or unfamiliar thing, before condemning it, in the world of business than in the world of music." Ives's compositions, spectacularly difficult and "different" as they were, certainly went ignored by large sections of the music world during his lifetime. But the situation has changed dramatically since his death in 1954 at the age of eighty. Today the work of discovering Ives goes on, with listeners becoming increasingly convinced that he was probably the greatest, and certainly the most original, of all American composers. A case in point is Ives's Fourth Symphony, a work so immense that it requires two auxiliary conductors to control the enormous performing forces, which include, in addition to an augmented symphony orchestra, a small chamber ensemble, a chorus, and an organ. The Symphony No. 4, completed in 1916 and unplayed for nearly fifty years, bears many of the characteristic elements of the Ives style (a style, incidentally, which no one has yet come close to emulating) — the clashing rhythms, clangorous harmonies, asymmetrical melodies, polytonalities, dissonances, and sudden startling snatches of patriotic airs and hymn tunes. It is music in which the unexpected always happens, and seems inevitably right. A distant chorus sings "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night." The strains of "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" burst from the brasses. At the climax of the second movement all hell breaks loose in a concatenation of what sounds like five firemen's carnivals, three village parades, and general orchestral madness. It is quickly followed by a movement of noble serenity, with brasses and strings turning New England hymns into a majestic instrumental chorale worthy of Bach himself. This is music that must be heard to be believed, and music that bears countless repetitions.

Nicolai Ghiaurov in French and Russian Arias

Nicolai Ghiaurov, bass, with London Symphony Orchestra and Chorus conducted by Edward Downes; London OS-25911 (stereo) and 5911

Unless the present evidence is wholly

misleading, and there is no reason to suspect that it is, both the voice and the name of Nicolai Ghiaurov will be heard with increasing frequency in the years ahead. Ghiaurov is a Bulgarian without the gravelly quality common to so many Slavic basses. Instead, his voice has a nap to it, and is capable of smooth, sustained lyricism as well as brute power. The results are particularly notable in the French repertoire on this record, including Mephistopheles' two arias from Gounod's *Faust*, "*Epouse quelque brave fille*" from Massenet's *Manon*, "*Piff! Paff!*" from Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots*, and the Toreador Song from *Carmen*. This repertoire has not been recorded so well in years, and some of it has hardly been recorded at all.

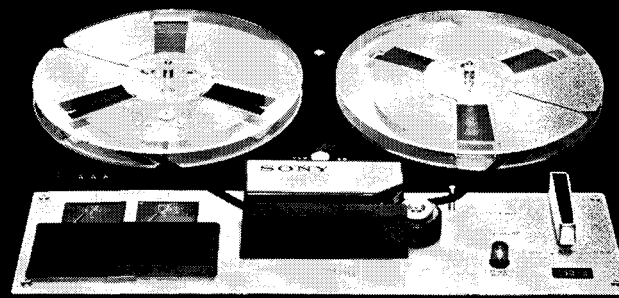
Ernest Hemingway Reading (*The Nobel Prize Acceptance Speech; Second Poem to Mary; In Harry's Bar in Venice; The Fifth Column; Work in Progress; Saturday Night at the Whorehouse in Billings, Montana*)

Caedmon TC-1185 (monaural only)

"A writer should write what he has to say, and not speak it," said Ernest Hemingway in his Nobel Prize acceptance speech. But even he occasionally succumbed to the home recorder, and the few tape and wire recordings he made during his years in Cuba have been brought together here. Despite the primitiveness of the equipment, his words are clear and distinct and his voice surprisingly youthful. Not all the readings are of equal interest; the Nobel speech (read at a date well after the actual ceremony) is a bit perfunctory, and a section of an unfinished short story is not always easy to follow. But most of the record gives a remarkably close-up view of both the man and the writer. In his discussion of his play, *The Fifth Column*, he enumerates the "good places for working" — that is, writing — Madrid, Paris, Key West ("in the cool months"), Kansas City, Chicago, Toronto, Havana. Then he adds wryly, "Some other places were not so good, but maybe we were not so good when we were in them." The most moving, personal, and perhaps enduring work on the record is the "Second Poem to Mary," the text of which ran in the August *Atlantic*. And the concluding Father Christmas portion of the poem, an ironic carol, is actually sung by Hemingway!



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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

INDIAN SUMMER is a term which originated on the frontier of western Pennsylvania sometime after the Revolution; it spread east and north to New England and Canada, thence to England, where it was in use as early as 1830. The spell of cold weather preceding Indian summer was once known as "squaw winter," but there was not enough endearment in that, and it disappeared. True Indian summer denotes a spell of warm weather occurring at the end of the autumn and marked by haze, smokiness, and sudden relaxation. Some say it came from the Indians' propensity to attack at a moment when in the sudden mildness the settlers let down their guard; others hold that the smokiness was produced by the Indians' fires and that they employed this brief second summer to bring in their harvest of corn, squash, and pumpkins for the winter. All agree that the spell occurs in November, not October, and that while it lasts it induces a devil-may-care spirit, a tendency to be out and heedless in the open.

I think of Indian summer as hazy and windless, the leaves down, rustling underfoot, except for the thick russets on the oak, and the smoke from bonfires rising straight up like a thin blue signal. It has a smell of its own compounded of wet leaves, rotting apples, and open fires. The marshes have turned scarlet and buff, and where there is an inlet, the water is so blue you feel you have never quite seen it that way before. The sun hangs lower in the sky and hits you squarely in the eye, but the instant you move into the shadows you are chill; and in the haze of evening when the moon rises, it seems so much larger and nearer than in summer. All this creates a magic, perhaps the last magic of its kind we feel before the earth becomes icebound.

I saw this magic work on a late November afternoon as I was driving my car full of Russian writers out to Concord for their first visit. I took them by country roads, and twice the Phasian bird, the cock pheasant with his glittering plu-

mage, waited till we were abreast of him before exploding out of sight. As we passed the outskirts of Lincoln where the dun-colored fields, white houses, and hemlocks were softly illuminated in the haze, Konstantin Simonov in the front seat said something in Russian over his shoulder to his companions in the rear. "What did he say?" I asked the interpreter. "He said," she responded, " 'This would not be a bad place to live.' "

I saw the same magic working on four of us who were playing the Myopia links at high noon in early November. We teed off after a leisurely breakfast and had the course pretty much to ourselves by the time we reached the ninth hole. The ninth is a short water hole played with a number 6 or 7 iron for a distance of 135 yards. The pond which stretches from the tee to the base of the green is enclosed on three sides by swamp maple and oak; you play to the open end, to a narrow green some forty yards in length, entirely surrounded by sand traps, the worst of which are shoulder-deep. We had been playing a foursome up to this point. Now the sunlight flooding into the woods, the quiet beauty of the pond with the leaves drifting upon it held us, and we decided to play the little hole over and over. Every man for himself for fifty-cent syndicate, one tie all tie.

On the first drive Paulie and I both drove the green and got our threes. The others had been trapped, but that didn't matter, the hole had been halved, and back we trooped to the tee to play for the carry-over. We did not improve; perhaps the sun was too heady, perhaps there was too much kidding. No one came up with a two; indeed, the third round was halved in fours; and when we came for the fourth try, the stakes had risen to two dollars. Solemnly the first three of us each teed up his ball and drove — the first two into sand traps, the third into the pond. Dave, the last to play, had the virgin green in front of him, and the pot to win. He lined up his shot

The Peripatetic Advertiser



"It all began in the cold. "It had been cold all week in Washington. Then early Thursday afternoon the snow came. Workmen labored to clear Pennsylvania Avenue for the next day's parade. Soldiers used flame throwers to melt the frozen drifts around the inaugural stand in the Capital Plaza. Toward dawn the snow began to stop. The white city faintly shimmered in the pale sunrise. The President-elect arose at eight, read over the text of his inaugural address, pencil in hand, and then left to attend mass at a neighboring church."

That is the way the book begins. It is a book by a great contemporary historian who lived and worked in the storm center of a thousand fateful days of American history. A THOUSAND DAYS by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. is the history of a past just vanished, inspiring, tragic, and illuminating, set forth at length in conscientious detail. Here, for our time, is a study of causes and effects, of the ennobling of character under pressure, of the transition from politician to statesman, a profound yet informal study of government as an art, and, finally, the portrait of a close, young family in the White House.



Mr. Schlesinger has written the history of two great democratic revolutions, the Pulitzer prize-winning AGE OF JACKSON and the Bancroft prize-winning AGE OF ROOSEVELT. Now he undertakes the chronicle of a third return to power of the liberal view, a return which has inevitably become the mold in which our future is cast.

In times so fluid and short of precedent, the value of this record of our immediate past is unique, the dangers of ignoring it never so fearful. What Mr. Schlesinger has succeeded in doing in A THOUSAND DAYS has seldom been attempted, for his book is not only an account of recent events; it is a chronicle of these events, each placed in historic setting, surrounded by its root causes and antecedent circumstances.



Few books have excited as much comment ahead of publication. Before the manuscript was complete, excerpts from it began appearing in *Life*, touching off the loudest debate on record in editorial pages across this country

and through Western Europe. Translators began work on the European editions long before the final chapters had come from the typewriter. The Book-of-the-Month Club announced its selection in the words of John Kenneth Galbraith: "Schlesinger is almost uniquely skilled in the historian's craft; he seems always to have the relevant materials at hand and in usable form, and he is an eloquent and seemingly effortless writer who is aided, without much doubt, by a deep and well-formed view of the issues under discussion. . . .

"This book will enlighten and inform. It may well, however, serve an even higher purpose. In the United States, when something is exposed fully to the light of day, there is often change. . . . "This book could . . . be a powerful force for reform." . . . "It is a deeply perceptive telling of a brief, bright moment in our history."

In the writing, the book grew from a projected 150,000 words to nearly half a million. The original printing of one hundred thousand copies is being raised as it goes to press. For collectors of limited editions there will be a deluxe edition strictly limited to one thousand copies, numbered consecutively, autographed by the author, and sold on a first come, first served basis. The edition will be bound in dark red full calf-skin with imported marble endpapers, gold top, silk head- and footbands, and maroon silk marker. Dark green leather labels stamped in gold will appear on the front and shelfback. Each book will be in a full-cloth case. Price: \$50.00. The earliest possible date for publication is November 23. A thousand bookstores have special order-taking posters, but if yours has not, you may prefer to use this coupon.



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and addressed the ball. He wiggled and he waved the club tentatively, muttering, still with his head down, "I wish my watch wouldn't tick so loud!" Then he too drove into a sand trap, and again the hole was halved.

Sometimes Indian summer coincides with Armistice Day, and on one such occasion Bill and I teed off at Dedham in shirt sleeves. Our drives seemed to travel forever on the hard ground. At the beginning it was like summer, but we donned sweaters for the second nine; and early that afternoon after our club sandwiches, we drove home through snow. It can happen that fast in New England.

MR. GREATHEART AND MRS. GRUNDY

If there was a better loved man in Boston during my lifetime than Mark Antony DeWolfe Howe, I have yet to meet him. In figure he was square and solid, his square-cut features enlivened by fine eyes. He was an agonizing stammerer, yet at the Tavern Club, his second home, he could sing his fine song "The Presidential Range" or the nimblest Gilbert and Sullivan without a hitch. In temperament he was a believer who won people by his manliness, his humor, and an exquisite sympathy. It was characteristic of him that having recommended me for a place on the *Atlantic* and having watched me pass the first tests, he should then draw me into a circle of his friends in Cambridge, elders like William B. Munro and Ralph Barton Perry, who lunched together on Fridays to talk about Harvard and write editorials for the *Alumni Bulletin*. He knew the meagerness of my salary and that this egg money — \$7.50 an editorial — would help.

Mark was not born a Bostonian, for his father was the Bishop of Central Pennsylvania, but he had spent his boyhood summers in Bristol, Rhode Island, and when on his graduation from Lehigh he came to Harvard, it was with all senses alert. He stayed on to fall in love, to edit, to take rank as a biographer, and to become, through his extraordinary friendships and through his books, the devoted custodian of New England letters. He is the protagonist in his daughter's family memoir, *THE GENTLE AMERICANS, 1864-1960* (Harper & Row, \$6.95), and not anywhere else, in her monologues or novels, has **HELEN HOWE** been more successful in her capture of New England character.

As an outsider, Mark was not held back by the partitions of age, and he was soon taken up by Horace Scudder, then the editor of the *Atlantic*, who wanted him as an assistant, and by Mrs. James T. Fields, whose salon was the most literary in town and who promptly had him

to dinner with Henry James. Owen Wister, Van Wyck Brooks, and Robert Frost found delight in his company. Mrs. Fields was to lead him back to the great shades of Longfellow, Dickens, and Thackeray, whom she had entertained when her husband was alive. About her he was to write his most successful book, *The Memories of a Hostess*, and to him she willed her valuable papers. But it was Charles Townsend Copeland, teacher of English and self-dramatizer, who led, or rather accompanied, Mark toward the love of his life, Fanny Quincy. She was tauntingly attractive, and she kept him — them — dangling for years before she made up her mind, and then, half out of pity, when Mark was temporarily blinded.

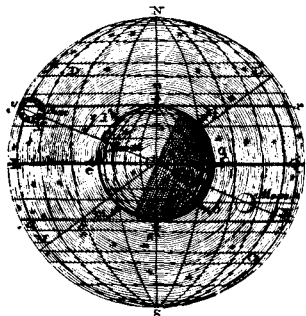
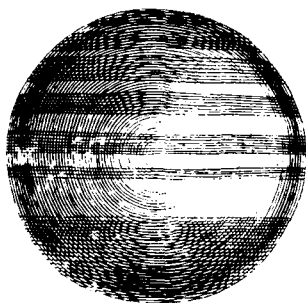
Skilled as she is in the delineation of human relations, it is only in the passage recounting her father's courtship that Miss Howe shows any embarrassment, and here she betrays it by using coy tag phrases: "Boy did not even meet Girl" and so forth. In other emotional situations — and the book is brimful of them — such as Sarah Orne Jewett's attachment to Annie Fields, or her mother's abasement before Mrs. Russell Gray, or John Marquand's railing irritation with his first wife, Christina, she is beautifully in control. My favorite portraits, other than those of Mark and Fanny, are of Aunt Mabel, Uncle Wallis, and Mrs. Amory Codman, and the finest single scene in this copious book, both for its restraint and feeling, is that fateful winter when the two parents, each fighting for life, are lying unaware two floors apart in the Massachusetts General Hospital. Their love was that of opposites. Mark, the man of faith; Fanny, the skeptic and introvert: she wrote with the sharp little needle of irony and published her essays in the *Atlantic* either anonymously or under the nom de plume of Mrs. Grundy.

MAKING THE WORST OF IT

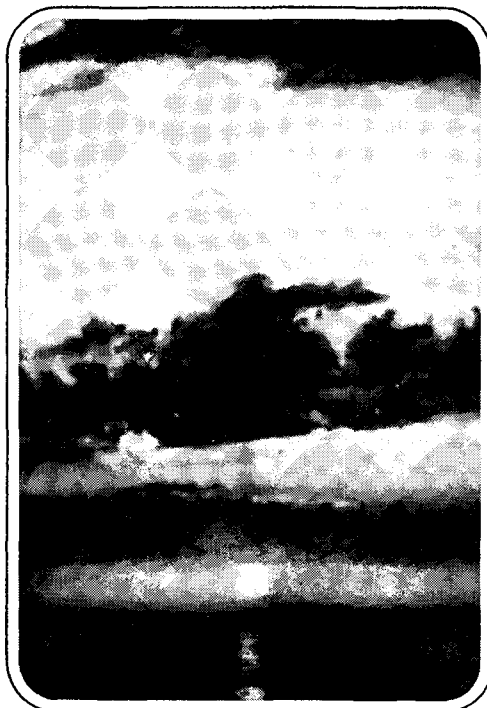
PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON, whose friendship with the young Dylan Thomas is described elsewhere in this issue, is today the wife of C. P. Snow and herself a novelist esteemed for her wit and satire. In *CORK STREET, NEXT TO THE HATTER'S* (Scribner's, \$4.95), which the author characterizes as "A Novel in Bad Taste," Miss Johnson goes after her fellow Londoners for permitting themselves to be degraded by abominable plays and smutty fiction. "People," she writes, "to whom cruelty was repellent were acquiescing in the ridiculous notion that the more one dwelled on beastliness, the nicer and more liberated one became." Out of such exasperation comes the plot of her entertaining, savage little book.

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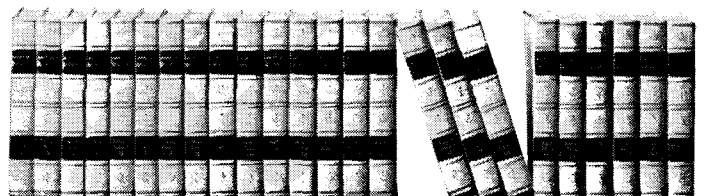
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In *Cork Street*, highbrows are apt to gather in the very personal bookshop presided over by Cosmo Hines, and the most scholarly of them is Tom Hariot, a tall attractive don with literary tastes. Tom is a bachelor with a private income who can afford to take risks, and the risk he decides to take in a high moment is to write a play so revolting that no one will dare to put it on. He is so successful that when his script is finished, his best friend tells him that "there is not a single kind of nastiness in which you have been deficient. It is all there." Word of it soon penetrates to the inner circle of the little bookshop; they read the script with varying emotions, and are as startled as the playwright when he learns that *A Potted Shrimp* has been accepted for production. Tom finds that he has started something that he cannot stop, and thereby hangs the tale.

What gives this book its delectable, saucy quality are the people who become involved in Tom's scheme: Cosmo, the bookseller, and his wife, Dorothy, who writes execrable verse; Duncan Moss, a stylish and alcoholic photographer; Pringle Martin, his most famous model, who yearns for Tom; Mr. Cropper, the fat, vindictive literary agent; and Christopher, the put-upon director of the experimental theater.

THE SECRETARY SPEAKS

More than any other member of the Cabinet, the Secretary of State is expected to be articulate, and DEAN ACHESON had amply demonstrated his exceptional abilities as a speaker and writer long before he came to fill that exacting office in the stormy years of President Truman. Grace and integrity of purpose are the qualities that gleam in his utterance, and taken together with his sense of humor they commend his new volume of reminiscences, *MORNING AND NOON* (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.00).

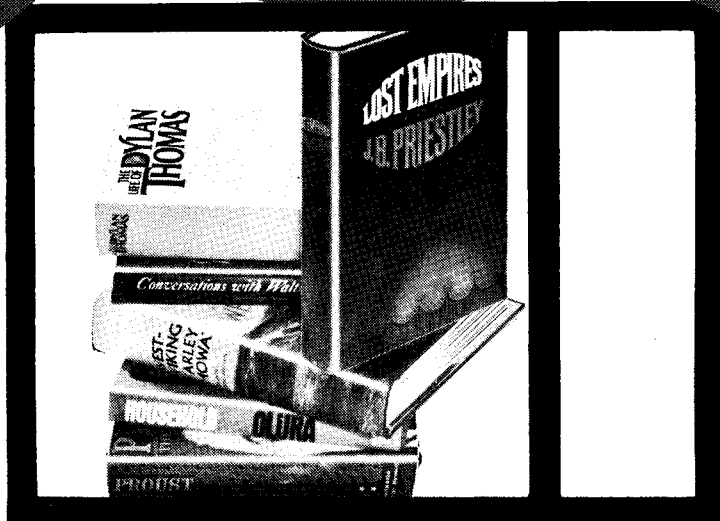
"This book is autobiographical," he writes, "but not an autobiography. My life is the thread on which are strung beads of experience, each of which — to be sure — contains some part of me." The first bead depicts his boyhood in Middletown, Connecticut, where as the son of a clergyman his mind was opened to books and dependent on the classics; his second bead gives the account of the formative, blistering experiences he had in the summer of 1911 when he worked as an axman on a new spur of railroad in the blackfly-infested forests of northern Ontario. Then skipping over the years at Groton and Yale, he resumes his story in Washington, where he served as a law clerk to Mr. Justice Brandeis. He is very good in his relations with older men: his portrait of Justice Holmes is a honey; his respect for George

Rublee and Dwight Morrow makes good reading; and his ripening friendship with Felix Frankfurter is one of the brighter strands of his life. His reputation as a lawyer and his ability to speak forcefully on contentious subjects — his speech forecasting the Second World War which he delivered at the convention of the Ladies Garment Workers is a splendid example — led to his appointment as the Undersecretary of the Treasury, but he was openly critical of FDR on the legality of our financial settlement with Great Britain, and nothing becomes him more than the reasons for his resignation.

The book is warm with affection — and antipathies. People who differed with him are rarely forgiven. The friendships range from Thornton Wilder and Sinclair Lewis to those who served with distinction in Washington, not excluding Poindexter, the Negro barber whom he "insinuated" into the State Department, and who stayed on after Acheson had left. "One day, after I had gone, I said to him, 'Charlie, how's my friend Foster?' 'Not so good, not so good,' he replied. 'I think he's got hold of that damned initiative and can't let go of it.'" But Mr. Acheson's early memories are overlaid, and when he rebukes Walter Lippmann's *World* for a misguided editorial about the First World War, he forgets that it was written some eight years before Mr. Lippmann had anything to do with that newspaper. That is antipathy gone wrong.

EIGHTY YEARS OF MUSIC

IT'S ALL IN THE MUSIC (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.00) is a devoted and defensive memoir which takes the form of letters from DORIS MONTEUX to an unidentified friend, letters about her husband, Pierre Monteux, recalling his incredibly long and even-tempered career as a conductor of operas, ballets, and symphony orchestras. The method seems at times needlessly roundabout, but it has the advantage of presenting Monteux's life as he evidently wished it to be seen, a purely musical story with emphasis on new works presented, orchestra discipline, and the excitement of working with innovators like Stravinsky and dragons like Saint-Saëns. Music is a jealous business, and Monteux had his fair share of troubles: he began refitting the Boston Symphony, for instance, after forty-five musicians had walked out in a single year. For the most part, the book does not revive old feuds, but is lavish with praise for players, for singers, and for composers whom he admired. The great ghosts of eighty years of musical history are here assembled, and one sometimes wishes they were seen through a quizzing glass rather than a rosy mist.



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With the current emphasis on eradicating poverty, it's refreshing to come across a man like Floyd Hunter, who wants to eradicate the rich.

If that's too strong a statement—and it is—perhaps it comes from my rapt reading of sociologist-anthropologist Hunter, a man given to strong statements himself. His new book, *The Big Rich and the Little Rich*, is full of them. It deals with the very rich, the prospering but strapped middle affluent, and the poor. One setting is "Ivydale," a southern university town; the other is plainly named as the San Francisco Bay area.

He speaks of the "toadying" of the "job-rich" (university people with low-to-middling salaries but with fringe benefits and tenure) to the real rich; of people "shouting their respects" to the local rich but deaf man. His sweeping accusations about waste in the economy leave most of us bleeding as he brushes by. And he has no hesitation in saying: "*The professors in Ivydale do not work any harder than faculties elsewhere, and that is not very hard. They are basically a leisure class* . . .

Dr. Hunter, the man who, with his first book, put the phrase "power structure" into the language, is now working in the brisk and cutting mode of C. Wright Mills, Paul Goodman, and two older hands named Veblen and Marx. His is an angry, almost old-fashioned attack, but modern in method. He is given to occasional words like "dysfunctional" but otherwise one is tempted to agree with Lucius Beebe who wrote recently that "*The Big Rich and the Little Rich* may very well be the most profound study of wealth since 'Theory of the Leisure Class'."

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The Big Rich and the Little Rich (\$4.50) by Floyd Hunter is published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10017. Copies are available at your bookseller, including any of the 32 Doubleday Book Shops, one of which is located at 218 North Park Center, Dallas, Texas 75225.

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THE ATLANTIC



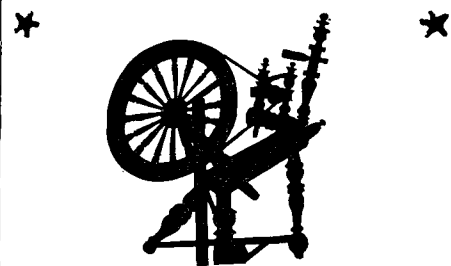
Reader's Choice

BY OSCAR HANDLIN

ROBERT SHAPLEN'S *THE LOST REVOLUTION* (Harper, \$5.95) illustrates the virtues and defects of American reporting on foreign affairs. Twenty years of experience in the Far East as correspondent of *Newsweek* and of the *New Yorker* qualify Shaplen for the task of describing two decades of conflict in Vietnam since 1945. He is reliable on matters of detail, and his instincts are decent. But his book fails to present a whole picture of the struggle for Southeast Asia that now engages the United States.

Shaplen believes that the United States missed three opportunities to guide the movement for Vietnamese national independence toward non-Communist goals. In 1945 and 1946, Americans could have helped Ho Chi Minh take control as a national rather than as a Communist leader. Between 1947 and 1953, they could have compelled France to compromise with him. After 1954, the United States could have ousted the ruling cliques in Saigon and reached an understanding with the North. As a result of the failure to grasp these opportunities, Ho did not develop into a Tito, able both to effect a successful social revolution and to serve as a bulwark against Chinese imperialism. Instead, Americans became embroiled in a futile war against him.

Shaplen's argument depends upon an erroneous view of Tito, who supplies his analogy, of Ho Chi Minh, who is his hero, and of the situation in Vietnam, which is his subject. The casual comparisons of Vietnam with Yugoslavia are misleading. Tito's successful resistance to Stalin depended upon the presence in Greece and all along the border of Eastern Europe of a



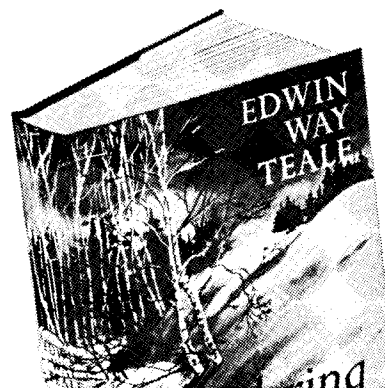
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DODD, MEAD

powerful American force in a position to contain the Soviets. Without a comparable base of strength in the Far East, no dissident group could oppose the Chinese Communists. The more appropriate analogy is Czechoslovakia, where a small Red nucleus captured the nationalist movement and then subverted the state.

Furthermore, Shaplen takes too literally Ho's sweet talk of 1945. Those professions of friendship for the West were but examples of "tactical flexibility," which was the term Communists gave their duplicity. In 1945, the Communist Party still found some use for the United Front policy and still hoped to gain control of France and Italy, where it was the largest single political force. At that moment, Ho, weak at home, was ready to take aid from any source. But when the Party line throughout the world shifted, he shifted along with it, for he always subordinated nationalism to the revolutionary Marxism that was his life's work.

Above all, Shaplen consistently accepts the claim that the will of the people gave the Vietminh a moral right to rule. He thus refers to the French reassertion of control in Saigon in September, 1945, as a coup d'état. Actually, Ho's Vietminh was only one of several competing groups struggling for power, and its tactics revealed how little it depended upon popular approval. From the very start, Ho's followers relied more on terror than on persuasion. Assassinations and other acts of violence were directed not only against the French but also against any dissenting element in the population.

In any case, the chronology shows that the decisive points in Vietminh history were not the products of internal popular support. Ho's revolution started spontaneously and without external assistance, but it had to hide behind nationalist fronts until November, 1949. The Communist victory in China that year made aid available across the northern border and allowed Ho to come out into the open. He succeeded in crushing the French after 1953, when the Korean armistice took pressure off the Chinese northern flank. He stepped up the campaign in the south after 1961 because the Pathet Lao and Cambodia then opened supply routes to him.

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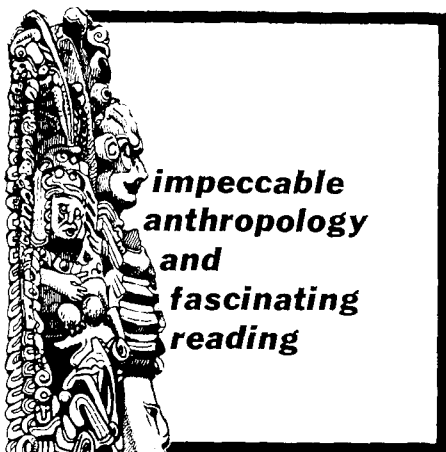
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The deficiencies in Shaplen's analysis are significant because they arise out of the shortcomings of the journalist who sees the events before him without placing them in an adequate context.

The reporter who puts down what he is told without critical comment may be accurate but misleading. Shaplen writes that Ho visited the United States before 1914 and was known to reminisce about Harlem and the abject poverty of the Negroes he saw there, and to declaim against the irony of the Statue of Liberty. No doubt this is a correct report of what Ho said. But is it not also significant that Harlem before 1914 was neither a Negro center nor depressed?

Again and again, there are records of unverified interviews the value of which cannot be assessed but which are set down as unqualifiedly reliable. One can be sure that Shaplen gives an accurate report of what the non-Communist guerrilla Hoang said. But we cannot be sure that Hoang was not a Communist or that he was telling the truth.

The peculiar situation of the American newspaperman in settings like Saigon compounds the problem. Restrictions on his freedom to write are minimal; he can readily report the failings he sees. He cannot, of course, see what goes on in North Vietnam, and so does not write about it. The impression left as a result of this partial account is that South Vietnam is a region racked by disorder and corruption, while North Vietnam lives in idyllic prosperity.

Shaplen's comments on South Vietnam are subtly biased by misleading comparisons, explicit and implied, with the North. A second-hand report that Ho Chi Minh had never looked so pudgy and pink is taken as evidence that there was some undernourishment but no famine above the Seventeenth Parallel. There is sharp criticism of the inadequacy of land reform as administered by the Saigon regime; but there is not a word about the total failure of Hanoi's program in 1956. The political crises in the south from the summer of 1964 onward are taken as demonstrations of the country's inability to create a strong and vital government, in sharp contrast to the dynamism of Ho Chi Minh's regime in the north. Shaplen acknowledges that under that regime some non-Communists

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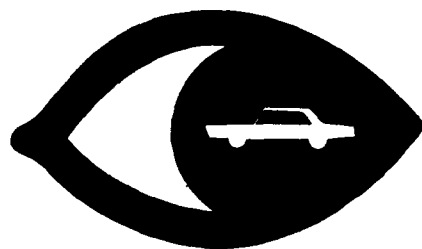
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were killed and imprisoned and others simply dropped from sight, a rather mild way of describing the reign of permanent terror to which one million refugees testified. But he does not understand that the reshuffling of ministries in Saigon was evidence of the effort to avoid a dictatorship and to work out a pattern of responsible civilian government under the immense handicaps of war.

Above all, this account lacks a sense of context. Shaplen would have had the United States force reform upon France before 1953, upon Diem after 1954, upon the junta after 1963. There is no awareness of the larger purposes of American policy, which treated allies as equals and which relied upon persuasion rather than compulsion. Until 1954, measures such as Shaplen advocates would have jeopardized the defense of Europe; after 1954, they would have exposed the United States to charges of colonialism. What he regards as weakness and lack of purpose were, rather, aspects of a policy which seriously aimed to help the people of Vietnam work out their own destiny.

Whether Americans will succeed in that aim or not remains to be seen. They have made tragic errors in formulating and executing policy in the two decades since the defeat of the Japanese. But despite the flaws in the performance of the United States, the record, even as set down by an author who does not fully understand it, testifies to the remarkable restraint and the commitment to legality by the United States in Southeast Asia.

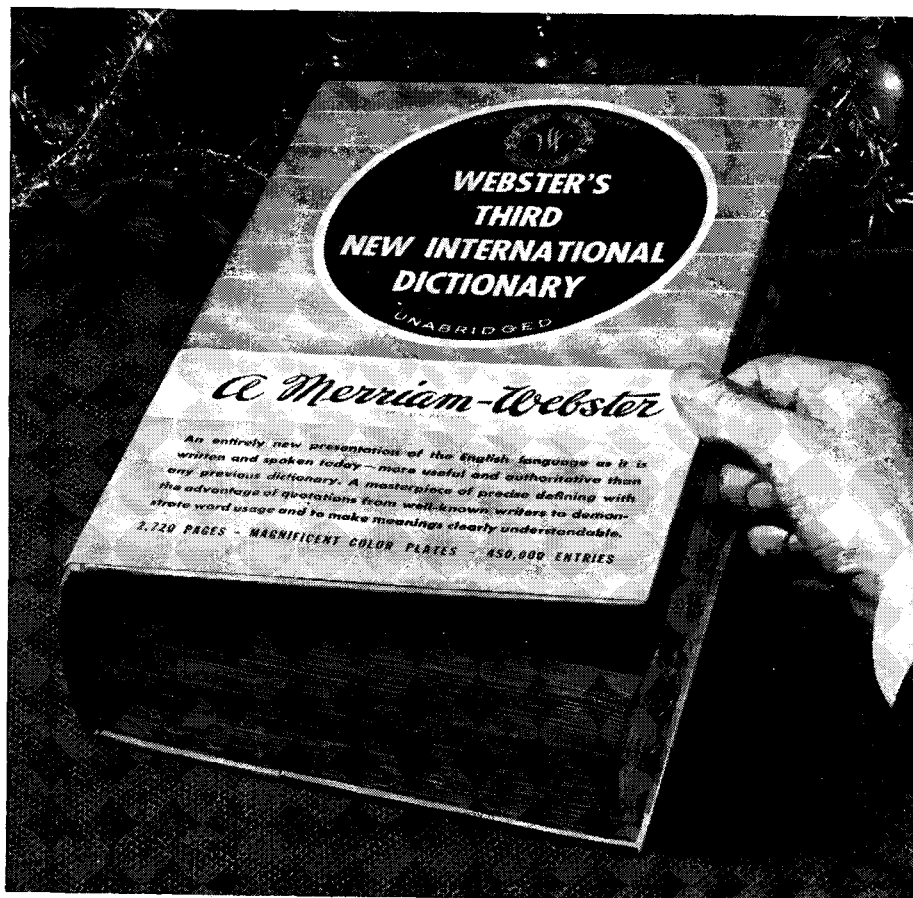
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brotherhood of man. The dominant element in his society refused to follow him and instead took the disastrous course toward apartheid.

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American readers will be particularly interested in the divergence, since 1945, of their own experience from that of South Africa. In the same twenty years in the United States, the prospects for genuine equality steadily improved, although substantial problems remain even in 1965.

In SOUTHERN JUSTICE (Pantheon, \$5.95), LEON FRIEDMAN has assembled seventeen essays that cast a dismal light on the administration of the law in the Deep South. Each chapter is the work of a practicing attorney with direct experience in courts which are absorbing the shock of historic changes in the relationships of the races. The result of the collaboration is by no means a dry legal analysis, but a forceful, often dramatic statement of the problems of rendering justice in communities which conspire to deprive individuals of their rights.

The American legal system depends upon local consent. Its development has rested upon the premise that this was the best safeguard of the liberty of all. Legislation and administrative action may be centralized, but in the last analysis, power is exercised by local officials through courts manned by juries which reflect community sentiment. However, the assumption that there will be an accord between the law of the land and the actions of each specific community collapsed almost a century ago when the Southern states deliberately undertook to nullify the constitutional guarantees of Negro equality.

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There is no simple remedy. A more forceful federal presence will help, as will a greater awareness by the bar of its responsibilities in the judicial process. Negro votes may also compel white Southerners to recognize that every element in the population has a common stake in preservation of the law. It is one of our own tragedies that the mutual interest in justice has been so long obscured.

Waste of talent has been another tragedy of color. **GOING TO MEET THE MAN** (Dial, \$4.95), **JAMES BALDWIN**'s most recent collection of short stories, is a disappointing indication of the deterioration of a writer of genuine ability. None of the stories in this volume show the sharp perceptions, the economy of language, and the tightly knit structure of his first novel. There are moving passages in "This Morning, This Evening, So Soon," but the narrative is inadequate to sustain the brooding, introspective mood the author wishes to convey. Only in one story, "The Man-Child," does a character come alive. The others are peopled by caricatures, often derivative. The white jailer in the title story is a figure straight out of Erskine Caldwell; and Sonny, the Negro musician, is a fantasy who might have been conjured up by Norman Mailer. The nightmarish images of violence, homosexuality, and miscegenation cover up the limited range of emotions about which Baldwin writes. The self-pity and hatred of which his rage is compounded are comprehensible, but they sap his power of expression.

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Among the few aristocracies America has produced, the New England Brahmins have endured longest. Sustained by mercantile wealth, they have repeatedly shown the capacity for political and intellectual leadership. Their self-proclaimed characteristics have been rigorous adherence to a moral code and stern rationality derived from their Puritan antecedents.

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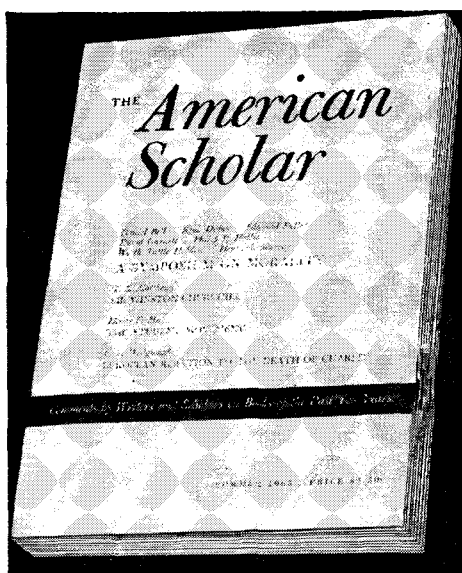
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has been industrious in research, and he is commendably accurate in matters of detail. It is in his capacity as a storyteller and in his own understanding of character that he fails.

Stone's narrative covers some forty years of the married life of John and Abigail Adams, a span within which the American Revolution unfolded and the republic was established. This account manages to drain the story of the excitement it had in actuality and buries great personal and national events beneath heaps of irrelevant trivia.

The writing misses entirely the flavor of the times. Stone's cardboard characters are passionless and speak a stilted, correct language far removed from that which John and Abigail actually used in communication with each other. Abigail speaks to John in a sample love scene: "I'm not shrewd, John, it's just that I come from a long line of successful merchants and landowners. They always lived well, but they were never known to spend a pound when they could make do with shillings." He took her in his arms, kissed her fondly." These are stereotyped images of the Puritans, not the live and vibrant beings whose words ring out without restraint in their surviving letters and diaries.

It is not acquaintanceship with the facts that Stone lacks, but the novelist's capacity for making the people and events he treats credible. He needs the support of history to hold his reader's attention because his characters and his story do not ring true as fiction.

A more persuasive picture of an aristocrat of this genre emerges from EDWARD C. KIRKLAND'S CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, JR. (Harvard University Press, \$5.95). This Adams was the great-grandson of John and Abigail, the brother of Henry and Brooks Adams, both more famous than he. Charles Francis was a lawyer and businessman, for a time president of the Union Pacific Railroad, a conservative reformer who dabbled in politics, an amateur writer of local history — a man, in short, who displayed all of the superficial qualities of the Yankee aristocrat.

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money. Adams was a gambler, ready to speculate in real estate and stocks with the daring, although not the flamboyance, of a Jay Gould or a Dan Drew. Whatever his concern about the Puritan heritage, Charles Francis Adams was a complex man whose character was subtly influenced by America's gilded age.

Another type of aristocrat emerges from the pages of an excellent translation of EÇA DE QUEIROZ's brilliant novel *THE MAIAS* (St. Martin's Press, \$6.95). We have had to wait too long for adequate English versions of the works of this distinguished Portuguese writer. This gem of a book lacks the bite of *The Relic*, which appeared in English a few years ago. But it combines a powerful love story with a subtle delineation of Lisbon aristocracy at the end of the nineteenth century. Carlos da Maia, the central character, moves within a world that locates him by his family position and that hems in all experience with meaningless convention. The love affair which punctuates his lackadaisical existence has an infamous quality to begin with, for it involves, he thinks, the seduction of an innocent married woman. As his relationship to Maria unfolds, he discovers more horrible aspects, which nevertheless do not end the connection.

The affair terminates only when the death of his grandfather creates a family crisis. And neither partner suffers in a society which knows the concepts neither of sin nor of punishment. In the end, Carlos subsides in the safe and aimless life of his class, accepting what comes without hope or disappointment.

The Maias offers a nice contrast in aristocratic styles. The Portuguese great families, who wore emotion on their sleeves, were essentially passionless; weighed down by a sense of futility, they flitted from experience to experience to compensate for the lack of purpose in their lives. Eça's vivid re-creation of this society makes comprehensible a personality type alien to the United States, yet linked to us by the humanity of its failings.

It is tempting to seek a connection between the absence of an American aristocracy leisured in the European sense and the retarded condition of the arts in the New

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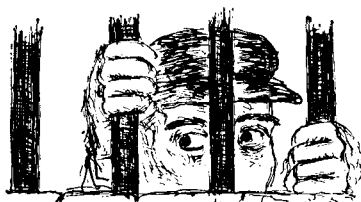
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Deftly and with compassion, Ruff portrays a short period in the life of a young Hungarian in the early fifties. While imprisoned in a Budapest death cell, the author was told by a fellow prisoner of the nightmarish series of incidents that marked his fall from a trusted Party functionary to a doomed man. *FUME*, based upon this man's story, is staccato-like in its action fraught with horror.

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World. A society dedicated to enterprise and achievement may discourage the flow of talent and energy into callings that seem unproductive, and the absence of a stable group of patrons may choke off any impulse toward creativity. The defenders of American culture have, in the past, argued that a large popular audience could take the place of an aristocracy and sustain authentic democratic art. But the record does not altogether sustain their argument.

HOWARD TAUBMAN'S *THE MAKING OF THE AMERICAN THEATRE* (Coward-McCann, \$8.95) does not deal explicitly with this issue, but provides thought-provoking material for its consideration. Mr. Taubman, the drama critic of the *New York Times*, knows his subject thoroughly; he is judicious in his judgments, and he writes clearly and dispassionately. His story will interest today's theatergoers for its evocations of performances from the recent past. It also supplies a basis for understanding the recurrent problems of the theater in the United States.

About half the book is devoted to the period before 1920. From meager colonial beginnings, the theater grew rapidly as patriotism, the rise of cities, and the development of transportation built up its audience. By the end of the nineteenth century it was the most popular of all American cultural media. Yet the outcome was a thoroughly commercial institution dominated by a "hit-or-flop psychology" and given over to the feverish pursuit of the isolated production.

Pressures for change at about the time of the First World War led to a period of hope in the 1920s and 1930s. Permanent companies capable of developing polished repertoires, experimentation in forms, and realism in writing were indications of a vitality that spilled over into the commercial theater and raised its level of achievement. But the renaissance proved short-lived. A decline set in which brought the theater to its nadir in the early 1960s.

Taubman doggedly remains optimistic. Decentralization, community arts centers, a new relationship to the universities, and perhaps government support may yet give the theater the stable base it lacked in its earlier development in an un-aristocratic society!

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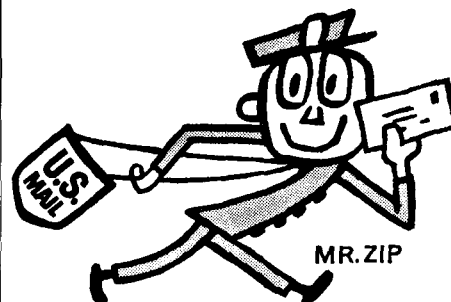
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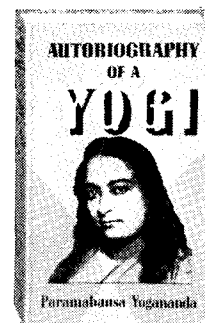
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BY PHOEBE ADAMS

FARLEY MOWAT began as a biologist and has become, through refusal to be pigeonholed, amateur anthropologist among Canadian Indians and Eskimos, meteorologist, cartographer, historian of seagoing tugboats, friend of practicing and retired fishermen, owner and skipper of an antique schooner, and resident of Newfoundland. In the last capacity, he undertook to write a history of that place, beginning with a chapter on the arrival of the Norse, who, he complains, "ended up by pirating the entire book right out from under me — an act which is perfectly consistent with Viking character." The result of this ghostly raid is **WEST-VIKING** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$8.95), an unorthodox but splendidly convincing reconstruction of the Norse explorations south and west from Greenland. The old saga accounts of these affairs are inconsistent, sometimes flatly contradicting each other, a fact which has caused much courteous academic wrangling about the respective ages and therefore authority of the various versions. Mr. Mowat, lacking antique Scandinavian (no doubt his hide will be nailed to the church door for this), has, so to speak, backtracked the problem from the Northern seas, which he knows, to the library, where he has obviously rummaged himself into a very considerable acquaintance. Out of personal experience of the persistence and reliability of oral sailing directions, Mr. Mowat assumes that where practical sailing directions survive in the sagas at all, they are basically accurate records of the original reports by men like Bjarni Herjolfsson and Thorfinn Karlsefni. Applying these sailing directions to the Greenland-Baffinland-Newfoundland coasts, taking into consideration currents, prevailing winds, and permanent geographical features, Mr. Mowat has pinned down the Norse routes and followed them to landings neatly checked out against climatic history, archaeological findings on Dorset Eskimos and Beothuk Indians, the shape of the countryside, and the nature of the harbors.

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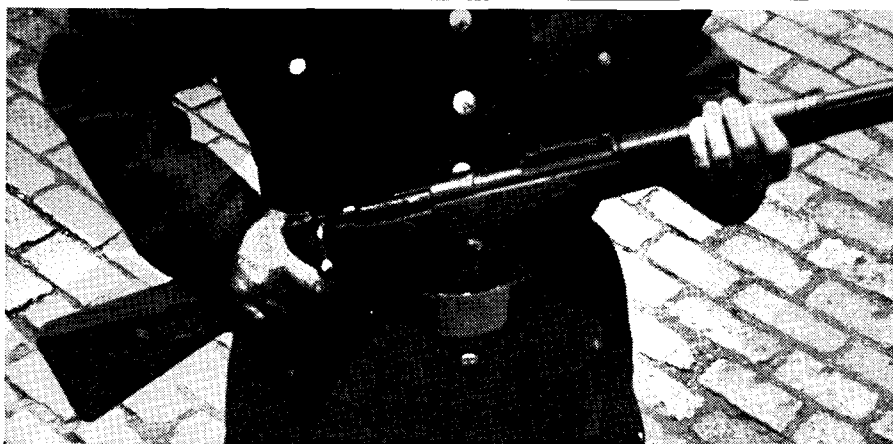
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Westviking is altogether a formidable combination of historical investigation and practical knowledge, with every assumption backed by a long file of good reasons. The writing is brisk, clear (even on such abstruse matters as navigating instruments and rate of drift), and streaked with gingery humor, for the Vikings did not succeed in deflecting all Mr. Mowat's attention from modern Newfoundland. "Up until a few years ago this haven was still called Tickle Cove Pond, while the tiny fishing community alongside the channel . . . was called Tickle Cove. Some dolittle bureaucrat has recently decided that these names do not carry sufficient dignity, and so the settlement has been renamed Bellevue, while the pond has become Broad Lake. At the same time the name of the nearby hamlet of Farnish Gut has been changed to Fair Haven. Being under no obligation to abet this stupidity, I will continue to use the original names."

THE KING WHO SAVED HIMSELF FROM BEING SAVED (Lippincott, \$2.95) is a sardonic pseudo-ballad by **JOHN CIARDI**, with drawings by Edward Gorey, all mischievously calculated to cheer readers who take an unenthusiastic view of promiscuous dogooding.

It is no justice to **BRIAN MOORE'S THE EMPEROR OF ICE-CREAM** (Viking, \$4.95) to discuss the theme, which is that overworked business of the muddleheaded Adolescent who Achieves Maturity in a Crisis. The notable thing about the novel is Mr. Moore's skill in making the old tale new, the unpleasant characters irresistibly interesting, the dreary Belfast setting constantly surprising and amusing. It's as much a tour de force as re-floating a burst balloon, and a very readable book indeed.

FERNANDO KRAHN, whose cartoons enliven the supplement in this magazine, has published a collection of drawings called **THE POSSIBLE WORLDS OF FERNANDO KRAHN** (Dutton, \$2.95). The possible worlds encompass cavemen with cudgels, and robots with rusty hinges, but in all these worlds the inhabitants struggle hopelessly and hilariously against art, love, time, fate, technology, and Murphy's Law.

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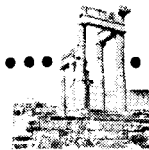
The route is a leisurely one to Rhodes, Kos, Crete, Athens, Pylos, Mycenae, Bassae, Delphi, Sounion, and Mykonos. The travel is by rented Volkswagen over territory that "stands on edge like plates in a dish drainer." There are also bus trips, a voyage in a disreputable old steamer, and a spin on a motor scooter.

Neither a purist nor a pedant, Miss Adams enjoys the controversial restorations on Crete and the lack of any at Bassae (pronounced Vassy). Her shopping is canny, her party-going wholehearted; not only does she show you the sights, she brings them to life. Now, join Phoebe-Lou Adams as she fills in

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reached, at some points, forty miles inland. They were peaceable, as Indians went, and the priests of the early Spanish missions Christianized large numbers of them with little trouble. Unfortunately, while prayers may have done the Chumash no harm, the European clothes and houses which the padres considered indispensable elements of conversion were distinctly lethal. The Chumash, in less than sixty years, were exterminated. They left behind fragments of elegant basketry, pipes, bowls, and cooking pots of sandstone or steatite, all of beautifully simple shape, and rock paintings scattered through the less accessible inland regions of their territory.

CAMPBELL GRANT of the Santa Barbara Museum has spent years locating and studying these paintings; his findings are presented in **THE ROCK PAINTINGS OF THE CHUMASH** (University of California Press, \$10.00). Rough rock surfaces, erosion, irregular light, and unhandy location make photography of cave paintings a terrible business, and Mr. Grant, an artist himself, has followed the standard practice of copying the paintings instead of trying to reproduce them on film. The soft blur of rock painting is, naturally, lost by this method, but the brilliant color and the delicate, intricate, fanciful inventiveness of the designs survive very well. Strange little buglike figures romp across the plates, and spangles of dots, and designs that suggest the explosive disintegration of an internal-combustion engine. Mr. Grant makes no guess as to the meaning of the paintings beyond the assumption that the matter must have been important for the Chumash to have taken so much trouble with it. The text is informative without becoming oppressively scholarly, and arouses real regret that these Indians did not survive to explain their beguiling works.

FAMILY (Macmillan, \$10.00) reinforces a lot of technically excellent photographs of cunning children and unaccountable adults, taken by Ken Heyman, with a discourse on elementary domestic anthropology by Margaret Mead. "As far back as our knowledge takes us, human beings have lived in families," Miss Mead informs her readers, and while quotation out of context is admittedly a dirty trick, this sentence is truly a fair example of the astounding revelations to be found in this text.

Does "Revelation" Really FORETELL OUR FUTURE?

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Even deeply religious people are often troubled by this instinctive urge to know "the unknowable," and in their quest they sometimes draw unwarranted conclusions even from sacred writings. This is notably true of the Book of Revelation, or the Apocalypse of St. John the Divine.

The purpose of Revelation is not, as some seem to think, to reveal a detailed panorama of the future. It is not a magic key to unlock a door that God has seen fit to leave closed. It is, indeed, a book of prophecy . . . and God's own promise . . . but it relates to the past and the present as well as the future. Like the other Scriptures, it is a book which must be understood in its fullness, and with a knowledge of its precise purpose and the circumstances under which it was written.

The precise purpose of Revelation is to manifest the triumph of Christ. With reference to the past, it points to our Lord's triumph over sin and

death by His life, crucifixion and resurrection. As to the present, Revelation makes clear that this triumph is complete only to the extent that men accept Christ's salvation and live by it. For the future, Revelation, and other Scriptures too, leave no doubt that there will be a final triumph, well described in the words, of St. Paul: "Then comes the end, when he delivers the Kingdom to God the Father after destroying every rule and every authority and power."

St. John addressed his Apocalypse to the Seven Churches of Asia Minor, which were, of course, the Catholic Church. Making frequent use of symbolisms, he warned the Church against enemies whom he likened to a beast, a dragon and an anti-Christ. The meaning of these symbols is often misunderstood.

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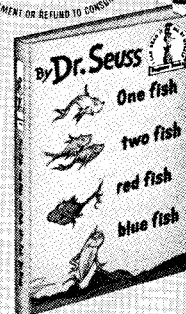
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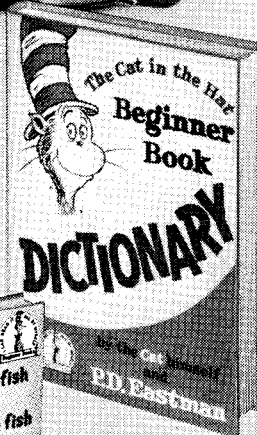
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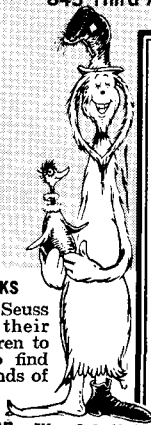
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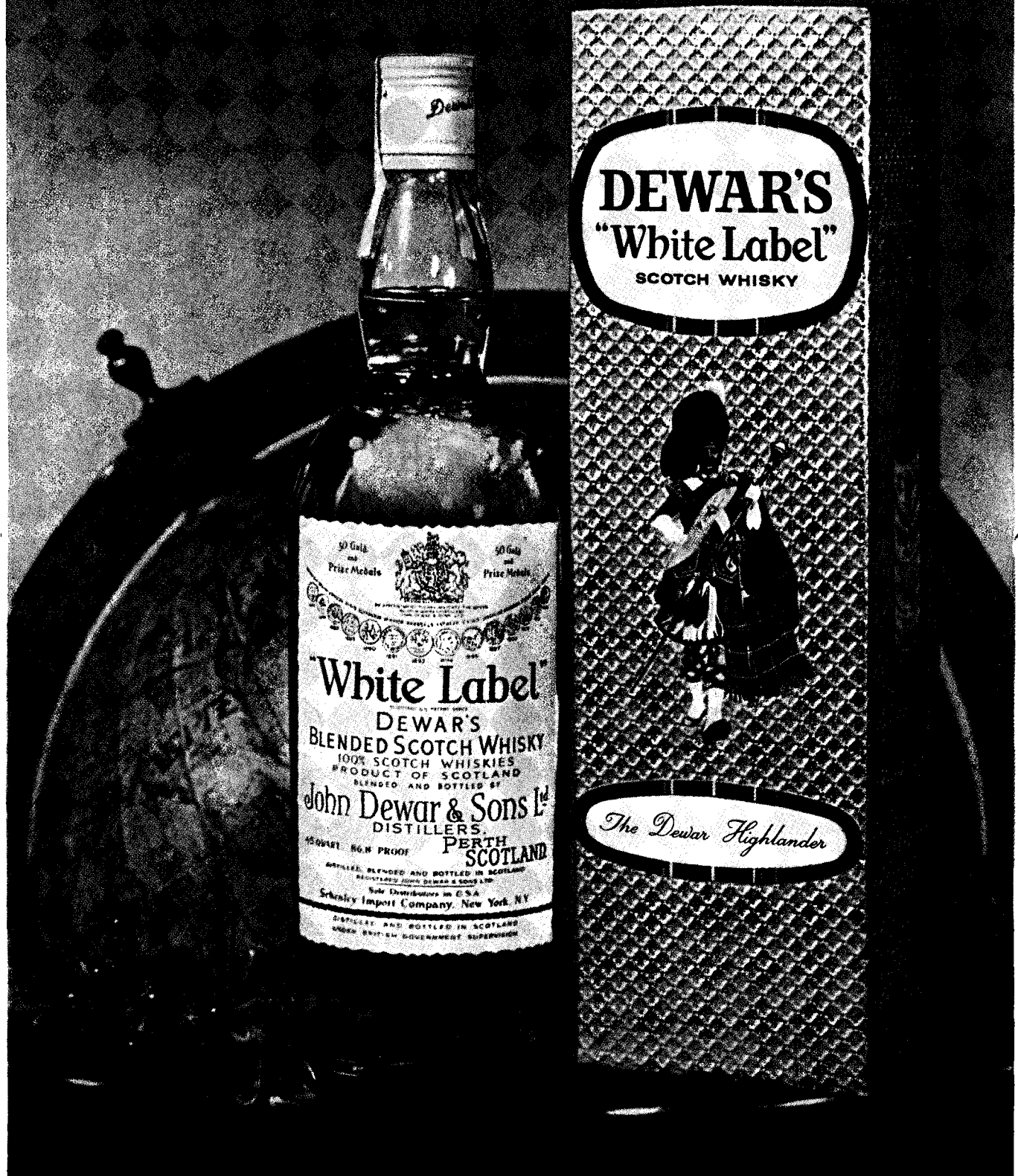
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